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THE
Muse in Good Humour:
John OR, A *Morris*
COLLECTION
OF
COMIC TALES.
By the most Eminent POETS.

The Sixth EDITION.



L O N D O N:
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MDCCLI.

OLD

Wm. H. Bond in God's name

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OLD



THE
Muse in Good Humour.

The COUNTRY SQUIRE.

A TALE.



MAN of *Wisdom* may disguise
His Knowledge, and not seem
too wise;

But take it for a constant Rule,
There's no concealing of a *Fool*.
Of this the Instances are plenty;

But one may serve as well as twenty.

A worthy Knight of good Estate,
Prov'd to be so unfortunate,
That, with great Cost and fruitless Care
He rear'd a *Blockhead* to his *Heir*.

But hoping it would mend the Breed,
Shou'd he some prudent Damsel wed,
He sent him out to court a Lady,
Whose Father he'd engag'd already.

PART I.

B

But

But first he charg'd him on his Blessing,
 To keep in mind this easy Lesson:
Humphry, says he, whate'er you do,
 Take heed your Words be very few;
 For you'll be counted wise, so long
 As you have Wit to hold your Tongue.
 And never feed too greedily
 On Custard, Pudding, or Sweet Pye;
 Lest your ungovern'd Appetite,
 Bring Shame and Sorrow in the Night——
 But *John* shall go, and he'll advise you;
 And, let me tell you, *John's* no Nisley.
 —Here, *John*, d'ye mind, give *Numps* a Touch
 Whene'er he talks, or eats too much.
 Be sure take heed he don't neglect
 To pay the Gentry great Respect,
 And all our Services express
 In handsome Terms, with good Address.
 Instructed thus, they both took Horse,
 And tow'rd's the Lady bent their Course.
 Whilst *John* perform'd the *Teacher's* Part,
Numps got his *Compliments* by heart;
 Which he deliver'd in such Guise,
 They thought him tolerably wise:
 He held his Tongue; this seem'd to be
 A Token of his Modesty.
 All pass'd on well till *Supper* came:
 Oh hateful Meal! O hateful Name!
 Vile Author of poor *Humphry's* Shame.

From

From ev'ry Dish, most nicely drest,
 Th' old Lady still supply'd her Guest ;
 All with Astonishment beheld
 His Plate oft empt y, often fill'd.
 He eat ; *John* pull'd and pull'd again,
 The Pulls, Oh *John* ! were all in vain :
 For near him stood an Apple-pye,
 On which he cast a greedy Eye,
 Then fill'd his Plate six Inches high. }
John gave his Elbow many a Twitch ;
 Thought *Numps*, our *John* may kiss my Breech ;
 'Tis Apple-pye—I'll eat my Fill,
 Let Consequence be what it will.
 Fatal Resolve ! I dread to tell
 What Consequences which besel.
 Let fordid *Nightmen* tell the rest,
 Who relish the unsavoury Jest.
 My dainty *Muse* wou'd fain have done ;
 But Truth commands, she must go on.
 In the best Bed the Squire must lye,
 And *John* in Truckle-Bed just by ;
 Who slept till dismal Voice and Groan,
 At Midnight cry'd, O help ! Dear *John*, }
 Or else for ever I'm undone.
 For Heaven's sake find some Excuse,
 The dev'lish Apple-pye's broke loose :
 And as I lay upon't and roll'd it,
 The Bed's scarce big enough to hold it.
John wak'd, and thus began to pray ;
 The Devil take all Fools, I say.

Why, choak you, eat it up again,
 And lick the Sheets and Blankets clean.
 —What can be done? —here, take my Shirt,
 And I'll come wallow in the Dirt.
 Do you get up as soon as light;
 I'll lye, and try to set all right.

So said, so done; up got the 'Squire
 And *John* lay tumbling in the Mire.
 He lay till two brisk Lasses come
 To make the Bed, and clean the Room.
 Soon, in the Damask Bed, Friend *John*
 Was spy'd, half bury'd in the Down.
 What's here? cries *Nell*, as I'm alive,
 The Master rose soon after Five;
 Here is his Man, a lazy Loon,
 Intends to lie a-bed till Noon.

Quoth *John*, I've had a tedious Night,
 That Truckle-Bed has lam'd me quite;
 I turn'd in here to take some Rest;
 This is a comfortable Nest.

One Nap, dear Girls, is all I beg.

—A Nap? *Sue*, give him some cold Pig.

Come, come, says *John*, don't play the Fool;
 I'm *laxative*, you'll make me pull,
 And straining hard will force a Stool.
 They pull'd, *John* squeez'd, and gave a Grunt,
 Then cry'd aloud—Good faith I've don't:
 E'en thank yourselves—Away ran *Nell*
 And *Sue*, half poison'd with the Smell,

This

This Story slipt not, you may swear,
But quickly reach'd the *Master's* Ear.
His Lordship, tickled with the Whim,
Cou'd not forbear, at Dinner-time,
To banter *John*; nor did he fail
T' enlarge upon the curious Tale.
But seeing *John* with Shame cast down,
He frankly tipt him Half a Crown.
John took't and bow'd— *Numps* sitting by,
Seeing the Prize, with envious Eye,
Into *John's* Fob directly go,
Cry'd out aloud, Why, *John*, you know
The Half Crown is by Right *My* Due;
'Twas *I* be—t the Bed, not *You*.

O Blunder! never to be mended,
This one wise Speech the Courtship ended.
Home trotted *John* in doleful Dumps;
And far behind sneak'd hopeful *Numps*.
The Lady, thus diverted by her 'Squire,
Found out a *cleanlier* Lover to lye by her.

The CURIOUS MAID.

A T A L E.

By HILDEBRAND JACOB, *Esq;*

Beauty's a gaudy *Sign*, no more,
To tempt the Gazer to the Door;
Within the *Entertainment* lies,
Far off remov'd from vulgar Eyes.

Thus *Chloe*, beautiful and gay,
As on her Bed the *Wanton* lay,
Hardly awake from Dreaming o'er
Her Conquests of the Day before.

And what's this *hidden Charm* ? (she ery'd)
And spurn'd th' embracing Cloaths aside,
From Limbs of such a Shape and Hue,
As *Titian's* Pencil never drew ;
Resolv'd the *Dark-Abode* to trace,
Of Female Honour or Disgrace ;
Where Virtue finds her Task too hard,
And often slumbers on the Guard.

'Th' Attempt she makes, and buckles to
With all her Might ; but 'twou'd not do :
Still, as she bent, the *Part* requir'd,
As conscious of its Shame, retir'd.

What's to be done ? We're all-ground !
Some other Method must be found—
Water *Narcissus'* Face cou'd show,
And why not *Chloe's* Charms below ?
Big with this Project she applies
The *Jordan* to her Virgin Thighs ;
But the dull *Lake* her Wish denies.

What Luck is here ? We're foil'd again !
The *Devil's in the Dice*, that's plain !
No *Chymist* e'er was so perplex'd ;
No jilted *Coxcomb* half so vex'd ;
No *Bard*, whose gentle Muse excells
At *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, or *Epsam-Wells*,

Ordain'd by *Phoebus*' special Grace,
To sing the Beauties of the Place,
E'er pump'd, and chaf'd to that Degree,
To tagg his fav'rite Simile.

Thus Folks are often at a Stand,
When Remedies are near at Hand.
For lo! the *Glass*—ay, *That* indeed!

"Tis *Ten* to *One* we now *succed*!
To this Relief she flies amain,
And straddles o'er the *shining Plain*,
The *shining Plain* reflects at large
All *Daman*'s Wish and *Ghloe*'s Charge.
The *Curious Maid*, in deep Surprise,
On the *Grim Feature*, fix'd her Eyes: "

(Far less amaz'd *Aeneas* stood,
When by *Aurorus*' sacred Flood,
He saw *Hell*'s Portal fring'd with Wood.)

And is this All, is this (she cry'd)
Man's great *Desire*, and *Woman*'s *Pride*;
The *Spring* whence flows the *Lover*'s *Pain*,
The *Ocean* where 'tis lost again,
By *Fate* for ever doom'd to prove
The *Nursery* and *Grave* of *Loue*?

O Thou of dire and horrid Mien,
Always far better felt than seen!
Fit Rapture for the gloomy *Night*,
O, never more approach the *Light*!
Like other *Myſt'ries* Men adore,
Be Hid to be Rever'd the more!

JANUARY and MAY.

JANUARY and MAY.

A T A L E.

By Mr. P O P E.

THERE liv'd in *Lombardy*, as Authors write,
In Days of old, a wise and worthy Knight;
Of gentle Manners, and of gen'rous Race, [Grace-
Blest with much Sense, more Riches, and some
Yet led astray by *Venus* soft Delights,
He cou'd not rule his Carnal Appetites;
For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,
Weak, sinful Laymen were but Flesh and Blood.

But in due Time, when sixty Years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead that vicious Life no more.
Whether pure Holiness inspir'd his Mind,
Or Dotage turn'd his Brain, is hard to find;
But his high Courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the Pleasures of a lawful Bed.
This was his nightly Dream, his daily Care,
And to the Heav'nly Pow'rs his constant Pray'r,
Once, e'er he dy'd, to taste the blissful Life
Of a kind Husband, and a loving Wife.

These Thoughts he fortify'd with Reasons still,
(For none want Reasons to confirm their Will)
Grave Authors say, and witty Poets sing,
That honest Wedlock is a glorious Thing:
But Depth of Judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer Years.

Then

Then let him chuse a Damsel young and fair,
To bless his Age, and bring a worthy Heir;
To sooth his Cares, and free from Noise and
Strife

Conduct him gently to the Verge of Life.
Let sinful Batchelors their Woes deplore;
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by Precepts, Human or Divine,
Like Birds and Beasts promiscuously they join:
Nor know to make the present Blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past;
But vainly boast the Joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the Secrets they wou'd hide.
The marry'd Man may bear his Yoke with Ease,
Secure at once himself and Heav'n to please;
And pass his inoffensive Hours away,
In Bills all Night, and Innocence all Day:
Tho' Fortune change, his constant Spouse re-
mains,
Augments his Joys, or mitigates his Pains.

But what so pure, which envious Tongues will
spare?

Some wicked Wits have libell'd all the Fair:
With matchless Impudence, they stile a Wife
The dear-bought Curse and lawful Plague of
Life:

A Bosom Serpent, a Domestick Evil,
A Night-Invasion, and a Mid-day Devil.
Let not the Wife these slanderous Words regard,
But curse the Bones of ev'ry lying Bard.

All other Goods by Fortune's Hand are giv'n,
 A Wife is the peculiar Gift of Heav'n :
 Vain-Fortune's Favours, never at a Stay,
 Like flitting Shadows, pass, and glide away ;
 One solid Comfort, our eternal Wife,
 Abundantly supplies us all our Life :
 This Blessing lasts, (if those who try, say true)
 As long as Heart can wish——and longer too.

Our Grandfire *Adam* e'er of *Eve* possess,
 Alone, and ev'n in Paradise, unblest,
 With mournful Looks the blissful Scenes sur-
 vey'd,

And wander'd in the solitary Shade :
 The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
 Woman, the last, the best Reserve of God.

A Wife ! ah gentle Deities, can he
 That has a Wife, e'er feel Adversity ?
 Wou'd Men but follow what the Sex advise,
 All things wou'd prosper, all the World grow
 wise,

'Twas by *Rebecca's* Aid that *Jacob* won
 His Father's Blessing from an elder Son :
 Abusive *Nabal* ow'd his forfeit Life
 To the wise Conduct of a prudent Wife :
 Heroick *Judith*, as the Scripture show,
 Preserv'd the *Jews*, and slew th' *Assyrian* Foe :
 At *Hejler's* Suit, the Persecuting Sword
 Was sheath'd and *Israel* liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty Motives *January* the Sage
 Maturely ponder'd in his riper Age ;

And

And charm'd with virtuous Joys and sober Life,
Wou'd try that Christian Comfort, call'd a
Wife:

His Friends were summon'd, on a Point so nice,
To pass their Judgment, and to give Advicc;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he,
(As Men that ask Advice are won't to be.)

My Friends, he cry'd, (and cast a mournful
Look

Around the Room, and sigh'd before he spoke:
Beneath the Weight of threescore Years, I bend,
And worn with Cares, am hastening to my End;
How I have liv'd, alas you know too well,
In worldly Follies, which I blush to tell;
But gracious Heav'n has open'd my Eyes at last,
With due Regret I view my Vices past,
And as the Precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a Wife, and live in Holy Ease.
But since by Counsel all things shou'd be done,
And many Heads are wiser still than one;
Chuse you for me, who best shall be content
When my Desire's approv'd by your Consent.

One Caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your Choice; This Wife must not be
old.

There goes a Saying, and 'twas wisely said,
Old Fish at Table, but young Flesh in Bed.
My Soul abhors the tasteless, dry Embrace
Of a stale Virgin with a Winter Face;

In that cold Season Love but treats his Guest
 With Beanfraw, and tough Forage, at the best.
 No crafty Widows shall approach my Bed,
 Those are too wise for Batchelors to wed;
 As subtle Clerks by many Schools are made,
 Twice-marry'd Dames are Mistresses of the
 Trade:

But young and tender Virgins, rul'd with Ease,
 We form like Wax, and mold them as we
 please.

Conceive me Sirs, nor take my Sense amiss,
 'Tis what concerns my Soul's eternal Bliss;
 Since if I found no Pleasure in my Spouse,
 As Flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows;
 Then shou'd I live in lewd Adultery,
 And sink downright to *Satan* when I die.
 Or were I curst with an unfruitful Bed,
 The righteous End were lost for which I wed,
 To raise up Seed t'adore the Powers above,
 And not for Pleasure only, or for Love.
 Think not I dote; 'tis time to take a Wife,
 When vig'rous Blood forbids a chaster Life;
 Those that are blest with Store of Grace Divine
 May live like Saints, by Heav'n's Consent, and
 mine.

And since I speak of Wedlock let me say,
 As, thank my Stars, in modest Truth I may,
 My Limbs are active, still I'm sound at Heart,
 And a new Vigour springs in ev'ry Part.
 Think

Think not my Virtue lost, tho' time has shed
These rev'rend Honours on my Hoary Head;
Thus Trees are crown'd with Blossoms white as
Snow,

The Vital Sap then rising from below :
Old as I am, my lusty Limbs appear
Like Winter Greens, that flourish all the Year.
Now Sirs you know to what I stand inclin'd
Let ev'ry Friend with Freedom speak his Mind.

He said ; the rest in diff'rent Parts divide,
The knotty Point was urg'd on ev'ry Side;
Marriage, the Theme on which they all de-
claim'd,
Some prais'd with Wit, and some with Reason
blam'd.

'Till, what with Proofs, Objections, and Replies,
Each wond'rous positive, and wondrous wise ;
There fell betwixt his Brothers a Debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and *Justin* that.

First to the Knight *Placebo* thus begun,
(Mild were his Looks, and pleasing was his
Tone:)

Such Prudence, Sir, in all your Words appears,
As plainly proves, Experience dwells with Years
Yet you pursue sage *Solomon's* Advice,
To work by Counsel when Affairs are nice :
But, with the Wiseman's leave, I must protest,
So may my Soul arrive at Ease and Rest,
As still I hold your own Advice the best.

Sir

Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my Days,
And study'd Men, their Manners, and their
Ways;

And have observ'd this useful Maxim still,
To let my Betters always have their Will.
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that Black was White,
My Word was this; *Your Honour's in the right.*
Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise
As his mistaken Patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous Thought;
A noble Fool was never in a Fault.

This, Sir affects not you, whose ev'ry Word
Is weigh'd with Judgment, and befits a Lord:
Your Will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and shou'd be so to Man;
At least, your Courage all the World must
praise,

Who dare to wed in your declining Days.
Indulge the Vigour of your mounting Blood,
And let grey Fools be indolently good;
Who past all Pleasure, damn the Joys of Sense,
With rev'rend Dulness, and grave Impotence.

Justin, who silent sate, and heard the Man,
Thus, with a Philosophick Frown began.

A Heathen Author, of the first Degree,
(Who, tho' not *Faith*, had *Sense* as well as we)
Bid us be certain our Concerns to trust
To those of gen'rous Principles, and just.

The Venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your Person than your Goods away :
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your Rest,
First learn your Lady's Qualities at least :
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil ;
Meek as a Saint, or haughty as the Devil ;
Whether an easy, fond, insipid *Fool*,
Or such a *Wit* as no Man e'er can rule ?
'Tis true, Perfection none must hope to find
In all this World, much less in Womankind ;
But if her Virtues prove the larger Share,
Bless the kind Fates, and think your Fortune
rare.

Ah, gentle Sir, take Warning of a Friend,
Who knows too well the State you thus com-
mend :

And, spite of all its Praises, must declare,
All he can find is Bondage, Cost, and Care.
Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private Tear,
And sigh in silence, lest the World shou'd hear ;
While all my Friends applaud my blissful Life,
And swear no Mortal's happier in a Wife ;
Demure and chaste as any Vestal Nun,
The meekest Creature that beholds the Sun !
But, by th' immortal Pow'rs, I feel the Pain,
And he that smarts has Reason to complain.
Do what you list, for me ; you must be sage,
And cautious sure ; for Wisdom is in Age :
But, at these Years, to venture on the Fair !
By him, who made the Ocean, Earth, and Air,
To

To please a Wife when her Occasions call,
 Wou'd busy the most Vig'rous of us all.
 And trust me, Sir, the chafteft you can chuse
 Will ask Observance, and exact her Dues.
 If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
 My tedious Sermon here is at an End.

'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight re-
 plies,
 Most worthy Kinsman, faith, you're mighty wise !
 We, Sirs, are Fools ; and must resign the Cause
 To heath'nish Authors, Proverbs, and old Saws.
 He spoke ; and turn'd, with Scorn, another
 way——

What does my Friend, my dear *Placebo* say ?

I say, quoth he, by Heav'n the Man's to
 blame,
 Who ventures sacred Marriage to defame.
 At this, the Council broke without delay ;
 Each, in his own Opinion, went his Way ;
 With full Consent, that all Disputes appeas'd,
 The Knight should marry, when and where he
 pleas'd.

Who now but *January* exults with Joy !
 The Charms of Wedlock all his Soul imploy :
 Each Nymph by turns his wav'ring Mind possesse,
 And reign'd the short-liv'd Tyrant of his Breast ;
 While Fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively Part,
 And each bright Image wander'd in his Heart.
 Thus, in some publick *Forum* fix'd on high,
 A Mirrour shows the Figures moving by ;

Still

Still one by one, in swift Succession, pass
 The gliding Shadows o'er the polish'd Glas.
 This Lady's Charms the Nicest cou'd not
 blame,

But vile Suspitions had aspers'd her Fame;
 That was with Sense, but not with Virtue blest;
 And one had Grace, yet wanted all the rest.
 Thus doubting long what Nymph he shou'd
 obey,

He fix'd at last upon the youthful *May*.
 Her Faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
 But ev'ry Charm revolv'd within his Mind:
 Her tender Age, her Form divinely Fair,
 Her easy Motion, her attractive Air,
 Her sweet Behaviour, her enchanting Face,
 Her moving Softness, and majestick Grace.

Much in his Prudence did our Knight rejoice,
 And thought no Mortal cou'd dispute this
 Choice:

Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry Friend,
 And told them all their Pains were at an End.
 Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
 Provides a Confort worthy of my Bed.
 Let none oppose th' Election, since on this
 Depends my Quiet, and my future Bliss

A Dame there is, the Darling of my Eyes,
 Young, beautiful, artless, innocent and wise;
 Chaste tho' not rich; and tho' not nobly born,
 Of honest Parents, and may serve my Turn.
 Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please:
 To pass my Age in Sanctity and Ease. And

And thank the Pow'r, I may possess alone
 The lovely Prize, and share my Bliss with none!
 If you, my Friends, this Virgin can procure,
 My Joys are full, my Happiness is sure.

One only Doubt remains; full oft I've heard
 By Casuists grave, and deep Divines averr'd;
 That 'tis too much for Human Race to know
 The Bliss of Heav'n above, and Earth below.
 Now shou'd the Nuptial Pleasure prove so great,
 To match the Blessings of the future State,
 Those endless Joys were ill exchang'd for these;
 Then clear this Doubt, and set my Mind at Ease.

This *Justin* heard, nor cou'd his Spleen controul,

Touch'd to the Quick, and trickl'd at the Soul.
 Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
 Heav'n put it past your Doubt wheer'er you wed,
 And to my fervent Pray'rs so far consent,
 That e'er the Rites are o'er, you may repent!
 Good Heav'n no doubt the nuptial State approves,
 Since it chastises still what best it loves.
 Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to Despair;
 Seek, and perhaps you'll find, among the Fair,
 One, that may do your Business to a Hair;
 Not ev'n in Wish, your Happiness delay,
 But prove the Scourge to lash you on your Way:
 Then to the Skies your mounting Soul shall go,
 Swift as an Arrow soaring from the Bow!

Provided still, you moderate your Joy,
 Nor in your Pleasures al' your Might imploy,
 Let Reason's Rules your strong Desires abate,
 Nor please too lavishly your gentle Mate.
 Old Wives there are, of Judgment most acute,
 Who solve these Questions beyond all Dispute;
 Consult with those, and be of better Chear;
 Marry, do Penance, and dismiss your Fear.

So said they rose, nor more the Work delay'd;
 The Match was offer'd, the Proposals made:
 The Parents, you may think, wou'd soon com-
 ply;

The Old have Int'rest ever in their Eye:
 Nor was it hard to move the Lady's Mind;
 When Fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.

I pass each previous Settlement and Deed,
 Too long for me to write, or you to read;
 Nor will with quaint Impertinence display
 The Pomp, the Pageantry, the proud Array.
 The Time approach'd, to Church the Parties
 went,

At once with carnal and devout Intent:
 Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient
 Wife

Like *Sarah* and *Rebecca* lead her Life:
 Then pray'd the Pow'rs the fruitful Bed to bless,
 And made all sure enough with Holiness.

And now the Palace Gates are open'd wide,
 The Guests appear in Order, Side by Side,
 And, plac'd in State, the Bridegroom and the
 Bride.

Ex-

Expensive Dainties load the plenteous Boards,
 The best *Luxurious Italy* affords :
 The breathing Flute's soft Notes are heard a-
 round,
 And the shrill Trumpets mix their Silver Sound ;
 The vaulted Roofs with echoing Musick ring,
 These touch the vocal Stops, and those the trem-
 bling String,
 Not thus *Amphion* tun'd the warbling Lyre,
 Nor *Joab* the sounding Clarion cou'd inspire,
 Nor fierce *Theodamas*, whose sprightly Strain
 Cou'd swell the Soul to Rage, and fire the Martial
 Train.

Bacchus himself, the Nuptial Feast to grace,
 (So Poets sing) was present on the Place ;
 And lovely *Venus*, Goddess of Delight,
 Shook high her flaming Torch, in open Sight,
 And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight: }
 Pleas'd her best Servant wou'd his Courage try,
 No less in Wedlock than in Liberty.
 Full many an Age old *Hymen* had not spy'd
 So kind a Bridegroom, or so bright a Bride.
 Ye Bards ! renown'd among the tuneful Throng
 For gentle Lays, and joyous Nuptial Song ;
 Think not your softest Numbers can display
 The matchless Glories of this blissful Day ;
 The Joys are such as far transcend your Rage,
 When tender Youth has wedded stooping Age.

The beauteous Dame fate smiling at the Board,
And darted am'rous Glances at her Lord;
Not *Hester's* self, whose Charms the *Hebrews*
sing,

E'er look'd so lovely on her *Persian* King :
Bright as the rising Sun, in Summer's Day,
And fresh and blooming as the Month of *May* !
The joyful Knight survey'd her by his Side,
Nor envy'd *Paris* with the *Spartan* Bride :
Still as his Mind revolv'd with vast Delight
Th'entrancing Raptures of the approaching Night;
Restless he sat, invoking ev'ry Pow'r
To speed his Bliss, and haste the happy Hour.
Mean time the vig'rous Dancers beat the Ground,
And Songs were sung, and Healths went nimbly
round ;

With od'rous Spices they perfum'd the Place,
And Mirth and Pleasure shone in ev'ry Face.

Damian alone, of all the Menial Train,
Sad in the midst of Triumphs, sigh'd for Pain ;
Damian alone the Knight's obsequious Squire,
Consum'd at Heart, and fed a secret Fire.
His lovely Mistress all his Soul possess'd,
He look'd, he languish'd, and cou'd find no
Rest :

His Task perform'd, he sadly went his Way,
Fell on his Bed, and loath'd the Light of Day.
There let him lye, 'till the relenting Dame
Weep in her Turn, and waste in equal Flame.

The

The weary Sun, as Learned Poets write,
 Forsook the *Horizon*, and roll'd down the Light;
 While glitt'ring Stars his absent Beam supply,
 And Night's dark Mantle overspread the Sky.
 Then rose the Guests; and as the time requir'd,
 Each paid his Thanks, and decently retir'd.

The Foe once gone, our Knight wou'd strait
 undress,

So keen he was, and eager to possess:
 But first thought fit th' Assistance to receive,
 Which grave Physicians scruple not to give;
Satyrión near, with hot *Eringo's* stood,
Cantharides, to fire the boiling Blood,
 Whose Use old Bards describe in luscious Rhymes,
 And Criticks learn'd explain to Modern Times.

By this the Sheets were spread, the Bride undrest,
 The Room was sprinkled, and the Bed was blest.
 What next ensu'd beseems not me to say:

'Tis sung, he labour'd 'till the dawning Day,
 Then briskly sprung from Bed, with Heart so
 light,

As all were nothing he had done by Night;
 And supt his Cordial as he sat upright:

He kiss'd his balmy Spouse, with wanton Play,
 And feebly sung a lusty Roundelay:

Then on the Couch his weary Limbs he cast;
 For ev'ry Labour must have Rest at last.

But anxious Cares the pensive Squire oppress,
 Sleep fled his Eyes, and Peace forsook his Breast;

The

The raging Flames that in his Bosom dwell,
He wanted Art to hide and Means to tell.
Yet hoping Time th' Occasion might betray,
Compos'd a Sonnet to the lovely *May*;
Which writ and folded, with the nicest Art,
He wrapt in Silk, and laid upon his Heart.

When now the fourth revolving Day was run,
(*'Twas June*, and *Ganer* had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her Chamber came the beauteous
Bride,

The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her Side.
High Mass was sung; they feasted in the Hall;
The Servants round stood ready at their Call.
The Squire alone was absent from the Board,
And much his Sicknefs griev'd his worthy Lord,
Who pray'd his Spouse, attended by her Train,
To visit *Damian*, and divert his Pain.
Th' obliging Dames obey'd with one Consent;
They left the Hall, and to his Lodging went;
The Female Tribe surround him as he lay,
And close besides him sate the gentle *May*:
Where, as she try'd his Pulse, he softly drew
A speaking Sigh, and cast a mournful View;
Then gave his Bill, and brib'd the Pow'rs Divine
With secret Vows, to favour his Design.

Who studies now but discontented *May*?
On her soft Couch uneasily she lay:
The lumpish Husband snor'd away the Night,
Till Coughs awak'd him near the Morning
Light, What

What then he did, I not presume to tell,
 Nor if she thought herself in Heav'n or Hell;
 Honest and dull, in Nuptial Bed they lay,
 'Till the Bell toll'd, and All arose to Pray.

Were it by forceful Destiny decreed,
 Or did from Chance, or Nature's Pow'r proceed,
 Or that some Star, with Aspect kind to Love,
 Shed its selected Influence from above;
 Whatever was the Cause, the tender Dame
 Felt the first Motions of an infant Flame;
 She took th' Impressions of the Love-sick Squire,
 And wasted in the soft, infectious Fire.

Ye Fair draw near, let *May's* Example move
 Your gentle Minds to pity those who love!
 Had some fierce Tyrant in her stead been found,
 The poor Adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd:
 But she, your Sexes Mirrour, free from Pride,
 Was much too meek to prove a Homicide.

But to my Tale: Some Sages have defin'd
 Pleasure the Sov'reign Bliss of Humankind:
 Our Knight (who study'd, much we may suppose)
 Deriv'd this high Philosophy from those;
 For, like a Prince, he bore the vast Expence
 Of lavish Pomp, and proud Magnificence:
 His House was stately, his Retinue gay,
 Large was his Train, and gorgeous his Array.
 His spacious Garden, made to yield to none,
 Was compass'd round with Walls of solid Stone;
Priapus cou'd not half describe the Grace
 (Tho' God of Gardens) of this charming Place:

A Place to tire the rambling Wits of *France*
In long Descriptions, and exceed *Romance* ;
Enough to shame the boldest Bard that sings
Of painted Meadows, and of purling Springs.

Full in the Center of this Spot of Ground,
A Crystal Fountain spread its Streams around,
Its fruitful Banks with verdant Lawrels crown'd:
About this Spring (if ancient Fame say true)
The dapper Elves their Moonlight Sports pursue;
Their Pigmy King, and little Fairy Queen,
In circling Dances gambol'd on the Green,
While tuneful Sprights a merry Consort made,
And airy Musick warbled thro' the Shade.

Hither the Noble Lord wou'd oft repair
(His Scene of Pleasure, and peculiar Care)
For this, he kept it lock'd, and always bore
The Silver Key that op'd the Garden Door. |
To this sweet Place, in Summer's sultry Heat,
He us'd from Noise and Business to retreat;
And here in Dalliance spend the live-long Day,
Solus cum Sola, with his sprightly *May*.
For whate'er Work was undischarg'd a-bed,
In this fair Garden he perform'd and sped.

Thus many a Day, with Ease and Plenty blest,
Our gen'rous Knight his gentle Dame possest :
But ah ! what Mortal lives of Bliss secure,
How short a Space our Worldly Joys endure ?
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous Kind,
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the Wind !

O painted Monster form'd Mankind to cheat
With pleasing Poison, and with soft Deceit !
This aged *January*, this worthy Knight,
Amidst his Ease, Enjoyment and Delight,
Struck blind by thee; resigns his Days to Grief,
And calls on Death, the Wretches last Relief.

The Rage of Jealousy then seiz'd his Mind,
For much he fear'd the Faith of Womankind.
His Wife, not suffer'd from his Side to stray,
Was Captive kept; he watch'd her Night and Day,
Abrig'd her Pleasures, and confin'd her Sway.
Full oft in Tears did hapless *May* complain,
And sigh'd for Woe, but sigh'd and wept in vain;
She look'd on *Damian* with a Lover's Eye,
For oh, 'twas fix'd she must possess or die!
Nor less Impatience vex'd her Am'rous Squire,
Wild with Delay, and burning with Desire.
Watch'd as she was, yet cou'd not he refrain
By secret Writing to disclose his Pain,
The Dame by Signs reveal'd her kind Intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah gentle Knight, what wou'd thy Eyes avail,
Tho' they cou'd see as far as Ships can fail ?
'Tis better sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a Man can see !

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was overwatch'd, for all his hundred Eyes:
So many an honest Husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the Case his own.

The

The Dame at last, by Diligence and Care,
 Procur'd the Key her Knight was wont to bear ;
 She took the Wards in Wax before the Fire,
 And gave th' Impression to the trusty Squire.
 By means of this, some Wonder shall appear,
 Which in due Place and Season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet *Ovid*, in the Days of Yore,
 What Sleight is that, which Love, will not explore ?

And *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* plainly show
 The Peats, true Lovers when they list, can do :
 Tho' watch'd, and captive, yet in spite of all,
 They found the Art of Kissing thro' a Wall.

But now no longer from our Tale to stray ;
 It happen'd, that once upon a Summer's Day ;
 Our noble Knight was urg'd to Am'rous Play :
 He rais'd his Spouse e'er Mattin Bell was rung,
 And thus his Morning Canticle he sung.

Awake my Love, disclose thy radiant Eyes ;
 Arise my Wife, my beauteous Lady rise !
 Hear now the Doves with pensive Notes complain,
 And in soft Murmurs tell the Trees their Pain ;
 The Winter's past the Clouds and Tempests fly,
 The Sun adorns the Fields, and brightens all the
 Sky.

Fair without Spot, whose ev'ry charming Part
 My Bosom wounds, and captivates my Heart,
 Come, and in mutual Pleasure let's ingage,
 Joy of my Life, and Comfort of my Age !

This heard, to *Damian* strait a Sign she made
To haste before ; the gentle Squire obey'd :
Secret, and undescry'd, he took his Way,
And ambush'd close behind an Arbour lay.

It was not long e'er *January* came,
And Hand in Hand, with him, his lovely Dame ;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the Key, and made the Gate secure.

Here let us walk he said, observ'd by none,
Conscious of Pleasures to the World unknown :
So may my Soul have Joy, as thou, my Wife,
Art far the dearest Solace of my Life ;
And rather wou'd I chuse, by Heaven above,
To die this Instant, than to lose thy Love.
Reflect what Truth was in my Passion shown,
When un-endow'd, I took thee for my own,
And sought no Treasure but thy Heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of Sight,
While thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor Age, nor Blindness, rob me of Delight.
Each other Loss with Patience I can bear,
The Loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my Lady and my Wife,
The solid Comforts of a virtuous Life.
As first, the Love of Christ himself you gain ;
Next your own Honour undefil'd maintain ;
And lastly, that which sure your Mind must move,
My whole Estate shall gratify your Love :

Make

Make your own Terms; and e'er to Morrow's
Sun

Displays his Light, by Heav'n's it shall be done.
I seal the Contract with a holy Kiss,
And will perform, by this—my Dear, and this—
Have Comfort, Spouse, nor think thy Love un-
kind;

'Tis Love, not Jealousy, that fires my Mind.
For when thy Beauty does my Thoughts engage;
And join'd to that, my own unequal Age;
From thy dear Side I have no Pow'r to part,
Such secret Transports warm my melting Heart.
For who that once possess't those Heav'nly Charms,
Cou'd live one Moment, absent from thy Arms?

He ceas'd, and *May* with sober Grace reply'd;
Weak was her Voice, as while she spoke she
cry'd.

Heav'n knows, (with that a tender Sigh she drew)
I have a Soul to save as well as you;
And, what no less you to my Charge commend,
My dearest Honour, will to Death defend.
To you in holy Church I gave my Hand,
And join'd my Heart, in Wedlock's sacred Band?
Yet after this, if you distrust my Care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear.

First, may the yawning Earth her Bosom rend,
And let me hence to Hell alive descend;
Or die the Death I dread no less than Hell,
Sow'd in a Sack, and plung'd into a Well:

E'er I my Fame by one lewd Act disgrace,
 Or once renounce the Honour of my Race.
 For know, Sir Knight, of gentle Blood I came,
 I loth a Whore, and startle at the Name.
 But jealous Men on their own Crimes reflect,
 And learn from thence their Ladies to suspect :
 Else why these needless Cautions, Sir, to me ?
 These Doubts and Fears of Female Constancy ?
 This Chime still rings in ev'ry Lady's Ear,
 The only Strain a Wife must hope to hear.

Thus while she spoke, a side-long Glance she
 cast,
 Where *Damian* kneeling, rev'renc'd as she past.
 She saw him watch the Motions of her Eye,
 And singled out a Pear-tree planted nigh :
 'Twas charg'd with Fruit that made a goodly
 Show,

And hung with dangling Pears was ev'ry Bough.
 Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his Pace,
 And climbing, in the Summit took his Place :
 The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in View,
 Where let us leave them, and our Trust pursue.

'Twas now the Season when the glorious Sun
 His Heavenly Progress thro' the *Twins* had run ;
 And *Jove*, exalted, his mild Influence yields,
 To glad the Glebe, and paint the flow'ry Fields.
 Clear was the Day, and *Phæbus* rising bright,
 Had streak'd the Azure Firmament with Light ;
 He pierc'd the glitt'ring Clouds with golden Streams
 And warm'd the Womb of Earth with genial
 Beams. It

It so befel, in that fair Morning-Tide,
 The Fairies sported on the Garden's Side,
 And in the midst, the Monarch and his Bride.
 So featly tripp'd the light-foot Ladies round,
 The Knights so nimble o'er the Greensword
 bound,
 That scarce they bent the Flow'rs, to touch
 the Ground,
 The Dances ended, all the Fairy Train
 For Pinks and Daisies search'd the flow'ry Plain;
 While on a Bank reclin'd of rising Green,
 Thus, with a Frown, the King bespoke his
 Queen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
 The Treachery you Women use to Man:
 A thousand Authors have this Truth made out,
 And sad Experience leaves no room for Doubt.

Heav'n rest thy Spirit, noble Solomon,
 A wiser Monarch never saw the Sun:
 All Wealth, all Honours, the supreme Degree
 Of Earthly Bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
 For sagely hast thou said; Of all Mankind,
 One only just, and righteous, hope to find:
 But shoud'st thou search the spacious World a-
 round,

Yet one good Woman were not to be found.

Thus says the King who knew your Wicked-
 ness;

The Son of *Sirach* testifies no less.

So may some Wildfire on your Bodies fall,
 Or some devouring Plague consume you all,
 As well you view the Leacher in the Tree,
 And well this Honourable Knight you see :
 But since he's blind and old, (a helpless Case)
 His Squire shall cuckold him before your Face.

Now, by my own dread Majesty I swear,
 And by this awful Scepter which I bear,
 No impious Wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
 That in my Presence offers such a Wrong.
 I will this Instant undeceive the Knight,
 And, in the very Act, restore his Sight :
 And set the Strumpet here in open View,
 A Warning to these Ladies, and to You,
 And all the faithless Sex, for ever to be true.

And will you, sorely'd the Queen, indeed ?
 Now, by my Mother's Soul, it is decreed,
 She shall not want an Answer at her Need.
 For her, and for her Daughters I'll ingage,
 And all the Sex in each succeeding Age,
 None shall want Arts to varnish an Offence,
 And fortify their Crimes with Confidence.
 Nay, were they taken in a strict Embrace,
 Seen with both Eyes, and seiz'd upon the Place,
 They need no more but to protest, and swear,
 Breath a soft Sigh, and drop a tender Tear ;
 'Till their wise Husbands, gull'd by Arts like
 these,

Grew gentle, tractable, and tame as Geese.

What

What tho' this stand'rous *Jew*, this *Solomon*,
 Call'd Women Fools, and knew full many a one?
 The wiser Wits of later Times declare
 How virtuous, chaste, and constant, Women are.
 Witness the Martyrs, who resign'd their Breath,
 Serene in Torments, unconcern'd in Death;
 And witness next what *Roman* Authors tell,
 How *Arria*, *Portia*, and *Lucretia* fell.

But since the sacred Leaves to All are free,
 And Men interpret *Texts*, why shou'd not We?
 By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
 That Sovereign Goodness dwells in *Him* alone,
 Who only *Is*, and is but only *One*.
 But grant the worst; shall Women then be weigh'd
 By ev'ry Word that *Solomon* has said?
 What tho' this King (as *Hebrew* Story boasts)
 Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hosts;
 He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
 And did as much for Idol Gods, or more.
 Beware what lavish Praises you confer
 On a rank Leacher, and Idolater,
 Whose Reign indulgent God, says Holy Writ,
 Did but for *David's* Righteous Sake permit;
David, the Monarch after Heav'n's own Mind,
 Who lov'd our Sex, and honour'd all our Kind.

Well, I'm a Woman, and as such must speak;
 Silence wou'd swell me, and my Heart wou'd
 break,

Know then, I scorn your dull Authorities,
 Your idle Wits, and all their learned Lies ;
 By Heav'n, those Authors are our Sex's Foes,
 Whom, in our Right, I must, and will oppose.

Nay, (quoth the King) dear Madam be not
 wroth ;

I yield it up ; but since I gave my Oath,
 That this much-injur'd Knight again shou'd see ;
 It must be done—I am a King, said he,
 And one, whose Faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine, (she said)---- I am a Queen !
 Her Answer she shall have, I undertake ;
 And thus an End of all Dispute I make :
 Try when you list ; and you shall find, my Lord,
 It is not in our Sex to break our Word.

We leave them here in this Heroick Strain,
 And to the Knight our Story turns again,
 That in the Garden, with his lovely *May*,
 Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay :
 This was his Song ; Oh kind and constant be,
 Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.
 Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
 By easy Steps, to where the Pear-tree grew :
 The longing Dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love
 Full fairly perch'd among the Boughs above.
 She stopp'd, and sighing, Oh good Gods, she cry'd,
 What Pangs, what sudden Shoots distend my Side?
 O for that tempting Fruit so fresh, so green ;
 Help, for the Love of Heav'n's immortal Queen !
 Help

Help dearest Lord, and save at once the Life
Of thy poor Infant, and thy longing Wife!

Sore sigh'd the Knight, to hear his Lady's Cry,
But cou'd not climb, and had no Servant nigh.
Old as he was, and void of Eye-sight too,
What cou'd, alas, the helpless Husband do?
And must I languish then (she said) and die,
Yet view the lovely Fruit before my Eye?
At least, kind Sir, for Charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the Bole between your Arms to take;
Then from your Back I might ascend the Tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.

With all my Soul, he thus reply'd again;
I'd spend my dearest Blood to ease thy Pain.
This said, his Back against the Trunk he bent;
She seiz'd a Twig, and up the Tree she went.

Now prove your Patience, gentle Ladies all,
Nor let on me your heavy Anger fall:
'Tis Truth I tell, tho' not in Phrase refin'd;
Tho' blunt my Tale, yet honest is my Mind.
What Feats the Lady in the Tree might do,
I pass, as Gambols never known to you:
But sure it was a merrier Fit, she swore,
Than in her Life she ever felt before.

In that nice Moment, lo! the wondring Knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to suddden Sight.
Strait on the Tree his eager Eyes he bent,
As one whose Thoughts were on his Spouse in-
tent;

But

But when he saw his Bosom-wife so drest,
 His Rage was such, as cannot be exprest :
 Not frantick Mothers when their Infants die,
 With such loud Clamours rend the vaulted Sky :
 He cry'd, he roar'd, he rag'd, he tore his Hair ;
 Death ! Hell ! and Furies ! what dost Thou do
 there ?

What ails my Lord ? the trembling Dame re-
 ply'd ;

I thought your Patience had been better try'd :
 Is this your Love, ungrateful and unkind,
 'This my Reward, for having cur'd the Blind ?
 Why was I taught to make my Husband see,
 By Strugling with a Man upon a Tree ?
 Did I for this the Pow'r of Magick prove ?
 Unhappy Wife, whose Crimes was too much
 Love !

If this be Strugling, by this holy Light,
 'Tis Strugling with a Vengeance, (quoth the
 Knight :)

So Heav'n preserve the Sight it has restor'd,
 As with these Eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd ;
 Whor'd by my Slave---Perfidious Wretch ! may
 Hell

As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.

Guard me, good Angels ! cry'd the gentle *May*,
 Pray Heav'n, this Magick work the proper Way:
 Alas, my Lord, 'tis certain, cou'd you see,
 You ne'er had us'd these killing Words to me.

So

So help me Fates, as 'tis no perfect Sight,
But some faint Glimm'ring of a doubtful Light.

What I have said, quoth he, I must maintain;
For, by th' Immortal Pow'rs, it *seem'd* too plain:
By all those Pow'rs some Frenzy seiz'd your
Mind, [find?]

(Reply'd the Dame :) Are these the Thanks I
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind !

She said ; a rising Sigh express'd her Woe,
The ready Tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell, she wip'd from either Eye
The Drops, (for Women when they list, can cry.)

The Knight was touch'd, and in his Looks
appear'd

Signs of Remorse, while thus his Spouse he
chear'd :

Madam, 'tis past, and my short Anger o'er ;
Come down, and vex your tender Heart no more:
Excuse me, Dear, if ought amiss was said,
For, on my Soul, amends shall soon be made :
Let my Repentance your Forgiveness draw,
By Heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.

Ah my lov'd Lord ! 'twas much unkind (she
cry'd)

On bare *Suspicion* thus to treat your Bride ;

But 'till your Sight's establish'd, for a while,

Imperfect Objects may your Sense beguile :

Thus when from Sleep we first our Eyes display, }
The Balls seem wounded with the piercing Ray, }
And dusky Vapours rise, and intercept the Day: }

And

So just recov'ring from the Shades of Night,
Your swimming Eyes are drunk with sudden
Light;

Strange Phantoms dance around, and skim be-
fore your Sight.

Then Sir be cautious, nor too rashly deem ;
Heav'n knows, how seldom things are what they
seem !

Consult your Reason, and you soon shall find,
'Twas You were jealous, not your Wife unkind :
Jove ne'er spoke Oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.

With that, she leap'd into her Lord's Embrace,
With well-disseml'd Virtue in her Face :

He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with Doubts and Jealousies no more :
Both, pleas'd and blest, renew'd their mutual
Vows,

A fruitful Wife, and a believing Spouse.

Thus ends our Tale, whose Moral next to
make,

Let all wise Husbands hence Example take ;
And pray, to crown the Pleasure of their Lives,
To be so well deluded by their Wives.



HANS CARVEL'S RING, or a Charm
against Cuckoldom.

A T A L E.

By Mr. PRIOR.

HANS Carvel, Impotent and Old,
Married a Lass of London Mould:
Handsome ! enough ; extremely gay :
Lov'd Music, Company, and Play :
High Flights she had, and Wit at Will :
And so her Tongue lay seldom still :
For in all Visits who but she,
To argue, or to Repartee ?
She made it plain, the Human Passion
Was order'd by Predestination ;
That if weak Women went astray,
Their Stars were more in Fault than they :
Whole Tragedies she had by Heart ;
Enter'd into *Roxana's* Part :
To triumph in her Rival's Blood,
The Action certainly was good.
How like a Vine young *Ammon* curl'd ;
Oh that dear Conqu'ror of the World !
She pity'd *Betterton* in Age,
That ridicul'd the God-like Rage.

She, first of all the Town was told,
Where newest *India* Things were sold,

So in a Morning, without Bodice,
Slept sometimes out to Mrs. *Thody's* ;
To cheapen Tea, to buy a Screen :
What else cou'd so much Virtue mean ?
For to prevent the least Reproach,
Betty went with her in the Coach.

But when no very great Affair
Excited her peculiar Care ;
She, without fail, was wak'd at Ten ;
Drank Chocolate, then slept again :
At Twelve she rose ; with much ado
Her Cloaths were huddl'd on by Two ;
Then, does my Lady dine at home ?
Yes sure ; — but is the Colonel come ?
Next, how to spend the Afternoon,
And not come Home again too soon ;
The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the Day ;
A Turn in Summer to *Hyde-Park*,
When it grew tolerably Dark.

Wife's Pleasure causes Husband's Pain :
Strange Fancies come in *Hans's* Brain :
He thought of what he did not name ;
And would reform, but durst not blame.
At first he therefore Preach'd his Wife
The Comforts of a Pious Life :
Told her how Transient Beauty was ;
That all must die, and Flesh was Grass :

He

He bought her Sermons, Psalms and Graces ;
And doubled down the useful Places.
But still the Weight of worldly Care
Allow'd her little Time for Pray'r :
And *Cleopatra* was read o'er,
While *Scot*, and *Wake*, and Twenty more,
That teach one to deny one's self,
Stood unmolested on the Shelf.
An untouch'd Bible grac'd her Toilet :
No fear that Thumb of her's should spoil it.
In short, the Trade was still the same :
The Dame went out : The Colonel came.

What's to be done ? poor *Carvel* cry'd :
Another Batt'ry must be try'd :
What if to Spells I had Recourse ?
'Tis but to hinder something Worse.
The End must justify the Means :
He only sins who Ill intends :
Since therefore 'tis to combat Evil,
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.

Forthwith the Devil did appear ;
(For name him and he's always near)
Not in the Shape in which he plies
At Miss's Elbow when she lies ;
Or stands before the Nurs'ry Doors,
To take the naughty Boy that roars :
But without Sawcer Eye or Claw,
Like a grave Barrister at Law.

Hans Carvel, lay aside your Grief,
The Devil says : I bring Relief.

Relief

Relief, says *Hans* : pray let me crave
 Your Name, Sir,—*Satan*,— Sir, your Slave ;
 I did not look upon your Feet :
 You'll pardon Me :—Ay, now I see't :
 And pray, Sir, when came You from Hell ?
 Our Friends there, did you leave Them well ?
 All well : but pr'ythee, honest *Hans*,
 (Says *Satan*) leave your Complaisance :
 The Truth is this This : I cannot stay
 Flaring in Sun-shine all the Day :
 For, *entre Nous*, We hellish Sprites,
 Love more the Fresco of the Nights ;
 And oft'ner our Receipts convey
 In Dreams, than any other Way.
 I tell you therefore as a Friend,
 Ere Morning-dawns, your Fears shall end :
 Go then this Evening, Master *Carvel*,
 Lay down your Fowls, and broach your Barrel :
 Let Friends and Wine dissolve your Care ;
 Whilst I the great Receipt prepare : ———
 To Night I'll bring it by my Faith ;
 Believe for once what *Satan* saith.

Away went *Hans* : glad ? not a little ;
 Obey'd the Devil to a Tittle ;
 Invited Friends some half a Dozen,
 The Colonel, and my Lady's Cousin.
 The Meat was serv'd ; the Bowls were crown'd ,
 Catches were sung ; and Healths went round :

Bar.

Barbadoes Waters for the Close :
'Till *Hans* had fairly got his Dose :
The Colonel toasted to the *Best* :
The Dame mov'd off, to be undrest :
The Chimes went Twelve, the Guests withdrew ;
But when, or how, *Hans* hardly knew.
Some Modern Anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his Elbow Chair ;
From thence was carry'd off to Bed :
John held his Heels, and *Nan* his Head.
My Lady was disturb'd : new Sorrow !
Which *Hans* must answer for to Morrow.

In Bed then view this happy Pair ;
And think how *Hymen* triumph'd there.
Hans, fast asleep, as soon as laid ;
The Duty of the Night-unpaid :
The waking Dame, with Thoughts oppress'd,
That made Her hate both Him and Rest :
By such a Husband, such a Wife !
'Twas *Acme's* and *Septimius'* Life :
The Lady sigh'd : the Lover snor'd :
The punctual Devil kept his Word :
Appear'd to honest *Hans* again ;
But not at all by Madam seen :
And giving Him a Magick Ring,
Fit for the Finger of a King ;
Dear *Hans*, said he, this Jewel take,
And wear it long for *Satan's* Sake.

'Twill

44 *The LOUT looking for his HEIFER.*

'Twill do your Business to a Hair :
For long as You this Ring shall wear,
As sure as I look over *Lincoln*,
That ne'er shall happen which you think on.

Hans took the Ring with Joy extreme ;
(All this was only in a Dream)
And thrusting it beyond his Joint,
'Tis done, he cry'd : I've gain'd the Point.—
What Point, said *she*, You ugly Beast ?
You neither give me Joy nor Rest ;
'Tis done.—What's done, You drunken Bear ?
You've thrust your Finger G—d knows where.

The LOUT looking for his HEIFER.

A T A L E.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

IT so befel,— a silly a *Swain*,
Had sought his *Heifer* long in vain ;
For wanton, *She* had frisking stray'd,
And left the Lawn to seek the Shade.
Around the Plain *He* rolls his Eyes,
Then to the Wood, in Haste he hies ;
Where singling out the tallest Tree,
He climbs in Hopes to hear or see.

Anon, there chanc'd that Way to pass
A jolly *Lad* and buxom *Lass* :

The

PHYLLIS ; or the Progress of Love. 45

The Place was apt, the Pastime pleasant ;
Occasion with her Forelock present :
The Girl agog, the Gallant ready ;
So lightly down he lays my Lady ;
But so she turn'd, or so was laid,
That she some certain Charms display'd,
Which with such Wonder struck his Sight,
(With Wonder much ; more with Delight)
That loud he cry'd, in Rapture, What !
What see I, Gods ! what see I not !
But nothing nam'd ; from whence 'tis guess'd,
Twas more than well cou'd be express'd.

The Clown aloft, who lent an Ear,
Strait stopt him short in mid Career :
And louder cry'd, *Ho ! honest Friend,*
That of thy seeing see'st no End ;
Dost see the Heifer that I seek ?
If dost, pray be so kind to speak.

PHYLLIS ; or the Progress of Love.

By Dr. SWIFT.

DEsponding *Phyllis* was endu'd
With ev'ry Talent of a Prude :
She trembled when a Man drew near ;
Salute her, and she turn'd her, Ear ;
If o'er-against her you were plac'd,
She durst not look above your Waste :

She'd

46 *PHYLLIS ; or the Progress of Love.*

She'd rather take you to her Bed,
 Than let you see her dress her Head :
 In Church you heard her thro' the Crowd,
 Repeat the *Absolution* loud ;
 In Church secure behind her Fan,
 She durst behold that Monster *Man* :
 There practis'd how to place her Head,
 And bit her Lips, to make them red ;
 Or, on the Mat devoutly kneeling,
 Wou'd lift her Eyes up to the Ceiling,
 And heave her Bosom, unaware,
 For Neigh'bring Beaux to see it bare.
 At length a lucky Lover came,
 And found Admittance to the Dame.
 Suppose all Parties now agreed,
 The Writings drawn, the Lawyer feed,
 The Vicar and the Ring bespoke ;
 Guess, how cou'd such a Match be broke ?
 See then, what Mortals place their Bliss in !
 Next Morn, betimes, the Bride was missing.
 The Mother scream'd, the Father chid ;
 Where can this idle Wench be hid ?
 No News of *Phyl* ! The Bridegroom came,
 And thought his Bride had sculk'd for Shame ;
 Because her Father us'd to say,
 The Girl had *such a bashful Way*.

Now *John* the Butler must be sent,
 To learn the Road that *Phyllis* went.
 The Groom was wish'd to saddle *Crop* ;
 For, *John* must neither light, or stop.

But

But find her wheresoe'er she fled,
And bring her back Alive or Dead.

See here again the Dev'l to do ;
For, truly, *John* was missing too.
The Horse and Pillion both were gone !
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with *John*.

Old Madam, who went up to find
What Papers *Phyl* had left behind,
A Letter on the Toilet sees,
To my much honour'd Father— These.
('Tis always done, Romances tell us,
When Daughters run away with Fellows)
Fill'd with the choicest Common-Places,
By others us'd in the like Cases ?

" That, long ago, a *Fortune-Teller*
" Exactly said what now befel her ;
" And in a *Glass* had made her see
" A *Serving-Man* of low Degree.
" It was *her Fate*, must be forgiven,
" For *Marriages* were made in Heaven :
" His Pardon begg'd ; but to be plain,
" She'd do't, if 'twere to do again.
" Thank God, 'twas neither Shame nor Sin,
" For *John* was come of honest Kin,
" Love never thinks of Rich and Poor,
" She'd beg with *John* from Door to Door.
" Forgive her, if it be a Crime,
" She'll never do't another Time.
" She ne'er before in all her Life,
" Once disobey'd him, *Maid or Wife*.

48 PHYLLIS ; or the Progress of Love.

“ One Argument she summ’d up all in,
 “ The *Thing* was done and past recalling.
 “ And therefore hop’d she shou’d recover
 “ His Favour when his *Passion’s* over !
 “ She valu’d not what others thought her,
 “ And was— his *most Obedient Daughter.*”

Fair Maidens all attend the Muse,
 Who now the wand’ring Pair purses.
 Away they rode in homely fort,
 Their Journey long, their Money short ;
 The loving Couple well bemir’d ;
 The Horse and both the Riders tir’d ;
 Their Victuals bad, their Lodgings worse ;
Phyl cry’d, and *John* began to curse ;
Phyl wish’d that she had strain’d a Limb,
 When first she ventur’d out with him :
John wish’d that he had broke his Leg,
 When first for her he quitted *Peg*.

But what Adventures more beset ’em,
 The Muse hath now no Time to tell ’em ;
 How *Johnny* wheadled, threatned, fawn’d,
 Till *Phyllis* all her Trinkets pawn’d :
 How oft she broke her Marriage Vows,
 In Kindness, to maintain her Spouse,
 Till Swains unwholsome spoil’d the Trade ;
 For now the Surgeon must be paid,
 To whom those Perquisites are gone,
 In Christian Justice due to *John*.

When Food and Raiment now grew scarce,
 Fate put a Period to the Farce,

And

And with exact Poetic Justice ;
 For *John* is Landlord, *Phyllis* Hostess :
 They keep, at *Stains*, the *Old Blue-Boar*,
 Are Cat and Dog, and Rogue and Whore.

LITTLE-MOUTHS.

A TALE.

By Dr. KING.

FROM *London*, *Paul* the Carrier coming down
 To *Wantage*, meets a Beauty of the Town ;
 They both accost with Salutation pretty,
 As, How dost *Paul* ? Thank ye, and how dost
Betty ?

Did'st see our *Jack*, nor Sister ? No, you've seen
 I warrant, none but those who saw the Queen.

Many Words spoke in jest, says *Paul*, are true,
 I came from *Windsor*, and if some Folks knew
 As much as I, it might be well for you. }

Lord, *Paul* ! what is 't ? Why give me something
 for't,

This Kiss, and this. The Matter's then in short,
 The Parliament have made a Proclamation,
 Which will this Week be sent all round the Na-
 tion ;

That Maids with little Mouths do all prepare
 On *Sunday* next to come before the Mayor,
 And that all Batchelors be likewise there. }

D

For

50 PAULO PURGANTI *and his Wife.*

For Maids with little Mouths shall, if they please,
From these young Men chuse two a-piece.

Betty, with bridled Chin extends her Face,
And then contracts her Lips with simp'ring Grace,
Cries, Hem! pray what must all the Huge ones do
For Husbands, when we little Mouths have two?
Hold, not so fast, cries he, pray pardon me,
Maids with huge gaping wide Mouths must have
three.

Betty distorts her Face with hideous Squawl,
And Mouth of a Foot wide begins to bawl,
Oh! Ho! Is't so? The Case is alter'd, *Paul*.
Is that the Point? I wish the three were ten,
I warrant I'll find *Mouth* if they'll find *Men*.

PAULO PURGANTI *and his Wife.*

A T A L E.

By Mr. P R I O R.

BEyond the fix'd and settl'd Rules
Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools,
Beyond the Letter of the Law,
Which keeps our Men and Maids in Awe,
The better Sort should set before 'em
A Grace, a Manner, a Decorum;
Something, that gives their Acts a Light;
Makes 'em not only just, but bright;
And sets them in that open Fame,
Which witty Malice cannot blame.

For

For 'tis in Life, as 'tis in Painting :
 Much may be right, yet much be wanting.
 From Lines drawn true, our Eyes may trace
 A Foot, a Knee, a Hand, a Face :
 May justly own the Picture wrought
 Exact to Rule, exempt from Fault :
 Yet if the Colouring be not there,
 The *Titian* Stroke, the *Guido* Air ;
 To nicest Judgment show the Piece ;
 At best 'twill only not displease :
 It would not gain on *Jersey's* Eye ;
Bradford would frown, and set it by.

Thus in the Picture of our Mind
 The Action may be well design'd ;
 Guided by Law, and bound by Duty ;
 Yet want this *Je ne scay quoy* of Beauty ;
 And tho' its Error may be such,
 As *Knags* and *Burgefs* cannot hit ;
 It yet may feel the nicer Touch
 Of *Wycherly* or *Congreve's* Wit.

What is this Talk ? replies a Friend,
 And where will this dry Moral end ?
 The Truth of what you here lay down
 By some Example should be shown. —
 With all my Heart, — for once ; read on.
 An Honest, but a Simple Pair
 (And Twenty other I forbear)
 May serve to make this *Thesis* clear.

A Doctor of great Skill and Fame,
Paulo Purganti was his Name,

Had a good, comely, virtuous Wife :
 No Woman led a better Life :
 She to Intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted :
 She chuckl'd when a Bawd was carted :
 And Thought the Nation ne'er would thrive,
 Till all the Whores were burnt alive,

On marry'd Men that dar'd be bad,
 She thought no Mercy should be had ;
 They shou'd be hang'd, or starv'd, or dead,
 Or serv'd like *Romish* Priests in *Swede*.——

In short, all Lewdness she defy'd :
 And stiff was her Parochial Pride.

Yet in an honest Way, the Dame
 Was a great Lover of That same ;
 And could from Scripture take her Cue,
 That Husbands shou'd give Wives their Due.

Her Prudence did so justly steer
 Between the Gay and the Severe,
 That if in some Regards she chose
 To curb poor *Paulo* in too close ;
 In others she relax'd again,
 And govern'd with a looser Rein.

Thus tho' she strictly did confine
 The Doctor from Excess of Wine :
 With Oysters, Eggs and Vermicelli
 She let him almost burst his Belly :
 Thus drying Coffee was deny'd ;
 But Chocolate that Loss supply'd :
 And for Tobacco (who could bear it ?)
 Filthy Concomitant of Claret !

(Blest !

(Blest Revolution!) one might see
Eringo Roots, and Bohea Tea.

She often set the Doctor's Band,
And stroak'd his Beard, and squeez'd his Hand :
Kindly complain'd, that after Noon
He went to pore on Books too soon :
She held it wholesomer by much,
To rest a little on the Couch :——
About his Waste in Bed a-nights
She clung so close——for fear of Sprites.

The Doctor understood the Call :
But had not always wherewithal.

The Lion's Skin too short, you know,
(As *Plutarch's* Morals finely show)
Was lengthen'd by the Fox's Tail :
And Art supplies, where Strength may fail.

Unwilling then in Arms to meet
The Enemy, he could not beat ;
He strove to lengthen the Campaign,
And save his Forces by Chicane.
Fabius, the Roman Chief, who thus
By fair Retreat grew *Maximus*,
Shows us, that all that Warrior can do
With Force inferior, is *Cunctando*.

One Day then, as the Foe drew near,
With Love, and Joy, and Life, and Dear ;
Our Don, who knew this Tittle Tattle
Did, sure as Trumpet, call to Battle ;
Thought it extremely *à propos*,
To ward against the coming Blow :

54 PAULO PURGANTI *and his Wife.*

To ward: But how? Ay, there's the Question:
Fierce the Assault, unarm'd the Bastion.

The Doctor feign'd a strange Surprise:
He felt her Pulse; he view'd her Eyes;
'That beat too fast: These rowl'd too quick:
She was, He said, or would be sick:
He judg'd it absolutely good,
'That she should purge and cleanse her Blood.
Spaw Waters for that end were got:
If they past easily or not,
What matters it? The Lady's Fever
Continu'd violent as ever.

For a Distemper of this Kind,
(*Blackmore* and *Hans* are of my Mind,)
If once it youthful Blood infects,
And chiefly of the Female Sex;
Is scarce remov'd by Pill or Potion;
Whate'er may be our Doctor's Notion.
. One luckless Night then, as in Bed
'The Doctor and the Dame were laid;
Again this cruel Fever came,
High Pulse, short Breath, and Blood in Flame.
What Measures shall poor *Paulo* keep
With Madam in this piteous taking?
She, like *Macbeth*, has murder'd Sleep,
And won't allow Him Rest, tho' waking.
Sad State of Matters! when we dare
Nor ask for Peace, nor offer War;
Nor *Livy* nor *Comines* have shown,
What in this Juncture may be done.

Grotius

Grotius might own, that *Paulo's* Case is
Harder than any which he places
Amongst his *Belli* and his *Pacis*. }

He strove, alas ! but strove in vain,
By dint of Logic to maintain,
That all the Sex was born to grieve,
Down to her Ladyship from *Eve*.
He rang'd his Tropes, and preach'd up Patience ;
Back'd his Opinions with Quotations,
Divines and Moralists ; and run ye on
Quite thro' from *Seneca* to *Bunyan*.

As much in vain He bid her try
To fold her Arms, to close her Eye ;
Telling Her, Rest would do Her Good ;
If any thing in Nature cou'd :
So held the *Greeks* quite down from *Galen*,
Masters and Princes of the Calling :
So all our Modern Friends maintain
(Tho' no great *Greeks*) in *Warwick-lane*.

Reduce, my Muse, the wand'ring Song :
A Tale should never be too long.

The more He talk'd, the more she burn'd,
And sigh'd, and toft, and groan'd, and turn'd :
At last, I wish, said she, my Dear—
(And whisper'd something in his Ear)
You wish ! wish on, the Doctor cries :
Lord ! when will Womankind be wise ?
What, in your Waters ? are You mad ?
Why Poison is not half so bad.

I'll do it—But I give You Warning :
 You'll die before To-morrow Morning :----
 'Tis kind my Dear, what You advise,
 The Lady with a Sigh replies :
 But Life you know, at best is Pain :
 And Death is what We should disdain.
 So do it therefore, and Adieu :
 For I will die for Love of You.----
 Let wanton Wives by Death be scar'd :
 But to my Comfort, I'm prepar'd.

STREPHON *and* CHLOE.

A T A L E.

By Dr. S W I F T.

OF *Chloe* all the Town has rung ;
 By ev'ry Size of Poets sung :
 So beautiful a Nymph appears
 But once in twenty thousand Years :
 By Nature form'd with nicest Care,
 And faultless to a single Hair.
 Her graceful Mien, her Shape, and Face,
 Confess'd her of no mortal Race :
 And then, so nice, and so genteel ;
 Such Cleanliness from Head to Heel :
 No Humours gross, or frowzy Steams,
 No noisom Whiffs, or sweaty Steams,

Before,

Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintless Body flow.
Would so discreetly Things dispose,
None ever saw her pluck a Rose.
Her dearest Comrades never caught her
Squat on her Hams to make Maid's Water.
You'd swear, that so divine a Creature
Felt no Necessities of Nature.
In Summer, had she walkt the Town,
Her Arm-pits would not stain her Gown :
At Country-Dances, not a Nose
Could in the Dog-days smell her Toes.
Her Milk-white Hands, both Palms and Backs,
Like Iv'ry dry, and soft as Wax,
Her Hands, the softest ever felt,
* Tho' cold would burn, tho' dry would melt.

Dear *Venus*, hide this wond'rous Maid,
Nor let her loose to spoil your Trade.
Whilst she engrosseth ev'ry Swain,
You but o'er half the World can reign.
Think what a Case all Men are now in,
What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing !
What powder'd Wigs ! What Flames and Darts !
What Hampers full of bleeding Hearts !
What Sword-knots ! What poetic Strains !
What Billet-doux, and clouded Canes !
But, *Strephon* sigh'd so loud and strong,
He blew a Settlement along :

* *Though deep, yet clear, &c.* Derham.

And bravely drove his Rivals down
 With Coach and Six, and House in Town.
 The bashful Nymph no more withstands,
 Because her dear Papa commands.
 The charming Couple now unites :
 Proceed we to the Marriage Rites.

Imprimis, at the Temple Porch
 Stood *Hymen* with a flaming Torch :
 The smiling *Cyprian* Goddess brings
 Her infant Loves with Purple Wings :
 And Pigeons billing, Sparrows treading,
 Fair Emblems of a fruitful Wedding.
 The Muses next in Order follow,
 Conducted by their Squire *Apollo* :
 Then *Mercury* with silver Tongue,
 And *Hebe*, Goddesses ever young.
 Behold the Bridegroom and his Bride,
 Walk Hand in Hand, and Side by Side ;
 She by the tender Graces drest,
 But he by *Mars*, in scarlet Vest.
 The Nymph was cover'd with her * *Flammeum*,
 And *Phœbus* sung the *Epithalamium*.
 And last to make the Matter sure,
 Dame *Juno* brought a Priest demure.
 † *Luna* was absent, on pretence
 Her Time was not till nine Months hence.

* *A Veil which the Roman Brides covered themselves with, when they were going to be married.*

† *Diana, Goddess of the Midwives,*

The Rites perform'd, the Parson paid,
In State return'd the grand Parade ;
With loud Huzza's from all the Boys,
That, now the Pair must *crown their Joys*.

But still the hardest Part remains.

Strephon had long perplex'd his Brains,
How with so high a Nymph he might
Demean himself the Wedding-Night :
For, as he view'd his Person round,
Meer mortal Flesh was all he found :
His Hand, his Neck, his Mouth, and Feet,
Were duly washt to keep them sweet ;
(With other Parts that shall be nameless,
The Ladies else might think me shameless.)
The Weather and his Love were hot ;
And shou'd he struggle, I know what---
Why let it go, if I must tell it---
He'll sweat, and then the Nymph may smell it.
While she a Goddess dy'd in Grain
Was unsusceptible of Stain:
And, *Venus*-like, her fragrant Skin
Exhal'd *Ambrosia* from within :
Can such a Deity endure
A mortal human Touch impure ?
How did the humble Swain detest
His prickled Beard, and hairy Breast !
His Night-cap, bordered round with Lace,
Could give no Softness to his Face.

Yet, if the Goddess could be kind,
What endless Raptures must he find !

And

And, Goddesses have now and then
 Come down to visit mortal Men :
 To visit and to Court them too :
 A certain Goddess, God knows who,
 (As in a Book he heard it read)
 Took Col'nel *Peleus* to her Bed.
 But, what if he should lose his Life
 By vent'ring on his heav'nly Wife ?
 For, *Strephon* could remember well,
 That, once he heard a School-boy tell,
 How *Semele* of mortal Race,
 By Thunder dy'd in *Jove's* Embrace :
 And, what if daring *Strephon* dies
 By Lightning shot from *Chloe's* Eyes ?

While these Reflections fill'd his Head,
 The Bride was put in Form to bed,
 He follow'd, stript, and in he crept,
 But awfully his Distance kept.

Now, Ponder well ye Parents dear ;
 Forbid your Daughters guzzling Beer :
 And, make them ev'ry Afternoon
 Forbear their Tea, or drink it soon ;
 That, e'er to Bed they venture up,
 They may discharge it ev'ry Sup :
 If not, they must in evil Plight
 Be often forc'd to rise at Night.
 Keep them to wholesome Food confin'd,
 Nor let them taste what causes Wind ;

'Tis this (* the Sage of Samos means,
 Forbidding his Disciples Beans)
 O, think what Evils must ensue ;
 Miss *Moll* the Jade will burn it blue :
 And when she once has got the Art,
 She cannot help it for her Heart ;
 But, out it flies, ev'n when she meets
 The Bridegroom in the Wedding-Sheets.
 † *Carminative* and ‡ *Diuretick*,
 Will damp all Passion Sympathetick :
 And, Love such Nicety requires,
 One *Blast* will put out all his Fires.
 Since Husbands get behind the Scene,
 The Wife should study to be clean ;
 Nor give the smallest room to guess
 The Time when Nature wants to press ;
 But, after Marriage practise more
 Decorum than she did before ;
 To keep her Spouse deluded still,
 And make him fancy what she will.

In Bed we left the married Pair :
 'Tis Time to shew how Things went there.
Strephon, who had been often told,
 That Fortune still assists the Bold,
 Resolv'd to make his first Attack :
 But, *Chloe* drove him fiercely back.

* *A well-known Precept of Pythagoras, not to eat Beans.*

† *Medicines to break Wind.*

‡ *Medicines to provoke Urine.*

How

How could a Nymph so chaste as *Chloe*,
 With Constitution cold and snowy,
 Permit a brutish Man to touch her?
 Ev'n Lambs by Instinct fly the Butcher.
 Resistance in the Wedding-Night
 Is what our Maidens claim by Right:
 And, *Chloe*, 'tis by all agreed,
 Was Maid in Thought, in Word and Deed;
 Yet some assign a diff'rent Reason;
 That *Strephon* chose no proper Season.

Say, Fair Ones, must I make a Pause?
 Or freely tell the secret Cause.

Twelve Cups of Tea, (with Grief I speak)
 Had now constrain'd the Nymph to leak.
 This Point must needs be settled first:
 The Bride must either void or burst.
 Then see the dire Effect of Peace,
 Think what can give the Cholick Ease.
 The Nymph oppress'd before, behind,
 As Ships are tost by Waves and Wind,
 Steals out her Hand, by Nature led,
 And brings a Vessel into Bed:
 Fair Utensil, as smooth and white
 As *Chloe's* Skin, almost as bright.

Strephon, who heard the fuming Rill
 As from a mossy Clift distill;
 Cry'd out, 'Ye Gods, what Sound is this?
 Can *Chloe*, heav'nly *Chloe* p—s?
 But when he smelt a noisom Steam
 Which oft attends that luke-warm Stream;

(*Salerno**)

(*Salerno** both together joins
 As sov'reign Med'cines for the Loins)
 And, tho' contriv'd, we may suppose,
 To slip his Ears, yet struck his Nose:
 He found her, whilst the Scent increast,
 As mortal as himself at least.
 But, soon with like Occasions prest,
 He boldly sent his Hand in quest
 (Inspir'd with Courage from his Bride,)
 To reach the Pot on t'other Side.
 And as he fill'd with reeking Vase,
 Let fly a Rowzer in her Face.

The little *Cupids* hov'ring round,
 (As Pictures prove) with Garlands crown'd,
 Abasht at what they saw and heard,
 Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

Adieu to ravishing Delights,
 High Raptures, and romantick Flights;
 To Goddesses so heav'nly sweet,
 Expiring Shepherds at their Feet;
 To silver Meads and shady Bow'rs,
 Drest up with *Amaranthin* Flow'rs,

How great a Change! how quickly made!
 They learn to call a Spade, a Spade.
 They soon from all Constraint are freed;
 Can see each other *do their Need*.

* *Vide Schol. Salern. Rules of Health, written by
 the School of Salernum.*

Mingere cum lumbis res est saluberrima lumbis.

On

On Box of Cedar sits the Wife,
 And makes it warm for *Dearest Life*.
 And, by the beastly way of Thinking,
 Find great Society in Stinking.
 Now, *Strephon* daily entertains
 His *Chloe* in the homeliest Strains :
 And, *Chloe* more experienc'd grown,
 With Int'rest pays him back his own.
 No Maid at Court is less asham'd,
 Howe'er for selling Bargains fam'd,
 Than she, to name her Parts behind,
 Or, when a-bed, to let out Wind.

Fair *Decency*, celestial Maid,
 Descend from Heav'n to Beauty's Aid :
 Tho' Beauty may beget Desire,
 'Tis thou must fan the Lover's Fire :
 For, Beauty, like supreme Dominion,
 Is best supported by Opinion :
 If Decency bring no Supplies,
 Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To see some radiant Nymph appear
 In all her glitt'ring Birth-day Gear,
 You think some Goddess from the Sky
 Descended, ready cut and dry :
 But, e'er you sell yourself to Laughter,
 Consider well what may come after ;
 For fine Ideas vanish fast,
 While all the gross and filthy last.

O *Strephon*, e'er that fatal Day
 When *Chloe* stole your Heart away,

Had you but thro' a Cranny spy'd
 On House of Ease your future Bride,
 In all the Postures of her Face,
 Which Nature gives in such a Case;
 Distortions, Groanings, Strainings, Heavings;
 'Twere better you had lickt her Leavings,
 Than from Experience find too late
 Your Goddess grown a filthy Mate.
 Your Fancy then had always dwelt
 On what you saw, and what you smelt;
 Would still the same Ideas give ye,
 As when you spy'd her on the Privy.
 And, spight of *Chloe's* Charms divine,
 Your Heart had been as whole as mine.

Authorities both old and recent
 Direct that Woman must be decent;
 And from the Spouse each Blemish hide
 More than from all the World beside.

Unjustly all our Nymphs complain,
 Their Empire holds so short a Reign;
 Is after Marriage lost so soon,
 It hardly holds the Honey-moon:
 For, if they keep not what they caught,
 It is entirely their own Fault.

They take Possession of the Crown,
 And then throw all their Weapons down:
 Tho' by the Politician's Scheme,
 Whoe'er arrives at Pow'r's supream,
 Those Arts by which at first they gain it,
 They still must practise to maintain it.

What

What various Ways our Females take,
To pass for Wits before a Rake!
And, in the fruitless Search pursue
All other Methods but the true.

Some try to learn polite Behaviour,
By reading Books against their Saviour:
Some call it witty to reflect
On ev'ry natural Defect:

Some shew they never want explaining,
To comprehend a double Meaning:
But sure a Tell-tale out of School
Is of all Wits the greatest Fool:

Whose rank Imagination fills
Her Heart, and from her Lips distills:
You'd think she utter'd from behind,
Or at her Mouth was breaking Wind.

Why is a handsome Wife ador'd
By ev'ry Coxcomb, but her Lord?
From yonder Puppet-man enquire,
Who wisely hides his Wood and Wite:
Shews *Sheba's* Queen compleatly dress'd,
And *Solomon* in Royal Vests;
But, view them litter'd on the Floor,
Or strung on Pegs behind the Door;
Punch is exactly of a Piece
With *Lorrain's* Duke, and Prince of *Greece*.
A prudent Builder should forecast
How long the Stuff is like to last;
And, carefully observe the Ground,
To build on some Foundation sound:

What

What House, when its Materials crumble,
Must not inevitably tumble?
What Edifice can long endure,
Rais'd on a Basis unsecure?
Rash Mortals, e'er you take a Wife,
Contrive your Pile to last for Life:
Since Beauty scarce endures a Day,
And Youth so swiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourself a Bubble
To build on Sand, with Hay and Stubble?

On Sense and Wit your Passion found,
By Decency cemented round;
Let Prudence with Good-nature strive,
To keep Esteem and Love alive.
Then, come Old-age whene'er it will,
Your Friendship shall continue still:
And thus a mutual gentle Fire,
Shall never but with Life expire.

The AMOROUS GROOM.

A T A L E.

From LA FONTAINE.

A King in youthful Charms array'd,
Fair Lombardy's bright Scepter sway'd.
The Kings of this same Country gain
Frequent Admittance to my Brain,
But honest *Boccace* often shews 'em
So a-propos, one can't refuse 'em.

'Tis

'Tis fit that you this Hint should read,
Before we venture to proceed.

The King, if we may credit Fame,
Espous'd a Soul-inchanting Dame,
As chaste, as prudent, and as fair,
As Queens in our Romances are.
Her Eyes no Glance could ever dart,
But some-poor Gazer lost his Heart;
New dawning Charms, each Day discovers,
And half her Subjects were her Lovers.
You'll think, when these fine Things are said,
She needs must bless her Monarch's Bed.
And certain 'tis, no Royal Sheets
E'er prov'd the Scenes of softer Sweets.

But *Cupid*, who delights in Malice,
And lov'd to roam about the Palace,
As he was whisking round his Link,
Just where the Floor disclos'd a Chink,
Shook out a Spark, 'tis far from Fable,
And down it dropt into the Stable;
And, still accusom'd to consume,
Fir'd the Præcordia of a Groom;
Another wou'd have said, his Heart;
But surely if nice Terms of Art
Can sometimes happen to fall pat in,
They'll shew at once our Wit and *Latin*.

This very Groom, we'll call him *Peter*,
Since that's a Name will suit our Metre,
This Groom, I say, with many a Maid,
Pass'd for a very dapper Blade;

His

His well-turn'd Person and his Parts
Had such a Knack at stealing Hearts,
That all the Virgins where he came,
Were languishing to lose that Name.
But what was more engaging yet,
My Author says the Youth had Wit ;
And well he made it soon appear,
As in the Sequel you shall hear.

This Spark, when he beheld the Queen,
Was ravish'd at her matchless Mien ;
Her Eyes had shot him to the Soul,
And his Heart kindled like a Coal.
He sigh'd, and gnaw'd his Nails—What then ?
Why then, he sigh'd and gnaw'd again.

Cupid was touch'd to see this Pother,
As much as if, he'd been his Brother ;
Obsequious to his Aid he fled,
And perch'd unseen upon his Head ;
Where, in less Time than Lawyers hatch up
Some lucky Lye, their Cause to patch up,
He fill'd his Brain with such Vagaries,
As soon diminish'd his Quandaries.
For *Cupid* disciplines so well,
He'll make an Oaf a *Machiavel*,
And daily furbish up more Sages,
Than Schools can hammer out in Ages.
You call for Proof—Why, if I need it,
This Tale's my Voucher, please to read it.

Our Love-sick Brother of the Manger
Now hooted at the Thing call'd Danger,

And

And yet he wisely thought it good,
 To be as cautious as he cou'd ;
 Tho' blest'd with *Bronze*, he-thought it Ruin
 To tell the Queen what he'd be doing,
 Because he knew her Majesty
 Would never yield Extempore ;
 But rather he might apprehend,
 His Suit would haste his latter End,
 And, therefore, he could see no Reason
 Why Love should talk him into Treason ;
 Nor did he think it one Jot better
 To scrawl his Passion in a Letter,
 For Letters oft have caus'd the Writers
 To curse the Day they were Enditers.

To such a Situation drove,
 Between the Gallows and his Love,
 How did he this Dilemma settle?
 Why, truly like a Man of Mettle:
 Thought he, my Passion, if I faulters,
 Will prove as fatal as a Halter,
 And since 'tis very plain I may die,
 Or, by the Hangman, or the Lady ;
Cupid conduct me to her Bed,
 To make me talk'd of when I'm dead.

The God, who heard this pious Prayer,
 Resolv'd to make the Business bear,
 And how his Pupil he did chear up,
 A Paragraph or two shall clear up.

In *Lombardy*, Friend *Boccace* says,
 By the fixt Custom of those Days,

The

The King and Queen lay oft afunder ;
 But this we think no mighty Wonder,
 Because, if Fame the Truth reports,
 'Tis much the same in Modern Courts.
 His Majesty, 'tis likewise said,
 Whene'er he took it in his Head,
 'To chear his Queen an Hour or more,
 Tript softly to the Chamber-Door,
 Where a Sage Matron, plac'd in Waiting,
 Would often let the Monarch late in,
 Loose in his Gown, as wisely guessing
 'Twould save some Moments in undressing.
 The Reader too must understand,
 A Taper glimmer'd in his Hand,
 Lest he should stumble on some Plank ill,
 And bruise an Eye, or sprain an Ankle ;
 But yet so feeble was the Blaze,
 The Devil scarce cou'd know his Face.
 The Crone, who knew what he desir'd,
 Receiv'd the Taper and retir'd ;
 This was the Practice, then well-known,
 And ev'ry Nation has its own.

Peter, who manag'd not his Wit ill,
 Knew the whole Custom to a Tittle,
 And, soon accoutred in this Gear,
 He at the Portal did appear ;
 The Monarch's Rap he had so trim,
 The good Duenna thought 'twas him,
 She op'd the Door, and took his Light,
 Then wish'd the Mimic King good Night,
 Blessing

Blessing her Stars for this kind Hap
 That gave her gummy Eyes a Nap,
 Our Wag had nothing now to dread,
 But that the King might come to Bed;
 'Twas dangerous to be too heedless,
 But, for that Time, his Fears were needless.
 Last Morn, the Monarch rose at four
 To rouse with Hounds and Horn the Boar;
 He ne'er had hunted down a bigger,
 And left himself so little Vigour,
 That the kind Reader may conclude,
 He thought his Visit would be rude,
 At least, 'till Midnight Hours were past,
 Love's Cheer he could not hope to taste.

And now, what Youth, so near the Blessing,
 Would think of ought else but undressing?
 This *Peter* did, and had you seen him,
 You'd wonder how he cou'd so clean him,
 His Linnen was so lilly neat,
 And with rich Essence made so sweet,
 That had you view'd him in the Room,
 When he did first put off the Groom,
 You wou'd have sworn, to see the Man dress,
Venus herself had been his Laundress,
 But not to tire you on that Head,
Peter we'll now suppose in Bed.

But here, 'tis fit we tell our Readers,
 One of the real King's Procedures.

The Monarch, oft, when State-Affairs
 Perplex'd his Head with Royal Cares,

When

When Officers in Trust were thievish,
Or if his Houshold made him peevish,
Wou'd clasp his Consort in his Arms,
And silently enjoy her Charms,
And tho' she made his Spirits flutter,
The Devil of a Word he'd utter.
Th' obsequious Queen, without much teaching,
Cou'd easily dispense with speaking;
A Lover, right in other Matters,
May please the more, the less he chatters.

This lucky Circumstance however,
For *Peter* was compleatly clever,
And he improv'd it to the best,
Nor need the Muse relate the rest;
Only, that in those mystic Cases,
That have Relation to Embraces,
Fame, if we dare to trust her, sings
One Groom is worth two Brace of Kings.
The Queen, it then may be believ'd,
Some diff'rence, at that time, perceiv'd.

Surpriz'd at so much am'rous Play,
She thought her Monarch strangely gay,
And fancy'd that his Choler might
Make him exceed himself that Night.

Heav'n, in its Gifts, is always just,
Nor will, to one, all Talents trust,
An Emperor of some great Nation,
Has Virtues proper for his Station,
A Lawyer too, has all his Pacés,
And clears, and often puzzles Cases;

As to Love's Sports without an Oath,
A single Groom excels them both.

Our Gallant, having oft repeated
His brisk Attack, at last retreated;
He thought it Wisdom to be gone
E'er Morn's bright Pinnars were put on,
And therefore, lighted on by no Ray,
Got out of Bed before *Aurora*.

Here Love had taught his happy Student
To be, what few are, bless'd and prudent,
For had he stay'd five Minutes more,
He'd met the Monarch at the Door.

The Monarch? — Pray what's this you've said?
I thought he went fatigu'd to Bed.

'Tis true; the Reader there is right,
But he was not fatigu'd all Night,
And therefore, e'er the Dawn was seen,
He paid a Visit to the Queen.

Her Majesty, who heard him enter,
Was much surpriz'd at this Adventure,
And more to be so little cloying
That he was still inclin'd to toying.

My dearest Lord, said she, it seems
Your Fondness prompts you to Extremes:
But tho' I own this kind Proceeding,
Bespeaks the Heighth of royal Breeding,
I would not, for your Kingdom's Wealth,
Permit you to impair your Health:

You're dearer to me, than my Eyes, Sir,
And six Caresses will suffice, Sir;

Besides

Besides, your Majesty well knows,
'Tis not ten Minutes since you rose.

The Monarch now, as he lay moping,
Began to smoke some Interloping;
But since he relish'd not the Jest,
He thought that Silence wou'd be best,
And so, as fast as he was able,
He tripp'd directly to the Stable;
Well judging, that no Courtier Beau,
Had in Loves Feat's eclips'd him so.
I have, says he, much Cause to fear,
My lusty Rival may be here,
And, tho' no outward Marks display him,
His Palpitation will betray him.

It happen'd that the King, this Night,
Forgot to bring his waxen Light,
And therefore grop'd along the Gloom,
And felt about from Groom to Groom.

Peter, who heard him in the Hay,
Sweat Streams of *Assa Fætida*,
And slept Dog's Sleep, as People say.

The good Prince hoping to discover,
By his high Pulse the happy Lover;
Chose a good Thought for his Director,
And was not cross'd in his Conjecture,
But quickly laid his Hand on *Peter*,
And felt him scorch like any Heater.

The Monarch having found his Man,
A second Scheme of Thought began;

He meant to know him in the Morning,
That Grooms, might by his Fate take Warning.
He found, by stretching out his Leg,
A Pair of Sciffars on a Peg,
Which Fortune seem'd then to produce
On purpose for his present Use.

'Tis well, thought he, I'll mark the Droll,
So clipt a Lock from *Peter's* Poll.

The King, thus having gain'd his Aim,
Pok'd off as softly as he came,
Tho' short of what he had design'd,
Because he left the Lock behind,
And *Peter*, to prevent Disaster,
Determin'd to out-wit his Master ;
So crept to each Companion's Bed,
And snipt a Lock from ev'ry Head.

Now Morning shines, the King admires
To see his Grooms all cropt like Friars ;
And has my Spouse, thinks he, and raves,
This Night carefs'd these sixteen Slaves !
No sure, for this would make my Queen a
Worse Prodigy than *Messalina*.

Well, Sirs, said he, with smoother Brow,
Whoe'er has done the Deed, but now,
Let him be silent, and refrain
From going he knows where again.

A R I D D L E.

By Dr. SWIFT.

BEcause I am by Nature *blind*,
 I wisely chuse to walk *behind*;
 However, to avoid Disgrace,
 I let no Creature see my *Face*.
 My *Words* are few, but spoke with *Sense*:
 And yet my *Speaking* gives Offence:
 Or, if to *whisper* I presume,
 The Company will fly the Room.
 By all the World I am *opprest*,
 And my *Oppression* gives them *Rest*.

Through me, tho' sore against my Will,
Instructors ev'ry Art instill.

By Thousands I am *sold* and *bought*,
 Who neither get nor lose a Groat;
 For none, alas! by me can gain,
 But those who give me *greatest Pain*.
 Shall Man presume to be my Master,
 Who's but my *Caterer* and *Taster*?

Yet tho' I always have my Will,
 I'm but a meer *Depender* still:
 An humble *Hanger-on* at best;
 Of whom all People *make a Jest*.

In me, Detractors seek to find
 Two Vices of a diff'rent Kind:

I'm too profuse, some Cens'ers cry,
 And all I get, *I let it fly* :
 While others give me many a Curse,
 Because too *close* I hold my *Purse*.
 But this I know, in either Case
 They dare not charge me to my *Face*.
 'Tis true, indeed, sometimes I *save*,
 Sometimes *run out* of all I have ;
 But when the Year is at an End,
 Computing what I *get* and *spend*,
 My *Goings out*, and *Comings in*,
 I cannot find I lose or win ;
 And therefore all that know me, say,
 I justly keep the *middle Way*.
 I'm always by my Betters led ;
 I last *get up*, and first *a-bed* ;
 Tho', if I rise *before my Time*,
 The Learn'd in Sciences sublime,
 Consult the Stars, and then foretell
Good Luck to those with whom I dwell.

KITTY'S DREAM.

By Mr. HENRY BAKER.

ON her Couch, one Summer's Day,
 Beauteous, youthful Kitty lay :
 Venus saw her from Above,
 (Smiling *Venus*, Queen of Love :)
 Amaz'd at each celestial Grace,
 Her polish'd Limbs, her blooming Face ;

Come

Come here, my Son, she said, and see
One you might have took for me.

Roguish *Cupid*, laughing, cries,
O give me leave to quit the Skies,
And make that heav'nly Maiden prove

The various Mysteries of Love:

The close Embrace, the juicy Kifs,

The raging, dying melting Biss.

Venus consented; Go, my Boy,

Make her know the Heighth of Joy.

Away the Archer and his Train
Sport along th' *Ethereal Plain*.

Now, around the sleeping Fair
A Thousand *Cupids* fill the Air;

In her Bosom some inspire

Tender Wishes, warm Desire;

Some in balmy Kisses sip

Nectar from her glowing Lip;

Her each heaving snowy Breast,

Some with wanton Ardor prest;

Twining round her slender Waste,

Some with eager Joy embrac'd;

While at random others rove

Through the fragrant Groves of Love.

While thus the God his Revels keeps,

Kitty, happy Virgin! sleeps:

A pleasing Dream her Soul employs,

Rich with imaginary Joys.

She thinks Sir *Charles* upon his Knees,

Beseeching her to give him Ease;

That she disdainful looks a while ;
At length with a complying Smile
His Fears dispelling, lets him see
She burns with Love as well as He :
That folded in his eager Arms,
He boldly rifles all her Charms,
While she returns the warm Embrace,
Breast to Breast, and Face to Face !
Sighing, she wakes : Ah, Love ! she cries,
How vast must be thy real Joys ?
When thus divinely great they seem,
Tho' but imagin'd in a Dream !

Scarcely this Reflection o'er,
A Footman thunders at the Door :
Kitty, disorder'd, leaves her Couch,
And Betty tells the Knight's Approach.

He enters with becoming Grace,
Blushes overspread her Face ;
In a soft persuasive Strain
He begs her to relieve his Pain :
Nothing she says : But from her Eyes
He learns that nothing she denies.
Encourag'd thence, her Lips, her Breast
He tries, and wanders o'er the rest ;
The glowing Maid, no longer coy,
Gives an unbounded Loose to Joy ;
Around him folds her snowy Arms,
At once bestowing all her Charms :
And now, this happy Couple prove
All the substantial Sweets of Love,

While

While Thousand *Cupids*, laughing by,
Assist their blissful Ecstasy.

Loosen'd from his fond Embrace,
My Dream, she cries, is come to pass!—
And did my Charmer dream of this?
(Sir *Charles* replies, and takes a Kiss)
Henceforth, where'er you dream, my Dear,
Let me be your Interpreter.

CASSINUS *and* PETER.

A T A L E.

By Dr. SWIFT.

TWO College Sophs of *Cambridge* Growth,
Both special Wits, and Lovers both,
Conferring as they us'd to meet,
On Love and Books, in Rapture sweet;
(Muse, find me Names to fit my Metre,
Cassinus this, and t' other *Peter*)
Friend *Peter* to *Cassinus* goes,
To chat a-while, and warm his Nose:
But, such a Sight was never seen,
The Lad lay swallow'd up in Spleen;
He seem'd as just crept out of Bed;
One greasy Stocking round his Head,
The t'other he sat down to darn
With Threads of diff'rent-colour'd Yarn.

His Breeches torn, exposing wide
 A ragged Shirt, and tawny Hide.
 Scorcht were his Shins, his Legs were bare,
 But, well embrown'd with Dirt and Hair.
 A Rug was o'er his Shoulders thrown;
 A Rug; for Night-gown he had none.
 His Jordan stood in Manner sitting
 Between his Legs, to spew or spit in.
 His ancient Pipe in Sable dy'd,
 And half unsmoakt, lay by his Side.

Him, thus accoutred, *Peter* found,
 With Eyes in Smoak and Weeping drown'd:
 The Leavings of his last Night's Pot
 On Embers plac'd, to drink it hot.

Why *Cassj*, thou wilt doze thy Pate:
 What makes thee lie a-bed so late?
 The Finch, the Linnet, and the Thrush,
 Their Mattins chant in ev'ry Bush:
 And, I have heard thee oft salute
Aurora with thy early Flute.

Heaven fend thou hast not got the Hyps.
 How? not a Word come from thy Lips?

Then, gave him some familiar Thumps.
 A College Joke, to cure the Dumps.

The Swain at last, with Grief oppress'd,
 Cry'd *Cælia* thrice, and sigh'd the rest.

Dear *Cassj*, tho' to ask I dread,
 Yet, ask I must: Is *Cælia* dead?

How happy, I, were that the worst;
 But I was fated to be curst.

Come,

Come, tell us, has she play'd the Whore?

O *Peter*! wou'd it were no more!

Why, Plague confound her sandy Locks:
Say, has she the Small or Greater Pox;
Sunk down her Nose, or seam'd her Face?
Be easy, 'tis a common Case.

O *Peter*! Beauty's but a Varnish,
Which Time and Accidents will tarnish:
But *Cælia* has contriv'd to blast
Those Beauties that might ever last.
Nor can Imagination guess,
No Eloquence divine express,
How that ungrateful charming Maid,
My purest Passion has betray'd.
Conceive the most envenom'd Dart,
To pierce an injur'd Lover's Heart.

Why, hang her; tho' she seem'd so coy,
I know she loves the Barber's Boy.

Friend *Peter*, this I could excuse;
For every Nymph has Leave to chuse;
Nor, have I Reason to complain:
She loves a more deserving Swain.
But, oh! how ill hast thou divin'd
A Crime that shocks all Human-kind;
A Deed unknown to Female Race,
At which the Sun should hide his Face.
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to despair and die.
Yet, kind *Arcadians*, on my Urn
These Elegies and Sonnets burn,

And

And on the Marble grave these Rhimes,
A Monument to After-times :

“ Here *Cassy* lies, by *Cælia* slain,

“ And dying, never told his Pain.

Vain empty World farewell. But, hark !

The loud *Cerberian* triple Bark.

And there---behold *Alesto* stand,

A Whip of Scorpions in her Hand.

Lo, *Charon* from his leaky Wherry,

Beck'ning to waft me o'er the Ferry.

I come, I come, — *Medusa*, see,

Her Serpents hiss direct at me.

Be gone ; unhand me, hellish Fry :

* Avaunt—— ye cannot say 'twas I.

Dear *Cassy*, thou must purge and bleed ;

I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.

But now, by Friendship's sacred Laws,

I here conjure thee, tell the Cause ;

And *Cælia*'s horrid Fact relate :

Thy Friend would gladly share thy Fate.

To force it out, my Heart must rend :

Yet, when conjur'd by such a Friend——

Think, *Peter*, how my Soul is rackt,

These Eyes, these Eyes beheld the Fact.

Now, bend thine Ear ; since out it must :

But, when thou seest me laid in Dust,

The Secret thou shall ne'er impart ;

Not to the Nymph that keeps thy Heart ;

* See *Macbeth*.

(How

(How would her Virgin Soul bemoan,
 A Crime to all her Sex unknown!)
 Nor whisper to the tattling Reeds,
 The blackest of all Female Deeds,
 Nor blab it on the lonely Rocks,
 Where *Echo* sits, and list'ning, mocks,
 Nor let the Zephyr's treach'rous Gale,
 Through *Cambridge* waft the direful Tale.
 Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd Race,
 Discover *Cælia*'s foul Disgrace.
 But, if you fail, my Spectre dread
 Attending nightly round your Bed—
 —And yet, I dare confide in you ;
 So, take my Secret, and adieu.

Nor wonder how I lost my Wits :
 Oh ! *Cælia*, *Cælia*, *Cælia* sh——.

The FAIR NUN.

A T A L E.

By Mr. F E N T O N.

WE sage *Cartesians*, who profess
 Ourselves sworn Foes to Emptiness,
 Assert, that Souls a Tip-toe stand
 On what we call the *Pineal Gland* ;
 As Weather-Cocks on Spires are plac'd,
 To turn the quicker with each Blast.

This granted, can you think it strange
 We all shou'd be so prone to change ;

Eva

Ev'n from the Go-cart, till we wear
 A Sattin Cap i'th' Elbow Chair ?
 The Follies that the Child began,
 Custom makes currant in the Man ;
 And firm by Livery and Seisin,
 Holds the Fee-simple of his Reason.
 But still the Gifts of Love we find
 Blow strongest on a Woman's Mind :
 Nor need I learnedly pursue
 The latent Cause, th' Effect is true ;
 For Proof of which, in Manner ample,
 I mean to give you one Example.

Upon a Time, (for so my Nurse,
 Heav'n rest her Bones ! began Discourse ;)
 A lovely Nymph, and just Nineteen,
 Began to languish with the Spleen.
 She who had shone at Balls and Play,
 In Gold Brocade extremely gay,
 All on a sudden grew precise,
 Declaim'd against the Growth of Vice,
 A very *Prude* in half a Year ;
 And most believ'd she was sincere.
 Necklace of Pearl no more she wears,
 That's sanctify'd to count her Prayers.
Venus, and all her naked *Loves*,
 The Reformado Nymph removes ;
 And *Magdalen*, with Saints and Martyrs,
 Was plac'd in their respective Quarters.
 Nor yet content, she cou'd not bear
 The Rankness of the public Air ;

Twas

'Twas so infected with the Vice
Of luscious Songs and Lover's Sighs,
So, most devoutly, wou'd be gone,
And strait profess herself a Nun.

A Youth of Breeding and Address,
And call him *Thyrfs* if you please,
Who had some Wealth to recompense
His slender Dividend of Sense :
Yet cou'd with little Thought and Care
Write tender Things to please the Fair ;
And then successively did grow
From half a Wit, a finish'd Beau ;
(For Fops thus naturally rise,
As Maggots turn to Butterflies.)
This Spark, as Story tells, before
Had held with Madam an Amour ;
Which he resolving to pursue,
Exactly took the proper Cue ;
And on the Wings of Love he flies
To Lady Abbess in Disguise ;
And tells her he had brought th' Advowson
Of Soul and Body to dispose on.
Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd
In Petticoats without a Beard,
Fond of a Profelite, and Fees,
Admits the Fox among the Geese.

Her Duty, Wealth, and Honour prove,
Tho' Three to One, too weak for Love :
And to describe the War throughout,
Wou'd make a glorious Piece no doubt :

Where

Where mortal Virtues might be slain,
 And rise, and fight, and fall again ;
Love shou'd a bloody Myrtle wear,
 And, like *Camilla*, fierce and fair,
 The Nun shou'd charge. — But I forbear.

All human Joys, tho' sweet in tasting,
 Are seldom (more's the Pity!) lasting:
 The Nymph had Qualms, her Cheeks were pale,
 Which others thought th' Effects of Zeal.
 But she, poor she, began to doubt ;
 (Best knowing what she'd been about ;)
 The Marriage Earnest-Penny lay
 And burnt her Pocket, as we say.
 She now invokes, to ease her Soul,
 The Dagger and the poison'd Bowl ;
 And self condemn'd for Breach of Vow,
 To lose her Life and Honour too,
 Talk'd in as tragical a Strain, as
 Your craz'd *Monimias* and *Roxanas*.

But as she in her Cell lay sighing,
 Distracted, weeping, drooping, dying,
 The Fiend (who never wants Address
 To succour Damsels in Distress)
 Appearing, told her he perceiv'd
 The fatal Cause for which she griev'd ;
 But promis'd her *en Cavalier*,
 She shou'd be freed from all her Fear ;
 And with her *Thyrsis* lead a Life
 Devoid of all domestic Strife,

If she wou'd sign a certain Scrawl---
 Ay, that she wou'd, if that was all.
 She sign'd, and he engag'd to do
 Whate'er she pleas'd to set him to.

The Criticks must excuse me now ;
 They both were freed, no matter how :
 For when we *Epic Writers* use
 Machines, to disengage the Muse,
 We're clean acquit of all Demands,
 The Matter's left in abler Hands ;
 And if they cannot loose the Knot ;
 Shou'd we be censur'd ? I think not.

The Scene thus alter'd, both were gay,
 For Pomp and Pleasure who but they ?
 Who might do ev'ry Thing but pray.
 Madam in her gilt Chariot flaunted,
 And *Pug* brought ev'ry Thing she wanted ;
 A Slave devoted to her Will ;
 But Woman will be wav'ring still.
 Ev'n Vice without Variety
 Their squeamish Appetites will cloy.
 And having stol'n from Laddy Abbess
 One of our merry modern *Rabbies*,
 She found a Trick she thought wou'd pass,
 And prove the Devil but an Ass.

His next Attendance happen'd right,
 Amidst a moonless stormy Night,
 When Madam and her Spouse together,
 Guess'd at his coming by the Weather.

He

He came : To Night, says he, I drudge
 To fetch a *Heriot* for a Judge ;
 A gouty nine-ith' -hundred Knave :
 But, Madam, do you want your Slave ?
 I need not presently be gone,
 Because the Doctors have not done.
 A rosy Vicar and a Quack
 Repuls'd me in my last Attack ;
 But all in vain, for mine he is,
 A Fig for both their Faculties.

The Dame produc'd a single Hair,
 But whence it came I cannot swear ;
 Yet this I will affirm is true,
 It curl'd like any Bottle-Serue.
 Sir *Nic*, quoth she, you know us all,
 We Ladies are fantastical :
 You see this Hair---- *Yes, Madam---Pray,*
 In Presence of my Husband stay,
 And make it strait : Or else you grant
 Our solemn League and Covenant
 Is void in Law.--- *It is, I own it :*
 And so he sets to work upon it.

He tries, not dreaming of a Cheat,
 If wetting wou'd not do the Feat :
 And 'twas, in truth, a proper Notion ;
 But still it kept th' elastic Motion.
 Well ! more ways may be found than one
 To kill a Witch that will not drown.

If I, quoth he, conceive its Nature,
 This Hair has flourish'd nigh the Water.

'Tis

'Tis crisp'd with Cold, perhaps, and then
The Fire will make it strait again.
In haste he to the Fire applies it,
And turns it round and round, and eyes it.
Heigh jingo, worse than 'twas before!
The more it warms it twirls the more.
He stamp'd his cloven Foot and chaf'd;
The Husband and the Lady laugh'd.

Howe'er he fancy'd sure enough
He shou'd not find it Hammer-proof.
No *Cyclops* e'er at work was warmer,
At forging Thunder-bolts or Armour,
Than *Satan* was: but all in vain;
Again he beats.--- It curls again;
At length he bellow'd in a Rage,
This Hair will take me up an Age.
'This take an Age! the Husband swore,
Z---ds *Betty* has five hundred more.
More! Take your Bond, quoth *Pug*; adieu,
'Tis Loss of Time to ply for you.

The LADLE.

By Mr. PRIOR.

THE Scepticks think, 'twas long ago,
Since Gods came down *Incognito*:
To see who were their Friends or Foes,
And how our Actions fell or rose:

That

That since they gave Things their Beginning;
 And set this Whirligig a Spinning;
 Supine They in their Heav'n remain,
 Exempt from Passion, and from Pain:
 And frankly leave us Human Elves,
 To cut and shuffle for ourselves:
 To stand or walk, or rise or tumble,
 As Matter, and as Motion jumble.

The Poets now, and Painters hold
 This *Thesis* both absurd and bold:
 And your good-natur'd Gods, they say,
 Descend some twice or thrice a day:
 Else all these Things we toil so hard in,
 Would not avail one single Farthing:
 For when the Hero we rehearse,
 To grace his Actions and our Verse;
 'Tis not by dint of Human Thought,
 That to his *Latium* He is brought;
Iris descends by Fate's Commands,
 To guide his Steps thro' Foreign Lands:
 And *Amphitrite* clears the Way
 From Rocks and Quick-sands in the Sea.

And if you see him in a Sketch,
 ('Tho' drawn by *Paulo* or *Carache*)
 He shows not half his Force or Strength,
 Strutting in Armour, and at Length;
 That He may take his proper Figure,
 The Piece must yet be four Yards bigger:
 The *Nymphs* conduct Him to the Field:
 One holds his Sword, and One his Shield:

Mars

Mars standing by asserts his Quarrel :
And *Fame* flies after with a Lawrel.

These Points, I say, of Speculation
(As 'twere to save or sink a Nation)

Men idly learned will dispute,
Assert, object, confirm, refute :
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal Arms sustains the Fight ;
'Till now no Umpire can agree 'em :
So both draw off, and sing *Te Deum*.

Is it in *Equilibrio*,

If Deities descend or no ?

Then let th' Affirmative prevail,
As requisite to form my Tale :
For by all Parties 'tis confest,
That those Opinions are the best,
Which in their Nature most conduce
To present Ends, and private Use.

Two Gods came therefore from above,
One *Mercury*, the t'other *Jove* :
The Humour was (it seems) to know,
If all the Favours They bestow,
Could from our own Perverseness ease Us ;
And if our Wish enjoy'd would please Us.

Discoursing largely on this Theme,
O'er Hills and Dales Their Godships came ;
'Till well nigh tir'd at almost Night,
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in Disguise a God or Goddess

Exerts

Exerts no supernat'ral Powers ;
But acts on Maxims much like Ours.

They spy'd at last a Country Farm,
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm :
For Woods before, and Hills behind
Secur'd it both from Rain and Wind :
Large Oxen in the Fields were lowing :
Good Grain was sow'd: good Fruit was growing:
Of last Year's Corn in Barns great Store :
Fat Turkeys gobbling at the Door :
And Wealth (in short) with Peace consented,
That People here shou'd live contented :
But did they in Effect do so ?
Have Patience, Friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest Farmer and his Wife,
Two Years declin'd from Prime of Life,
Had struggled with the Marriage Noose ;
As almost ev'ry Couple does :
Sometimes, my Plague ! sometimes, my Darling !
Kissing to Day, to Morrow snarling :
Jointly submitting to endure
That Evil, which admits no Cure.
Our Gods the outward Gate unbarr'd :
Our Farmer met 'em in the Yard ;
Thought they were Folks that lost their Way ;
And ask'd them civilly to stay :
Told 'em, for Supper, or for Bed
They might go on, and be worse sped.---

So said, so done : The Gods consent :
All three into the Parlour went :

The

They compliment : They sit ; They chat ;
 Fight o'er the Wars ; reform the State ;
 A thousand knotty Points they clear,
 'Till Supper and the Wife appear.

Jove made his Leg, and kiss'd the Dame :
 Obsequious *Hermes* did the same.

Jove kiss'd the Farmer's Wife, You say.
 He did--- but in an honest Way :

Oh ! not with half that Warmth of Life,
 With which he kiss'd *Amphitryon's* Wife.---

Well then, Things handsomely were serv'd :
 The Mistress for the Strangers carv'd.
 How strong the Beer, how good the Meat,
 How loud They laugh'd, how much They eat,
 In Epic sumptuous wou'd appear ;
 Yet shall be pass'd in Silence here ;
 For I shou'd grieve to have it said,
 That by a fine Description led,
 I made my Episode too long,
 Or tir'd my Friend, to grace my Song.

The Grace-Cup serv'd, the Cloath away,
Jove Thought it Time to shew his Play :
 Landlord and Landlady, He cry'd,
 Folly and Jest'ing laid aside,
 That ye thus hospitably live,
 And Strangers with good Chear receive,
 Is mighty grateful to your Betters,
 And makes e'en Gods themselves your Debtors.
 To give this *Thesis* plainer Proof,
 You have to Night beneath your Roof

A Pair

A Pair of Gods: (nay never wonder)
 This Youth can Fly, and I can Thunder.
 I'm *Jupiter*, and He *Mercurius*,
 My Page, my Son indeed, but spurious.
 Form then three Wishes, You and Madam:
 And sure as you already had 'em,
 The Things desir'd in half an Hour
 Shall all be here, and in your Pow'r.
 Thank ye, great Gods, the Woman says:
 Oh! may your Altars ever blaze.
 A *Ladle* for our Siver Dish
 Is what I want, is what I wish.——
 A *Ladle*! cries the Man, a *Ladle*!
 'Odzooks, *Corisca*, you have pray'd ill:
 What should be Great, You turn to Farce;
 I wish the *Ladle* in your A——.

With equal Grief and Shame my Muse
 The Sequel of the Tale pursues;
 The *Ladle* fell into the Room,
 And struck in old *Corisca*'s Bum.
 Our Couple weep two Wishes past,
 And kindly join to form the last.
 To ease the Woman's awkward Pain,
 And get the *Ladle* out again.

M O R A L.

THIS Commoner has Worth and Parts,
 Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts:
 His Head aches for a Coronet:
 And who is blest'd that is not Great?

Some

A beautiful young Nymph going to Bed. 97

Some Sense, and more Estate, kind Heav'n
To this well lotted Peer has giv'n:
What then? He must have Rule and Sway:
And all is wrong, till He's in Play.

The Miser must make up his Plumb.
And dares not touch the hoarded Sum;
The sickly Dotard wants a Wife,
To draw off his last Dregs of Life.

Against our Peace we arm our Will:
Amidst our Plenty, *Something* still
For Horses, Houses, Pictures, Planting,
'To Thee, to Me, to Him is wanting.
The cruel *Something* unpossess'd
Corrodes, and leavens all the rest.
That *Something*, if we cou'd obtain,
Would soon create a future Pain:
And to the Coffin, from the Cradle,
'Tis all a *Wish*, and all a *Ladle*.

A beautiful young Nymph going to Bed.

By Dr. SWIFT.

*C*Orinna, Pride of Drury Lane,

For whom no Shepherd sighs in vain,
Never did Covent-Garden boast
So bright a batter'd strolling Toa;
No drinking Rake to pick her up,
No Cellar where on Tick to sup;

93 *A beautiful young Nymph going to Bed.*

Returning at the Midnight Hour ;
Four Stories climbing to her Bow'r ;
Then seated on a three-leg'd Chair,
Takes off her artificial Hair :
Now, picking out a Crystal Eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her Eye-brows from a Mouse's Hyde,
Stuck on with Art on either Side,
Pulls off with Care, and first displays 'em,
Then in a Play-book smoothly lays 'em.
Now, dext'rously her Plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow Jaws.
Untwist a Wire, and from her Gums
A Set of Teeth compleatly comes.
Pull out the Rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby Dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely Goddess
Unlaces next her Steel-ribb'd Bodice ;
Which by the Operator's Skill,
Press down the Lumps, the Hollows fill.
Up goes her Hands, and off she slips
The Bolsters that supply her Hips.
With gentlest Touch, she next explores
Her Shankers, Issues, running Sores ;
Effects of many a sad Disaster,
And then to each applies a Plaister.
But must, before she goes to Bed,
Rub off the Daubs of White and Red ;
And smooth the Furrows in her Front,
With greasy Paper stuck upon't.

She

A beautiful young Nymph going to Bed. 99

She takes a *Bolus* e'er she sleeps ;
And then between two Blankets creeps ;
With Pains of Love tormented lies ;
Or, if she chance to close her Eyes,
Of *Bridewell* and the *Compter* dreams,
And feels the Lash, and faintly screams ;
Or, by a faithless Bully drawn,
At some Hedge-Tavern lies in Pawn ;
Or, to *Jamaica* seems transported,
* Alone, and by no Planter courted ;
Or near *Fleet-Ditch's* oozy Brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred Stinks,
Belated, seems on watch to lye,
And snap some Cully passing by ;
Or, struck with Fear, her Fancy runs
On Watchmen, Constables, and Duns,
From whom she meets with frequent Rubs ;
But never from religious Clubs ;
Whose Favour she is sure to find,
Because she pays them all in Kind.

Corinna wakes . . A dreadful Sight !
Behold the Ruins of the Night !
A wicked Rat her Plaister stole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his Hole.
The Crystal Eye, alas, was mist ;
And Puss had on her Plumpers p——ft.
A Pigeon pickt her Issue Peas ;
And Shock her Tresses fill'd with Fleas.

* ——— *Et longam incommittata videtur*

Ire viam ———

The Nymph, tho' in this mangl'd Plight,
 Must ev'ry Morn her Limbs unite.
 But how shall I describe her Arts
 To recollect the scatter'd Parts?
 Or shew the Anguish, Toil and Pain,
 Of gathering up herself again?
 The bashful Muse will never bear
 In such a Scene to interfere.
Corinna in the Morning dizen'd,
 Who sees will spew; who smells, be poison'd.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE *between*
two Irish Lovers.

By Dr. SWIFT.

A Nymph and Swain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot* hight,
 Who wont to weed the Court of *Gosford*
 Knight,

While each with stubbed Knife remov'd th' Roots
 That rais'd between the Stones their daily Shoots;
 As at their Work they sate in counterview,
 With mutual Beauty smit, their Passion grew.
 Sing heavenly Muse in sweetly flowing Strain,
 The soft Endearments of the Nymph and Swain.

DERMOT.

My Love to *Sheelah* is more firmly fixt
 Than strongest Weeds that stand these Stones be-
 twixt:

My Spud these Nettles from the Stones can part,
 No Knife so keen to weed thee from my Heart.

SHEELAH.

SHEELAH.

My Love to gentle *Dermot* faster grows
 Than you tall Dock that rises to thy Nose.
 Cut down the Dock, 'twill sprout again: but Oh!
 Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DERMOT.

No more that Bry'r thy tender Leg shall rake :
 (I spare the Thistle for Sir *Arthur's* Sake.)
 Sharp are the Stones, take thou this rusty Matt ;
 The hardest Bum will bruise with sitting squat.

SHEELAH.

Thy Breeches torn behind, stand gaping wide ;
 This Petticoat shall save thy dear Backside ;
 Nor need I blush, altho' you feel it wet ;
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but Sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old stubborn Root I chanc'd to tug,
 When the Dean threw me this Tobacco-plug :
 A longer Half-p'orth never did I see ;
 This, dearest *Sheelah*, thou shalt share with me.

SHEELAH.

In at the Pantry-Door, this Morn I slip't,
 And from the Shelf a charming Crust I wipt :
Dennis was out, and I got hither safe ;
 And thou, my Dear, shalt have the bigger half.

DERMOT.

When you saw *Tady* at Long-bullets play,
 You sat and lous'd him all the Sun-shine Day.
 How could you, *Sheelah*, listen to his Tales,
 Or crack such Lice as his betwixt your Nails ?

102 *The Lady's Dressing-Room.*

SHEELAH.

When you with *Oonah* stood behind a Ditch
I peept, and saw you kiss the dirty Bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch those nasty Sluts!
I almost wisht this Spud were in your Guts.

DERMOT.

If *Oonah* once I kiss'd, forbear to chide;
Her Aunt's my Gossip by my Father's Side:
But, if I ever touch her Lips again,
May I be doom'd for Life to weed in Rain.

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, tho' *Tady's* Locks could hold
Ten thousand Lice, and ev'ry Louse were Gold,
Hum on my Lap you never more should see;
Or may I loose my Weeding-knife---and, Thee.

DERMOT.

O, could I earn for thee, my lovely Lass,
A Pair of Brogues to bear thee dry to Mass!
But see, where *Norah* with the Sowins comes---
Then let us rise, and rest our weary Bums.

A Description of a Lady's Dressing-Room.

By Dr. SWIFT.

FIVE Hours, (and who can do it less in?)
By haughty *Celia* spent in Dressings
The Goddess from her Chamber issues,
Array'd in Lace, Brocade and Tissues

Strepto

Strephon, who found the Room was void,
And *Betty* otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict Survey
Of all the Litter, as it lay;
Whereof to make the Matter clear,
An *Inventory* follows here.

And first, a dirty Smock appear'd,
Beneath the Armpits well besmear'd;
Strephon, the Rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on ev'ry Side:
In such a Case, few Words are best,
And *Strephon* bids us guess the rest;
But swears how damnably the Men lie,
In calling *Calia* sweet and cleanly.

Now listen, while he next produces
The various Combs for various Uses;
Fill'd up with Dirt so closely fixt,
No Brush could force a Way betwixt;
A Paste of Composition rare,
Sweat, Dandriff, Powder, Lead and Hair.
A Forehead-cloth with Oil upon't,
To smoothe the Wrinkles on her Front:
Here, Alum-flour to stop the Streams,
Exhal'd from four unsavory Streams;
There, Night-gloves made of *Tripsey's* Hide,
Bequeath'd by *Tripsey* when she dy'd;
With Poppy-water, Beauty's Help,
Distill'd from *Tripsey's* darling Whelp.
Here Gally-Pots and Vials plac't,
Some fill'd with Washes, some with Paste:

Some with Pomatums, Paints and Slops,
And Ointments good for scabby Chops.

Hard by, a filthy Bason stands,

Foul'd with the Scow'ring of her Hands;

The Bason takes whatever comes,

The Scrapings from her Teeth and Gums,

A nasty Compound o' all Hues,

For here she spits, and here she spues.

But O! it turn'd poor *Strephon's* Bowels,

When he beheld and smelt the Towels;

Begumm'd, besmatter'd, and beslim'd;

With Dirt, and Sweat, and Ear-wax grim'd.

No Object *Strephon's* Eye escapes;

Here, Petticoats in frowzy Heaps;

Nor be the Handkerchiefs forgot,

All varnish'd o'er with Snuff and Snot.

The Stockings why should I expose,

Stain'd with the Moisture of her Toes;]

Or greasy Coifs, and Pinner's reeking,

Which *Cælia* slept at least a Week in.

A Pair of Tweezers next he found,

To pluck her Brows in Arches round,

Or Hairs that sink the Forehead low,

Or on her Chin like Bristles grow.

The Virtues we must not let pass

Of *Cælia's* magnifying Glass;

When frighted *Strephon* cast his Eye on't,

It shew'd the Visage of a Giant:

A Glass that can to Sight disclose

The smallest Worm in *Cælia's* Nose,

And

And faithfully direct her Nail,
To squeeze it out from Head to Tail;
Or, catch it nicely by the Head,
It must come out, alive or dead.

Why, *Strepbon*, will you tell the rest?
And must you needs describe the Chest?
That careless Wench! No Creature warn her,
To move it out from yonder Corner,
But leave it standing full in Sight,
For you to exercise your Spite!
In vain the Workman shew'd his Wit,
With Rings and Hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this Disguise,
A Cabinet to vulgar Eyes;
Which *Strepbon* ventur'd to look in,
Resolv'd to go thro' *thick and thin*,
He lifts the Lid: There needs no more,
He smelt it all the Time before.
As, from within *Pandora's* Box,
When *Epimetheus* op'd the Locks,
A sudden universal Crew
Of Human Evils, upward flew;
He still was comforted to find,
That *Hope* at last remain'd behind.

So, *Strepbon* lifting up the Lid,
To view what in the Chest was hid,
The Vapours flew from out the Vent;
But, *Strepbon*, cautious, never meant
The Bottom of the *Pan* to grope,
And foul his Hand in search of *Hope*.

O! ne'er may such a vile Machine
Be once in *Cælia's* Chamber seen!

O! may she better learn to keep

Those *Secrets of the hoary Deep!* *

As Mutton Cutlets † *prime of Meat*,
Which, tho' with Art you salt and beat,

As Laws of Cookery require,

And roast them at the clearest Fire;

If from || a down the hopeful Chops,

The Fat upon a Cinder drops,

To stinking Smoke it turns the Flame,

Pois'ning the Flesh, from whence it came,

And up exhales a greazy Stench,

For which you curse the careless Wench:

So, Things which must not be exprest,

When *plumpt* into the reeking Chest,

Send up an excremental Smell,

To taint the Parts from whence they fell;

The Petticoats and Gown perfume,

And waft a Stink round ev'ry Room.

Thus finishing his grand Survey,

The Swain disgusted slunk away.

But *Vengeance*, Goddess, never sleeping,

Soon punish'd *Strephon* for his peeping.

His foul Imagination links

Each Dame he sees with all her Stinks;]

And, if unfavoury Odours fly,

Conceives a Lady standing by.

* Milton.

† *Prima Virorum.*

|| *Vid. D—n D—s Works, and N. P—y's*

All Women his Description fits,
And both Ideas jump like Wits;
By vicious Farcy coupl'd fast,
And still appearing in *Contrast*.

I pity wretched *Strephon*, blind
To all the Charms of Woman-Kind.
Should I the *Queen of Love* refuse,
Because she rose from stinking Ooze!
To him that looks behind the Scene,
Statira's but some pocky Quean.

When *Calia* all her Glory shows,
If *Strephon* would but stop his Nose,
Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her Ointments, Daubs, and Paints, and Creams;
Her Washes, Slops, and ev'ry Clout,
With which he make so foul a Rout;
He soon wou'd learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd Eyes to see
Such Order from Confusion sprung,
Such gaudy *Tulips* rais'd from *Dung*.

A MEDICINE for the Ladies.

A T A L E.

MISS *Molly*, a fam'd Toast, was Fair and
Young,
Had Wealth and Charms, — but then she had a
Tongue!

FROM

From Morn to Night, th' Eternal Larum run,
Which often lost those Hearts her Eyes had won.
Sir *John* was smitten, and confess'd his Flame,
Sigh'd out the usual Time, then wed the Dame;
Possess'd he thought of every Joy of Life,
But his dear *Molly* prov'd a very Wife.

Excess of Fondness did in Time decline,
Madam lov'd Money, and the Knight lov'd Wine.
From whence some petty Discords would arise,
As, *You're a Fool*;---and, *You are mighty Wise!*

Tho' he and all the World allow'd her Wit,
Her Voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet.
When she began,--- for Hat and Sword he'd call,
Then, after a faint Kiss,-- Cry, B'y, Dear *Moll*;
Supper and Friends expect me at the *Rose*.

And, what, Sir *John*, you'll get your usual Dose:
Go, stink of Smoke, and guzzle nasty Wine,
Sure, never Virtuous Love was us'd like Mine!

Oft, as the watchful Bellman march'd his Round,
At a fresh Bottle gay Sir *John* he found.
By four the *Knight* would get his Business done,
And only then reel'd off, because alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful Storm to come,
But arm'd with *Bourdeaux*, he durst venture home.

My Lady with her Tongue was still prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
'Tis a fine Hour! In a sweet Pickle made!
And this, Sir *John*, is ev'ry Day the Trade.
Here I sit moping all the live-long Night,
Devour'd with Spleen, and Stranger to Delight;
Till

'Till Morn sends stagg'ring Home a Drunken
Beast,

Resolv'd to break my Heart, as well as Rest.

Hey! Hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obstrep'rous
Spouse!

What, can't you find one Bed about the House?

Will that perpetual Clack lie never still!

That Rival to the Softness of a Mill!

Some Couch and distant Room must be my Choice,

Where I may sleep uncurs'd with Wife and Noise.

Long this uncomfortable Life they led,

With snarling Meals, and each a separate Bed,

To an old Uncle oft she would complain,

Beg his Advice, and scarce from Tears refrain.

Old *Wisewood* smook'd the Matter as it was,

Cheer up, cry'd he, and I'll remove the Cause.

A wond'rous Spring within my Garden flows,

Of Sov'reign Virtue, chiefly to compose

Domestick Jars, and Matrimonial Strife,

The best Elixir t' appease Man and Wife;

Strange are th' Effects, the Qualities Divine,

'Tis Water call'd but worth its Weight in Wine.

If in his fullen Airs Sir *John* should come,

Three Spoonfuls take, hold in your Mouth--then

Mum:

Smile, and look'd pleas'd, when he shall rage and
scold,

Still in your Mouth the Healing Cordial hold;

One Month this Sympathetick Med'cine try'd,

He'll grow a Lover, you a Happy Bride.

But

But dearest Niece, keep this Grand Secret close,
Or ev'ry prat'ling Hussy'll beg a Dose.

A Water-bottle's brought for her Relief,
Not *Nants* could sooner ease the Lady's Grief;
Her busy Thoughts are on the Tryal bent,
And Female-like, impatient for th' Event:

The Bonny *Knight* reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for Clamour, and Domestick War.
Entring, he cries,---Hey! Where's our Thunder
fled!

No Hurricane! *Betty's* your Lady dead?
Madam, aside, an ample Mouthful takes,
Curt'fy's, looks kind, but not a Word she speaks:
Wond'ring, he star'd, scarcely his Eyes believ'd,
But found his Ears agreeably deceiv'd.

Why, how now! *Molly* What's the Crotchet now?
She smiles, and answers only with a Bow.

Then clasping her about.--- Why, let me die!
These Nightclothes, *Moll*, become thee mightily!
With that, he sigh'd, her Hand began to press,
And *Betty* calls, her Lady to undress.

Nay, kiss me, *Molly*,---for I'm much inclin'd.
Her Lace she cuts, to take him in the Mind.

Thus the fond Pair to Bed enamour'd went,
The Lady pleas'd, and the good *Knight* content.

For many Days these fond Endearments pass'd,
The reconciling Bottle fails at last;

'Twas us'd and gone,---Then Midnight Storms
arose,

And Looks and Words the Union discompose,

Her

Her Coach is order'd, and Post-haste she flies,
 To beg her Uncle for some fresh Supplies;
 Transported does the strange Effects relate,
 Her *Knight's* Conversion, and her happy State.

Why, Niece, says he,--I prithee apprehend;
 The Water's Water,---Be thyself thy Friend;
 Such Beauty would the coldest Husband warm,
 But your provoking Tongue undoes the Charm;
 Be silent, and complying,---You'll soon find,
 Sir *John*, without a Med'cine, will be kind.

The SADDLE.

A TALE.

From LA FONTAINE.

IN *Italy*, as Authors tell us,
 There liv'd a Painter, wond'rous jealous;
 Tormented with a Female Evil,
 Tempting and subtle as the Devil;
 A slipp'ry *Proteus*, whom no Chain,
 Nor *Spanish* Padlock could contain.
 Thus she created frequent Smart
 To Spouse's aching Head and Heart.
 'Tis the chief Business of his Life,
 How to confine this *Eel*, his Wife;
 Inventive Noddle teems, at last,
 With an odd Whim to hold her fast,

Resolv'd

Resolv'd his Pencil-Art to shew,
(Whate'er he can't perform below)
He drew a *Mule*, with dext'rous Skill,
On the soft Brow of *Venus' Hill*.

Thus if she stray'd, he cou'd, for certain,
Know it by drawing up the Curtain.

But ah! how vain our Counsels are,
And all our Plots against the Fair.

Comes Brother Brush to take a Bout,
So, *God knows how!* they rubb'd it out.

But, as he was an honest Brother,
Finding one gone, he drew another;
Forgetting what the first did lack,
He clapp'd a *Saddle* on his Back.

Chloe was hugely pleas'd, and smil'd
To think how *Seignior* was beguil'd,
Who reeling home one Ev'ning late,
With mellow Looks and jealous Pate,
Vow'd he'd not take a Wink of Sleep,
Without one dear departing Peep.

Can you distrust me, *Chloe* cries,
Inhuman Man! and wipes her Eyes,
Put on your Spectacles and view it,
The *Mule*, my Dear, is where you drew it.
The *Mule* I see is safe, my Dear,
But, Z—ds, who put the *Saddle* here?

The Furniture of a Woman's MIND.

By Dr. SWIFT.

A Set of Phrases learnt by Rote ;
 A Passion for a Scarlet Coat ;
 When at a Play to laugh or cry,
 Yet cannot tell the Reason why :
 Never to hold her Tongue a Minute ;
 While all she prates has nothing in it.
 Whole Hours can with a Coxcomb sit,
 And take his Nonsense all for Wit :
 Her Learning mounts to read a Song,
 But, half the Words pronouncing wrong ;
 Has ev'ry Repartee in Store,
 She spoke ten Thousand Times before.
 Can ready Compliments supply
 On all Occasions, cut and dry.
 Such Hatred to a Parson's Gown,
 The Sight will put her in a Swoon.
 For Conversation well endu'd ;
 She calls it witty to be rude ;
 And, placing Raillery in Railing,
 Will tell aloud your greatest Failing ;
 Nor makes a Scruple to expose
 Your bandy Leg, or crooked Nose,
 Can, at her Morning Tea, run o'er
 The Scandal of the Day before.

Improving

114 *The Furniture of a Woman's MIND.*

Improving hourly in her Skill.

To cheat and wrangle at Quadrille.

In chusing Lace a Critick nice,
Knows to a Groat the lowest Price;

Can in her Female Clubs dispute
What Lining best the Silk will suit,
What Colours each Complexion match:

And where with Art to place a Patch.

If chance a Mouse creeps in her Sight,
Can finely counterfeit a Fright;
So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
She ravishes all Hearts to hear her.

Can dext'rously her Husband teize,

By taking Fits when'er she please:

By frequent Practice learns a Trick

At proper Seasons to be sick;

Think nothing gives one Airs so pretty;

At once creating Love and Pity.

If *Molly* happens to be careless,

And but neglects to warm her Hair-Lace,

She gets a Cold as sure as Death;

And vows she scarce can fetch her Breath.

Admires how modest Women can

Be so *robustious* like a Man.

In Party, furious to her Pow'r;

A bitter Whig, or Tory sow'r;

Her Arguments directly tend

Against the Side she would defend:

Will prove herself a Tory plain,

From Principles the Whigs maintain;

And,

And, to defend the Whiggish Cause,
Her Topicks from the Tories draws.

O yes! If any Man can find
More Virtues in a Woman's Mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs.* *Harding*;
She'll pay the Charges to a Farthing;
Take Notice, she has my Commission
To add them in the next Edition;
They may out-sell a better Thing;
So, Holla Boys: God save the King.

* *A Printer.*

The SPINNING-WHEEL.

An EPISTOLARY TALE.

By Mr. HENRY BAKER.

DEAR TOM,

THIS comes to let you know
I'm well, thank God, and hope you're so;
In truth, I'm very much perplex'd,
For something fine to write you next,
So leave this Blank—

— for you to fill,
With even—whatsoe'er you will.

According, now, to ancient Use,
From Compliments I come to News:
Then know the Vicar's Daughter's marry'd;
And Sister *Susan* has miscarry'd;

His

His Worship's Son has been so wild,
To get the Chamber-maid with Child,
Which gives his Father such Offence,
He never has been sober since.

As next in Course, on you attends
The just Respect of all your Friends;
Accept of Services by Dozens,
From all your loving Aunts and Cousins;
The Sheet of Paper would not hold 'em,
Or one by one I should have told 'em.

Next, on my Part, in order, comes
My hearty Love to *John*, to *James*,
To smiling *Kate*, and buxom *Dolly*,
Yet not forgetting pretty *Molly*.

And now, for want of other Matter,
Wherewith to furnish out my Letter;
To you, dear *Tom*, I would unfold
A Story, which for Truth is told;
But whether true or false, no doubt,
Your Judgment, *Tom*, will soon find out;
And make a proper Application
Of what I give the bare Relation.

Once on a Time (my Story says)
An over-studious Priest there was,
Who to the Age of fifty-three
Had hoarded his Virginity;
Resisting *Satan* all his Life
In Form of Mistress,—or of Wife.
But when, and where, is not agreed,
Which let for that O mission plead)

Tho'

Tho' what's material in the Case
Relates to Fact, not Time and Place.

But not to make a long Digression,
According to the modern Fashion;
Grown weary of a single Life,
He now resolv'd to take a Wife.
The Cause, indeed, is not assign'd,
Which made the Parson change his Mind;
But, if to guess we may be bold,
He found the Winter Nights were cold:
And, if we may go on in guessing,
Thought Nat'ral Heat the most refreshing.
But whether this, or what beside,
We'll leave the Learned to decide.

Pursuant to this Resolution,
The next thing was, which Way to chuse One.
For, right the Parson did conclude,
Bad some might be, tho' some were good:
But, since He no Experience had
How to distinguish Good from Bad,
The only Way he meant to try,
Was taking her would first comply.
For if all Wedlock is a Lottery,
Thinks he, 'tis but a Piece of Sottery,
In chusing Wives to make a Pother,
When one may prove as good as t'other:
And since kind Fate is still our Guide,
Both to the Halter and the Bride;

Ev'N

Ev'n lets on that alone rely,
Whether to Marry, or to Die,
And wisely yield to Destiny.

In vain is mortal Wit employ'd,
Or This to gain, or That avoid :
Just when we think to grasp a Joy,
O'er-ruling Fate, which acts unseen,
With Arm-forbidding Steps between,
And does our blooming Hope destroy,
Then let's on That devolve our Care,
And all our useless Labour spare.

The Doctor (for that he was so
I should have told you long ago,
But for a Poet to forget,
Dear *Thomas*, is not strange at all)
In *Sunday Gown*, and *Cambrick Band*
Equip't him for the promis'd Land.
For he imagin'd now, Friend *Thomas*,
That *Wedlock* was a *Land of Promise*,
And fancy'd he could plainly show,
It did with Milk and Honey flow:
Tho', if we may pretend to guess,
He found it but the *Wilderness*.

But to take up the Point in hand,
Which seems, at present, at a stand;
On Heav'n's Direction he rely'd,
And forth he went to seek a Bride.

Not far the pious Priest had gone,
Before he met with Farmer *John* :

Neighbour,

Neighbour, says he, I think you have
A Daughter, and her Name I crave.
Doctor, cry'd honest John, 'tis true,
I must have one, because I've two;
And if you'd know the Name of both,
The one is *Sis'ly*, t'other *Ruth*.
Sis'ly, and *Ruth*? the Doctor cry'd;
Well one of these must be my Bride:
And, Neighbour, to declare the Truth,
I like, methinks, the Name of *Ruth*:
The Reason I prefer the same,
Is, 'cause it is a Scripture Name:
For, where the Scripture can decide,
It always ought to be our Guide.

The Farmer gave his free Consent,
And home with him the Doctor went:
Where, overjoy'd that he should be,
The Father of Divinity,
An ample Can of nappy Ale,
Exceeding strong, and wondrous stale,
The Farmer brought, to drink Success
To their approaching Happiness;
(For John had always understood,
A Bargain dry could not be good.)
And, lastly, to conclude the Matter,
He call'd in *Ruth*, his youngest Daughter.

Just in the Glory of her Youth,
About Sixteen was rosy *Ruth*.

The Doctor kiss'd her; call'd her Child;
She drop'd a Curt'sy; blush'd, and smil'd.

He ask'd her if she'd change her Life,
 And yield to be a Parson's Wife :
 That he was now resolv'd on Marriage ;
 Lik'd both her Person and her Carriage,
 And in the Morning did design,
 That Brother Crape their Hands shou'd join.

Ruth told him, he went on too fast,
 That she was not so much in Haste,
 Nor did, indeed, design to marry,
 At soonest, till next *January* ;
 That she was Young, but he was Old,
 And much she fear'd, exceeding Cold :
 (For *Dick* had given her to guess
 How warm a Youthful Lover was,
 And by Contraries she might know,
 An Ancient One cou'd not be so.)
 In short, he might go seek elsewhere,
 A Wife he ne'er should have of her.
 Thus having told her full Intent,
 A Curt'sy dropt; and out she went.

The Doctor was with Grief affected,
 Who no such Usage had expected,
 But trusting to the Proverb still,
 That if one won't another will,
 He hop'd to reconcile the Matter,
 By taking of the other Daughter :
 And looking on the Farmer wistly,
 Desir'd that he would call in *Sis'ly*.

About the Age of thirty-three,
 A Maiden stale was *Sisely* :

But

But for her Years let's not despise her,
As she was older, she was wiser.
And formal Courtship laid aside,
Became at once the Doctor's Bride.

Their Hands were join'd; the Table spread;
The Night came on; they went to Bed;
Where let 'em sleep, and take their Ease,
Or, freely do--- whate'er they please.

Now, *Phæbus* gave *Aurora* Warning,
And Whip and Spur drove on the Morning;
When surfeited with Marriage Charms,
The Doctor left his *Sis'ly's* Arms,
With different Thoughts of Wedlock quite,
Than he lay down with over-Night:
And, truly, I have clear forgot
Whether he did repent or not;
But whether quite so soon or no,
Thousands there be which have done so:
For Marriage is observ'd to be
A fatal Kind of Prodigy;
At Distance wears an Angel's Charms,
But turns a Devil in One's Arms.

And, now, the Doctor left his Bride,
To thumb the Books he'd laid aside,
But told her, tho' she was his Wife,
She must not lead a lazy Life,
Or purpose to be wholly idle,
Whilst he is poring o'er the Bible.
For that same Text is very meet,
Which says, Who works not shall not eat,

And his Desire was, indeed,
 That she should spin whilst He should read.
 She told him she would still obey
 Whate'er Commands he pleas'd to lay,
 And make the Business of her Life,
 To prove a kind obliging Wife.

Now, thus, almost a Month was run,
 The Doctor read, and *Sis'ly* spun:
 At last, a Whim came in his Head,
 That he (forsooth) would read in Bed,
 'Till he, for Sleep, could do no more
 Than put the Candle out, and snore,

Oft *Sis'ly*, by Perswasion, try'd
 To make him lay his Books aside;
 But spight of all that she could say,
 The Doctor still would have his Way.
 Night came in vain: She sigh'd, and turn'd:
 'The Doctor read: the Candle burn'd:
 No Comfort did she find in Bed:
 The Candle burn'd: The Doctor read.

One Night, she full of Wishes lay,
 That he wou'd put his Book away:
 But finding it was all in vain,
 To sigh, to reason, or complain;
 She from his Side did softly steal,
 And fetch'd to Bed her Spinning-Wheel.

The Doctor, staring with Surprise,
 Could scarce give Credit to his Eyes:
 Good God! said he, what is't you do?
 What Tricks are you about to shew?

Was Woman e'er before so mad
 To bring a Spinning-Wheel to Bed?
 Poor *Sis'ly* squeez'd the Doctor's Hand,
 And told him, She his wife Command
 Had well consider'd, plainly shewing,
 That ev'ry One should still be Doing.
 The Doctor smiling, guess'd what meant
 His blushing Spouse's Compliment;
 And took the Thing by its right Handle;
 Laid down the Book: Blow'd out the Candle.

The DREAM.

By Mr. OLDHAM.

LATE on my Bed, as I reposing lay,
 And in soft Sleep forgot the Toils of Day,
 Myself, my Cares, and Love, all charm'd to Rest,
 And all the Tumults of my waking Breast
 Quiet and calm, as was the silent Night,
 Whose Stillness did to that bless'd Sleep invite:
 I dreamt, and strait this visionary Scene
 Did with Delight my Fancy entertain.

I saw, methought, a lonely Privacy,
 Remote alike from Man's and Heaven's Eye,
 Girt with the Covert of a shady Grove,
 Dark as my Thoughts, and secret as my Love:
 Hard by, a Stream did with that Softness creep,
 As 'twere by its own Murmurs hush'd asleep;

On its green Bank under a spreading Tree,
 At once a pleasant, and a shelt'ring Canopy.
 There I, and there my dear *Cosmelia* fate,
 Nor envied Monarchs in our safe Retreat :
 So heretofore were the first Lovers laid
 On the same Turf of which themselves were made.
 A while I did her charming Glories view,
 Which to their former Conquest added new;
 A while my wanton Hand was pleas'd to rove
 Through all the hidden Labyrinths of Love ;
 Ten thousand Kisses on her Lips I fix'd,
 Which she with interfering Kisses mix'd,
 Eager as those of Lovers are in Death,
 When they give up their Souls too with their Breath.
 Love by these Freedoms first became more bold,
 At length unruly, and too fierce to hold :
See then (said I) and pity, charming Fair,
Yield quickly, yield; I can no longer bear
Th' impatient Sallies of a Bliss so near;
You must, and you alone these Storms appease,
And lay those Spirits which your Charms could raise;
Come, and in equal Floods let's quench our Flame,
Come, let's---and unawares I went to name
 The Thing, but stopt and blusht methought in
 Dream.

At first she did the rude Address disown,
 And check'd my Boldness with an angry Frown,
 But yielding Glances, and consenting Eyes
 Prov'd the soft Traitors to her forc'd Disguise;

And

And soon her Looks, with Anger rough ere while,
 Sunk in the Dimples of a charming Smile:
 Then with a Sigh into these Words she broke,
 (And printed melting Kisses as she spoke,
*Too strong, Philander, is thy pow'rful Art
 To take a feeble Maid's ill-guarded Heart:
 Too long I've struggled with my Bliss in vain,
 Too long oppos'd what I oft wish'd to gain,
 Loath to consent, yet loather to deny,
 At once I court, and shun Felicity:
 I cannot, will not yield;—and yet I must,
 Lest to my own Desire I prove unjust:*
Sweet Ravisher! what Love commands thee, do;
Tho' I'm displeas'd, I shall forgive thee too,
Taa well thou know'st—and here my Hand I pre-
press'd,

And said no more, but blusht and smil'd the rest.

Ravish'd at the new Grant, fierce eager I
 Leap'd furious on, and seiz'd my trembling Prey;
 With guarding Arms she first my Force repell'd,
 Shrank, and drew back, and would not seem to
 yield;

Unwilling to o'ercome, she faintly strove,
 One Hand pull'd to, what t'other did remove:
 So feeble are the Strugglings, and so weak
 In Sleep we seem, and only seem too make:

Forbear! (said she) ah, gentle Youth forbear!
 (And still she hug'd, and clasp'd me still more
 near)

Ab! will you? will you force my Ruin so?

Ab! do not, do not, do not;—let me go.

What follow'd was above the Pow'r of Verse,
 Above the Reach of Fancy to rehearse:
 Not dying Saints enjoy such Extasies,
 When they in Vision antedate their Bliss;
 Not Dreams of a young Prophet are so blest'd
 When holy Trances first inspire his Breast,
 And the God enters there to be a Guest.
 Let duller Mortals other Pleasures prize,
 Pleasures which enters at the waking Eyes,
 Might I each Night such sweet Enjoyments find,
 I'd sleep for ever, be for ever blind.

A Pastoral COURTSHIP.

BEhold these Woods, and mark, my Sweet,
 How all these Boughs together meet:
 The Cedar his fair Arms displays,
 And mixes Branches with the Bays.
 The lofty Pine deigns to descend,
 And sturdy Oaks do gently bend,
 One with another subt'ly weaves
 Into one Loom their various Leaves;
 As all ambitious were to be
 Mine and my *Phyllis*, Canopy!

Let's enter and discourse our Loves;
 These are, my Dear, no Tell-tale Groves!

There

There dwell no Pies nor Parrots there,
To prate again the Words they hear.
Nor babling Echo that will tell
The Neighb'ring Hills one Syllable.

Being enter'd, let's together lie,
Twin'd like the Zodiacks *Gemini*;
How sweet the Flowers do sweeter smell,
And all with Emulation swell
To be thy Pillow: These for thee
Were meant a Bed, and thou for me;
And I may with as just Esteem
Press thee, as thou mayst lie on them:
And why so coy? What dost thou fear?
There lurks no speckled Serpent here,
No venomous Snake makes this his Road,
No Canker, nor the loathsome Toad;
And you poor Spider on the Tree,
Thy Spinsters will no Poisoner be.
There is no Frog to leap and fright
Thee from my Arms, and break Delight;
Nor Snail that o'er thy Coat shall trace,
And leave behind a slimy Lace.
This is the hallow'd Shrine of Love,
No Wasp or Hornet haunts this Grove,
Nor Pismire to make Pimples rise
Upon thy smooth and Ivory Thighs.
No Danger in these Shades doth lie,
Nothing that wears a Sting but I;
And in it doth no Venom dwell,
Altho' perchance it make thee swell.

Being set, let's sport a while, my Fair,
I will tie Love Knots in thy Hair.
See *Zephyrus* thro' the Leaves doth stray,
And has free Liberty to play,
And braid thy Locks; and shall I find
Less Favour than a faucy Wind?
Now let me fit and fix my Eyes
On thee, that art my Paradise.
Thou art my All, the Spring remains.
In the fair Violets of thy Veins:
And that it is a Summer's Day,
Ripe Cherries on thy Lips display;
And when for Autumn I would seek,
'Tis in the Apples of thy Cheek.
But that which only moves my Smart,
Is to see Winter in thy Heart.
Strange, when at once in One appear.
All the four Seasons of the Year!
I'll clasp that Neck where should be set
A rich and orient Cascanet;
But Swains are poor, admit of them.
More natural Chains, the Arms of Men;
Come let me touch those Breasts that swell
Like two fair Mountains, and may well
Be stil'd the *Alps*, but that I fear
The Snow has much less Whiteness there.
But stay, my Love, a Fault I spy,
Why, why are those fair Fountains dry?
Which if they run, no Muse would please
To taste of any Spring but these,

And

And *Ganymede* employ'd should be
To fetch his *Jove* Nectar from thee.
Thou shalt be Nurse, fair *Venus* swears,
To the next *Cupid* that she bears.
Were it not then discreetly done
To ope' one Spring to let two run?
Fie, fie, this Belly, Beauty's Mint,
Blushes to see no Coin stamp't in't.
Employ it then, for though it be
Our Wealth, it is your Royalty;
And Beauty will have current Grace,
That bears the Image of your Face.
How to the Touch the Ivory Thighs
Veil gently, and again do rise,
As pliable to the Impression,
As Virgin's Wax and *Parian* Stone
Dissolv'd to Softness, plump and full,
More white and soft than *Cotſal* Wool,
Or Cotton from the *Indian* Tree,
Or pretty Silk-Worms Housewifry.
These on two Marble Pillars rais'd,
Make me in doubt which should be prais'd,
They or the Columns most; but when
I view those Feet that I have seen
So nimbly trip it o'er the Lawns,
That all the Satyrs and the Fawns
Have stood amaz'd when they would pass
Over the Lays, and not a Grass
Would feel the Weight, nor Rush, nor Bent,
Drooping, betray which Way you went;

Oh ! then I felt my hot Desires
 Burn more, and flame with double Fires :
 Come let those Thighs, these Legs, those Feet
 With mine in Thousand Windings meet,
 And woven in more subtle Twines
 Than Woodbine, Ivy, or the Vines.
 For when Love sees us circling thus,
 He'll like no Arbour more than us.
 Now let us kiss ; would you be gone ?
 Manners at least allows me one.
 Blush you at this ? Pretty One stay,
 And I will take that Kiss away.
 Thus with a second, and that too
 A third wipes off, so we will go
 To Numbers that the Stars out-run,
 And all the Atoms in the Sun :
 For tho' we kiss 'till *Phæbus* Ray
 Sink in the Seas, and kissing stay
 'Till his bright Beams return again,
 There can of all but one remain :
 And if for one good Manners call,
 In one, good Manners, grant me all.
 Are Kisses all ? they but 'fore-run
 Another Duty to be done.
 What would you of that Minstrel say
 That tunes his Pipe and will not play ?
 Say what are Blossoms in their Prime,
 That ripen not in Harvest-Time ?
 Or what are Buds that ne'er disclose
 The long'd-for Sweetness of the Rose ?

So

So Kisses to a Lover's Gust
Are Invitations, not a Feast.
See every Thing that we espy
Is fruitful, saving you and I :
View all the Fields, survey the Bowers,
The Buds, the Blossoms, and the Flowers,
And say if they so rich could be
In barren base Virginity.
Earth's not so coy as you are now,
But willingly admits the Plow :
For how had Man or Beast been fed,
If she had kept her Maiden-head ?
Calia once coy, as are the rest,
Hangs now a Babe on either Breast ;
And *Chloris*, since a Man she took,
Has less of Greenness in her Look.
Our Ewes have year'd, and every Dam
Gives Suck unto her tender Lamb.
As by these Groves we walk'd along,
Some Birds were feeding of their Young,
Some on their Eggs did brooding sit,
Sad that they had not hatch'd them yet ;
Those that were slower than the rest,
Were busy building of the Nest :
You only will not pay the Fine,
You vow'd and ow'd to *Valentine*.
As you were angling in the Brook
With silken Line and silver Hook,
Through Crystal Stream you might descry
How vast and numberless a Fry

The

The Fish had spawn'd, that all along
 The Banks were crowded with a Throng.
 And shall fair *Venus* more command
 By Water than she does by Land?
 The *Phœnix* chaste, yet when she dies,
 Herself with her own Ashes lies
 But let thy Love more wisely strive
 To do the Act while thou'rt alive.
 'Tis Time we left our Childish Love,
 That trades for Toys, and now approve
 Our abler Skill; they are not wise
 Look Babies only in the Eyes.
 That smother'd Smile shew'd what you meant,
 And modest Silence gives Consent.
 That which we now prepare, will be
 Best done in silent Secrecy.

Come, do not weep, What is't you fear?
 Lest some should know what we did here?
 See, not a Flower by you prest is dead,
 But re-erects his bending Head,
 That whosoe'er shall pass this Way
 Knows not, by these, where *Phyllis* lay;
 And in your Forehead there are none
 Can read the Act that we have done.

Alas! she cry'd, poor simple Maid!
 By what strange Wiles thou art betray'd?
 A Treasure thou hast lost To-day,
 For which thou canst no Ransom pay:
 How black art thou transform'd with Sin!
 How strange a Guilt gnaws me within!

Grief

Grief will convert this Red to Pale,
 When ev'ry Wake and *Whitsun-Ale*
 Shall talk my Shame: Break, break, sad Heart,
 There is no Med'cine for my Smart.

No Herb nor Balm can cure my Sorrow,
 Unless you meet again To-morrow.

*MELESINDA'S Misfortune, on the burn-
 ing her Smock.*

T I R'D with the Business of the Day,
 Upon her Couch supinely lay
 Fair *Melesinda*, void of Care,
 No living Creature being near:
 When strait a calm and gentle Sleep
 Did o'er her drowsy Eye-lids creep.
 Her Senses thus by Fetters ty'd,
 By nimble Fancy were supply'd;
 Her quick Imagination brought
 Th' Ideas of her waking Thought:
 She dream'd herself a new-made Bride,
 In Bed by young *Philander's* Side;
 The Posset's seat, the Stocking's thrown,
 And all the Company withdrawn:
 And now the bless'd *Elizium*
 Of all her wish'd for Joy is come;
Philander, all dissolv'd in Charms,
 Lies raptur'd in her circling Arms.

With

With panting Breasts, and swimming Eyes,
 She meets the visionary Joys:
 In all the amorous Sports of Love,
 Which Height of Extasy cou'd move.
 But as she roving did advance
 Her trembling Legs (O dire Mischance !)
 The Couch being near the Fire's Side,
 She expanded them (alas !) too wide ;
 Expos'd her nethermost Attire
 Unto th' Embraces of the Fire :
 So the chaste Phoenix of the East
 With Fluttering fires her spicy Nest ;
 So *Semele*, embracing *Jove*,
 Burn'd both with Fire, and with Love.
 The Flames at first did trembling seize
 The dangling Hem of this lost Prize ;
 But, finding no Resistance higher,
 (As 'tis their Nature to aspire)
 Approaching near the Seat of Bliss,
 Centre of earthly Happiness,
 Which more of real Pleasure yields
 Than all the feign'd *Elizian* Fields.
 But Ignorance must now excuse
 The Silence of my bashful Muse ;
 Her Modesty had ne'er the Face
 T' ascend above the Gartering-place :
 But, doubtless, 'twas a lovely Sight
 The Fire beheld by its own Light.
Ovid wish'd himself a Flea,
 That (so transform'd, he might survey

His Love all o'er, and uncontroll'd,
Her ev'ry Grace and Charm behold :
Had *Ovid's* Flea been there that Night,
I fear he'd had but small Delight,
His rival Flames had spoil'd his Bliss,
And made him curse his Metamorphosis.
At last, the Flames were grown so rude,
They boldly every where intrude :
They soon recall'd the Lady's Sense,
And chas'd the pleasing Vision thence.
Soon as her Eyes recover'd Light,
She strait beheld the dismal Sight;
Beheld herself the Blazing-Star,
Or bright-tail'd Glow-worm, to appear:
She had not Time to meditate
Upon the Strangeness of her Fate ;
But was confin'd to lay about,
To beat the impious Fire out.
The amorous Flames were loth to go,
They kiss'd her Hand at ev'ry Blow ;
And round her Ivory Fingers play,
And seem'd as if they begg'd to stay ;
Vanquish'd at last, they did retire,
And in a gloomy Smoke expire :
When, viewing of her half-burnt Smock,
Thus to herself the sad Nymph spoke :
" Is this th' Effect of Dreams ? Is this
" The Fruit of all my fancy'd Bliss ?
" Misfortunes will, I see, betide,
" When Maidens throw their Legs to wide ;
" Had

“ Had I but kept my Legs across,
“ I and my Smock had had no Loss,
“ I ought, I'm sure, t' have took more heed,
“ For ne'er had Virgin greater Need;
“ My Kindness, and my little Care,
“ Have left me scarce a Smock to wear.
“ Some have been beg'd, some have been burn'd,
“ All are to Clouts or Tinder turn'd.
“ Two Smocks last Night the Flame surpriz'd,
“ And in the Flasket sacrific'd;
“ Others I did on Friends bestow,
“ (Not dreaming I shou'd want 'em now:)
“ But I cou'd bear the Loss of them,
“ Had not the Fire disturb'd my Dream.
“ There is a Saying frights me too,
“ But Heav'n forbid it shou'd be true.
“ That when a Virgin burns her Train,
“ She all her Life must so remain.
“ I dare not be of this Belief;
“ For, shou'd I, I shou'd die with Grief;
“ Live always here a Nun-like Life;
“ And never, never be a Wife;
“ Never enjoy a Marriage-Bed,
“ Nor lose a hated Maidenhead!
“ Ah, cruel Flames! you're too unkind
“ To bring these Fancies to my Mind!
“ Down, down, into your Native Hell,
“ In your own blazing Regions dwell;
“ Trouble me no more, let me possess
“ My Linnen, or my Dream, in Peace.

Thus

Thus the poor Nymph bewail'd her treacherous
Luck,

At once to lose so good a Dream and Smock.

FULVIA: Or *Physick for the Ladies.*

A T A L E.

By Lord LANSDOWNE.

WHY pines my Dear? To *Fulvia*, his
young Bride;

Who pensive sat, thus aged *Cornus* cry'd.

Alas! said she, such Visions break my Rest,

The strangest Thoughts! I think I am possess'd:

My Symptoms I have told a Man of Skill,

And---if I wou'd---he says--I might---be well:

Take his Advice, said he, my poor dear Wife,

I'll buy at any Rate thy precious Life.

Blushing, she would excuse, but all in vain,

A Doctor must be fetch'd to ease her Pain.

Hard prest, she yields: From *White's* or *Will's*,
or *Tam's*,

No Matter which, he's summon'd, and he comes.

The careful Husband, with a kind Embrace,

Entreats his Care; then bows, and quits the Place:

For little Ailments oft attend the Fair,

Not decent for a Husband's Eye, or Ear.

Something the Dame would say: The ready Knight

Prevents her Speech—Here's that shall set you
right;

Madam,

Madam, said he--With that the Door's made close,
 He gives, deliciously, the healing Dose.
 Alas ! she cries, Ah me ! Ah cruel Cure !
 Did ever Woman yet like me endure !]
 The Work perform'd : Uprising gay and light,
 Old *Cornus* is call'd in, to see the Sight.
 A sprightly Red vermillions all her Face,
 And her Eyes languish with unufal Grace.
 With Tears of Joy, fresh gushing from his Eyes,
 O wond'rous Pow'r of Art ! Old *Cornus* cries,
 Amazing Change ! Astonishing Success !
 Thrice happy I ! What a brave Man was this !
 Maids, Wives, and Widows, with like Whims
 possess,
 May thus find certain Ease---*Probatum est.*

The CURIOUS WIFE.

A T A L E.

THERE liv'd in *Derby*, near the *Peak*,
 A Parson fam'd for many a Freak ;
 Who had no Stomach to his Work :
 But cramm'd and guzzled like a *Turk* :
 His comely Paunch was swoln so high,
 As if the very Rim would fly :
 Stuffed during *Lent*, as tho' he'd burst,
 Nor car'd if *Fish* or *Flesh* came first ;

No Days of Abstinence he kept,
But eat, and drank, and read, and slept.
To *Acts of Vener*y was prone,
Or with *my Lady*, or with *Jean*,
For *Hag* or *Angel*, was all one.

He had a sharp, and leering Eye,
A blyth or buxom Lass to spy,
His Mother-Tongue could write, or speak,
But fell in Fits at sight of *Greek*;
Thought Plays and Novels dainty Fare,
To *Homilies*, or *Common-Prayer*;
And *Bonifonius* * pleas'd him better,
Than *Nottingham's* or *Whiston's* Letter.
He'd talk of Daggers, Darts, and Flames,
And forty other *Pagan* Names;
Of Lovers shrunk to Skeletons,
With hardly Skin to hide their Bones;
But he took most especial Care,
To keep his Ribs from growing bare.
His stately Jowls he thought no Trouble;
His Nose was rich, his Chin was double;
His flushing Cheeks with Nature's Paint,
Prov'd him a Toper, tho' no Saint.

This Priest, as modern Stories teach,
For a young Doxy felt an Itch,
A Cockney, of no scanty Fame,
Whose ev'ry Grace her Worth proclaim;

* A *Latin* Poet of the last Century, whose Amorous
Pieces are translated into *English*.

Was brisk and buxom, blyth and gay,
 And pert as any *Popping-jay* ;
 Had Wit at Will, of Tales was fond,
 For ev'ry *New Romance* she conn'd ;
 Had all *Curl's* * *Letchery* by Heart,
 Which he in *Tryals* does impart :
 O'er racy Sack, and nut-brown Ale,
 Would sing like any *Nightingale*.
 Chaunt all the Tunes both new and old,
 And drink her Tea, or hot, or cold ;
 Could heave her Breasts, or roll her Eye,
 And softly breathe, and sweetly sigh ;
 And sundry other Motions reach,
 Without one Syllable of Speech,
 All which were certain Signs the Dame,
 Was a Well-wisher to--- *that same*.

Soon was this Nymph by *Isaac* won,
 The Knot was ty'd, the Feat was done:
 Here, might I sum up all the Feast,
 And tell the Temper of each Guest ;
 Who gave the Bride, who carv'd the Meat,
 How long they drank, how much they eat ;
 But shorter Bounds I mean to fix,
 For fear my Story prove prolix ;
 Else I should ramble in this Stile,
 And spin it out to Half a Mile.

But right has *Matthew Prior* sung,
 A Tale should never be too long.
 And ne'er a Bard from Sea to Sea,
 Can tell a Tale so well as he.

Our

* A noted Vender of obscene Books.

'Our Bride, with Vapours much cast down,
To leave the Pleasures of the Town;
Yet must to *Derbyshire* repair,
(For *Isaac's* Vicaridge was there.)
Who made the cunning Gypsy know,
'Twas vain against the Stream to row.
And let her for her Heart contrive,
She needs must go, when Spouse does drive;
So on they jog a Market Trot,
For each a sober Palfrey got.
Still fondly calling Duck, and Dear,
And chatting of their late good Cheer,
Till they arriv'd in *Derbyshire*.

Where Madam first appear'd in View,
In decent Garb of sable Hue,
A Scarf to touch her very Toe,
Flounc'd with a colour'd Furbeloe,
A Diamond Ring on Finger worn,
Such as a Lady might adorn,
A Muff, and Tippet, fine and neat,
As soft as Silk, as black as Jett.
The Farmers Wives around her throng,
And call her Handsome, Fair, and Young;
Applaud her Charms, admire her Tongue.
Their chiefest Humours they bestow,
Wherever Madam comes in view;
And none presumes to make a Feast
But she's invited as a Guest;
Has the first Slice, the largest Share,
The highest Place, the Elbow-Chair.

A Hoard of Wealth her Husband hath,
 Nor wants he aught but *Works and Faith*;
 Keeps *Bull*, and *Stallion*, to dispense
 Large Doles of due Benevolence;
 His Glebes were stock'd, his Cellars fill'd,
 His Lands the best of Grain did yield;
 His Barns were cramm'd, and a huge Store
 Of Poultry cackled at the Door:
 Whom Madam fed, with pleasing Look;
 Yet still she wonder'd at the *Cock*,
 That in his Amorous Career,
 On every Hen bestow'd a Share:
 Yet could she never see the Toys
 That made his crowing Courage rise.
 Full oft she peep'd, full oft she view'd,
 When he his jovial Game pursu'd:
 Her Brains she beat, her Wits she strain'd,
 Yet still the *mighty Doubt* remain'd.

One Night before they went to rest,
 In folded Arms she closely prest,
 And gave soft Kisses to her Spouse,
 As every married Woman does
 When first the Fetters are put on,
 For this was all but *Honey-Moon*.

Says she, if tender Love may plead,
 May my Intreaties then succeed:
 One Thing remains a Mystery
 Far from my Thoughts, as from my Eye:
 Let me the naked Truth discern,
 And teach me what I long to learn.

Our

Our *sprightly Cock* gallants each Hen,
 Altho' we keep no less than Ten:
 Yet romps he o'er both Great and Small;
 Nor know I what he *swinks* withal.
 But on his Legs two Truncheons grow,
 With which he whims their Gigs I trow.
 Can he with these maintain the Freak?
 Or play so much at *Hide and Seek*?
 Can he so many Hens run o'er?
 In troth there's Work for half a Score.
 Quoth *Isaac*, surely by *St. Paul*,
 My Duck, thou art a simple Soul:
 Fowls, from the *Eagle* to the *Wren*,
 Are harness'd otherwise than Men,
 For the Male's Engines of Delight
 Lie in their Bellies out of Sight:
 Else all the goodly Ware they boast,
 Among the Thorns would soon be lost.
 Thus, ever *warm*, they much advance
 The pleasing Sports of Dalliance,
 Which in a Month more Courage rears,
 Than any Man in Twenty Years.

O Gemini! says she, I'm blest,
 If there's the Bottom of the Jest;
 By all the Holy Powers Above,
 If Warmth so much engenders Love,
 High in thy Bowels thrust thy Gear,
 And Jewels eke, that dangle here.

'That never can be done, I ween,
 For as I hope to be a Dean,

This

'This *Falstaff-Belly* round and big,
 Was built for home-brew'd Ale, and Pig;
 There's not one Cranny left for *These*,
 Nor for a *Wheat straw*, nor two *Pease*.

If in thy Belly there's no room,
 Sweet *Isaac*, warm 'em in my *Womb*.

The MAGNIFYING-GLASS.

A T A L E.

TW O Virgins in the Prime of Life,
 Who each had rather been a Wife;
Sally and *Jenny* were their Names.
 Like Sisters, own'd their equal Flames.
 And talking, in a merry Mood,
 Of what some hold Man's chiefest Good:
 That, judg'd the largest, This the least,
 To suit with her Affairs the best.
 But uninform'd by Hand or Eyes,
 Of the true Standard manly Size,
 Now that, the Reader will surprize.
 For Lechery, and Learning sake,
 A Tryal they resolv'd to make:
 That might give Fancy truer Scope,
 And some Ideas what to hope.

Their Brother they had often heard,
 Tho' guiltless both of Wit and Beard;

Was

Was thought a Lad of parlous Parts,
In what most takes with Female Hearts :
Yet still they doubted, at those Years,
If he was rightly in his Geers.
His Sapling might in Time prove Timber,
But now they fear'd it much too limber ;
And wish'd a Project to contrive
To make Fifteen seem Twenty-five ;
To raise and round young Doodle's Figure,
Big as the biggest, what tho' bigger.

An Instrument was on the Table,
(Pray don't imagine all this Fable)
With which their Sire was want to pore,
On Flies and Maggots by the Hour.
For he was one of those shrewd Elves,
Who study all Things but Themselves.
So mighty wise, that he could spy
The Motes in *Luna's* radiant Eye.
And yet so dull he could not find
Which Way his Daughters were inclin'd.
The Girls, more prudent, would reduce
Philosophy to common Use.

Their Scheme was pleasant, and was new,
And thus the Rogues their Game pursue.

The Booby Boy lay fast asleep,
Aside his Bed they sily creep ;
And gently lifting down the Sheet,
Their Eyes a bold *Priapus* meet ;
Erect, and firm as honest Truth,
In all the comely Force of Youth.

Sally directs the Optick Frame
 In a Right Line before *that Same*;
 And each by Turns indulg'd her Sight
 With the gay Scene it brought to *light*.
 The Tube plumps up the nervous Feature,
 And adds twelve Inches to its Stature.
 Happy, quoth Sally, were the Bride,
 With such a Weapon by her Side.
 But prithee, *Jenny*, let me see
 Th' effect this Charm wou'd have on Thee.
 With that, she flily bolts the Door,
 And spreads the Wanton on the Floor.
 Naked the little Gypsy lies,
 Her Legs extended, and her Thighs.
 The nice Surveyor mov'd the Glass,
 In curious Search from Place to Place :
 First view'd the curious Lawn above ;
 Then all beneath the mossy Grove :
 At last she fix'd her active Sight
 On the sweet Fountain of Delight :
 When lo ! it yawn'd so hugeous wide,
 That (burst with Laughter) Sally cry'd,
 To fill that Gap, and end thy Cares,
 Would ask more——than there are Hairs.

The MILLER of TROMPINGTON.

A Tale.

AT Trompington, not far from Cambridge,
 stood
 Across a pleasant Stream, a Bridge of Wood;
 Near it a Mill, in low and plashy Ground;
 Where Corn from all the neighb'ring Parts was
 ground.
 The sturdy *Miller*, with his powder'd Locks,
 Proud as a Peacock, subtil as a Fox,
 Could pipe, and fish, and wrestle, throw a Net,
 Turn drinking Cups, and teach young Dogs to set;
 Brawny, big-bon'd, strong made was ev'ry Limb,
 But few durst venture to contend with him;
 A Dagger hanging at his Belt he had,
 Made of an ancient Sword's well temper'd Blade;
 He wore a *Sheffield Whittle* in his Hose;
 Broad was his Face, and very flat his Nose;
 Bald as an Ape behind was this Man's Crown;
 No one could better beat a Market down;
 But *Millers* will be Thieves; he us'd to steal,
 Slyly and artfully, much Corn and Meal.
 This *Miller's* Wife came of a better Race,
 The Parson's Daughter of the Town she was:
 Her Portion small, her Education high,
 She had her Breeding in a Nunnery.

148 *The MILLER of TROMPINGTON.*

* Whoe'er he marry'd (*Simkin* boldly said)
 * Should be a Maid well-born, and nicely bred,
 You'd laugh to see him in his best Array,
 Strutting before her on a Holy Day.
 If any boldly durst accost his Wife,
 He drew his Dagger, or his *Sheffield* Knife.
 'Tis dang'rous to provoke a jealous Fool;
 She manag'd cunningly her stubborn Tool.
 To all beneath her, insolently high;
 Walk'd like a Duck, and chatter'd like a Pye:
 Proud of her Breeding, froward, full of Scorn,
 As if she were of noble Parents born;
 With other Virtues of the same Degree,
 All learn'd in that choice School, the *Nunnery*.

Their Daughter was just twenty, coarse and
 bold;

A Boy too in a Cradle, six Months old.
 Thick, short, and brawny, this plump Damsel was,
 Her Nose was flat, her Eyes were grey as Glas;
 Her Haunches broad, with Breasts up to her Chin;
 Fair was her Hair, but tawny was her Skin.

A mighty Trade this lusty *Miller* drove,
 All for Convenience came, not one for Love,
 Much Grist from *Cambridge* to his Lot did fall,
 And all the Corn they us'd at *Scholar's-hall*.

Their *Manciple* fell dangerously ill;
 Bread must be had, their Grist went to the Mill:
 'His *Simkin* moderately stole before,
 'Their Steward sick, he robb'd them ten-times
 more Their

Their Bread fell short; the *Warden* storm'd; with
Skill

Examin'd those who brought it from the Mill.

The *Miller* to a strict Account they call:

He impudently swears he gave them all.

Two poor young Scholars, hungry, much dis-
tress'd,

(Who thought themselves more wise than all the
rest)

Intreat the *Warden*, the next Corn he sent,

To trust it to their prudent Management:

Both would attend him with such Care and Art,

Defy him then to steal the smallest Part.

At last the *Warden* grants what they desire;

All is got ready as these Two require

Bold Men, tho' disappointed, ne'er are sham'd;

One was call'd *Allen*, t'other *John* was nam'd,

Both Northern Men, both in one Town were born,

They mount, and lead the Horse that bears the
Corn

' Be careful, *Allen* cries, and do not stray.'

" Fear nothing, he replies, I know the Way."

Thus they jog on, and on the Road contrive

To catch the Thief; till at the Mill they 'rive.

" Ho *Sim*, says *John*, what ho, the Miller there

' Who calls? says *Simkin*, tell me who you are.

" How fares your comely Daughter and your
" Wife?"

' What, *John* and *Allen*, welcome by my Life;

The Miller said, ‘ What Wind has brought you hither ?’

“ That which makes old Wives trudge, brought us together.

“ Who keeps no Man, must his own Servant be ;

“ Our *Manciple* is very sick, and we

“ Are with the Corn from our good *Warden* come,

“ To see it ground, and bring it safely home :

“ Dispatch it, *Sim*, with all the Haste you may.”

• It shall be done (he says) without Delay.

• What will you do while I have this in Hand ?”

Says *John*, “ Just at the Hopper will I stand,

“ (In my whole Life I never saw Grift ground,)”

“ And mark the Clack how justly it will sound.”

• Ah ! Chum *John*, cries *Allen*, will you so ?

• Then will I watch how it steals out below.”

Sim, at their Plot maliciously did smile ;

None could, they thought such learned Clerks beguile.

He meant to cast a Mist before their Eye,

In spite of all their fine Philosophy ;

Neither should find where he convey’d the Meal ;

The narrower they watch’d, the more he’d steal.

These Scholars for their Flour, shall have the Bran ;

The learned-st Clerk is not the wisest Man.

Then out he steals, and finds, where, by the Head,

Their Horse hung fasten’d underneath a Shed !

He slips the Bridle o’er his Neck ; the Steed

Makes to the Fens, where Mares and Fillies feed.

Unmist’d

Unmiss'd comes *Sim*, finds *John* fix'd at his Post,
And *Allen* diligent, no Meal was lost:

' Now do me Justice, Friends he says, you can
' Convince your *Warden* I'm an honest Man.'

Now the great Work is done, the Corn is ground,
The Grist is sacked, and every Sack well bound:

John runs to fetch the Horse; aloud he cries,

" Come hither *Allen*;" *Allen* to him flies.

" O Friend, we are undone!" ---- " What mean
" you, *John*?"

" Look there's the *Bridle*, but our *Horse* is gone!"

" Gone! whither? says he; — " Nay, Heav'n
" knows, not I" —

Out bolts *Sim*'s Wife, and (with a ready Lye)

She cries, " I saw him tose his Head, and play,

" Then slip the loosen'd Reins, and trot away."

' Which Way? they both demand ---- " With

" wanton Bounds,

" I saw him scampering tow'rd yon fenny Ground:

" Wild Mares and Colts in those low Marshes feed."

Away the Scholars run with utmost Speed,

Forget their former cautious Husbandry;

Their Sack does at the *Miller*'s Mercy lie.

He half a Bushel of their Flour does take,

Then bids his Wife secure it in a Cake.

' I'll send these empty Boys again to School,

' To plot and study who's the greater Fool: "

' Look where the learned Blockheads make their

" Way,

' Let us be merry, while those Children play.'

These silly Scholars ran from Place to Place ;
Now here, now there, unequal was the Chace:
They call him by his Name, whistle and cry,
Ho *Ball* ! but *Ball* is pleas'd with Liberty.
At Night into a narrow Place they brought him,
Drove him into a Ditch, and there they caught him.

Weary and wet, as Cattle in the Rain,
Allen, and simple *John*, come back again.
“ Alas ! cries *John*, wou'd I had ne'er been born !
“ When we return, we shall be laugh'd to Scorn.
“ Call'd by the *Fellows*, and our *Warden*, Fools ;
“ Our Grist is stolen, and we the *Miller's* Tools.”
Thus *John* complains: *Allen* without Remorse,
Goes to the Barn, and in he turns his Horse.

Both cold and hungry, wet and dawb'd with Mire;
They find the *Miller* sitting at his Fire ;

“ We can't return, they say, before 'tis Light,
“ So beg for Lodging in your Mill To-night.”

Simkin replies, ‘ Welcome with all my Heart,
‘ I'll find you out the most convenient Part.
‘ My House is straight, but you are learned Men;
‘ You can by Dint of Argument maintain,
‘ That twenty Yards a Mile in Breadth comprise:
‘ Now show your Art, and make a *Miller* wise.’

“ You're merry, Friend ; but wet and clammy
“ Earth,

“ Hunger and Cold, provoke few Men to Mirth.

“ A Man complies with necessary Things,

“ Content with what he finds, or what he brings.

“ 'Tis

“ 'Tis Meat and Drink we earnestly desire ;
“ To warm and dry us with a better Fire.
“ Look, we have Coin to pay what you demand!
“ We ne'er catch Falcons with an empty Hand.

Sim sends his Daughter to a neighb'ring House,
For good strong Ale, and roasts a well-fed Goose.,
Tho' homely was his Room, it was not small ;
They had no other, it must serve them all,
The Daughter makes for these two Youths a Bed,
Lays on clean Sheets, with Blankets fairly spread.
Twelve Foot beyond, in the remotest Place,
There stood another for their Daughter *Grace*.
The Supper does with sprightly Mirth abound,
Each has his Jest, the nappy Ale goes round ;
Nor the squab Daughter, nor the Wife were nice,
Each Health the Youths began, *Sim* pledg'd it
twice.

The heady Liquor stupefies their Care,
But Midnight past, they all to Rest repair.
The *Miller* yawn'd, his Eyes began to close ;
The Wife got *Sim* to Bed, he had his Dose.
She follow'd him ; but she was gay and light,
Her Whistle had been wetted too that Night ;
She plac'd the Child in Cradle by her Side,
To give it Suck, or rock it if it cry'd.
The Daughter too, when once the Ale was gone,
Retir'd to Bed ; so *Allen* did, and *John*.
Sleep on the most did instantly prevail ;
The *Miller's* lusty Dose of potent Ale

Made him like any Stone-horse snort and snore,
 The Treble was behind, the Base before,
 The Wife's Hoarse-tenor vacant Parts did fill,
 The Daughter bore her Part with wond'rous Skill,
 They might be heard a Furlong from the Mill.

When this melodious Confort first began,
 Young *Allen* tumbling, pushes his Friend *John*:

‘ It is impossible to sleep, he says,

‘ I’ll up and dance, while this Choice Music plays.

He cries, “What means my Brother?”—*Allen* said,

‘ I mean to steal into the Daughter’s Bed.

‘ ’Tis said, the Man who in one Point is griev’d,

‘ Ought in another Point to be reliev’d.

‘ Our Corn is stol’n, and we like Fools are taught

‘ The Daughter shall repay the Father’s Fault.”

‘ O *Allen*, he replies, think while you can,

“ Fore Heav’n the Miller is a dang’rous Man!

“ Should he discover you, I would be loth

“ The Thief should wreak his Vengeance on us

“ both.

‘ I fear him not, says *Allen*, I am young;

‘ Tho’ he’s well set, my Sinews are as strong;

Then up he gets; now *Friend* good Luck (he said)

The Daughter’s Trumpet led him to her Bed;

Half stupefy’d with Ale, she sprawling lay;

He softly creeping in, soon hit his Way;

Soon put all knotty Questions out of doubt,

Stopping her Mouth, prevented crying out.

John grumbling lay, while *Allen*’s Place was void

“ Am I then idle, while my Friend’s employ’d?

“ He

“ He can revenge himself for all his Harms,
“ He has the *Miller's* Daughter in his Arms,
“ While I lie spiritless, benumb'd and cold ;
“ I shall be jear'd to death, when this is told ;
“ They nothing can perform, who ne'er begin ;
“ Faint Heart, they say, did ne'er fair Lady win.”

Then up he rose, and softly groping round,
He found the Cradle standing on the Ground,
Close by the *Miller's* Bed ; this unesp'y'd
He took, and set it by his own Bed-side.

The *Miller's* Wife had now more Griets to grind,
(Some Mills by Water move, and some by Wind)
The proper Utenfil not plac'd at hand,
She rose, by pure Necessity constrain'd.

The grand Affair dispatch'd, and feeling round
Her Husband's Bed, no Cradle could be found.

“ Where am I? *Benedicite!* she said,
“ This is undoubtedly the Scholars Bed.”

Then turning t'other Way, her Hand did light
Full on the Cradle. -- Now, she cry'd, *I'm right!*
Lifting the Clothes, into the Bed she leap'd,
And close to *John* full harmlessly she crept:

In a short Time he takes her in his Arms,
And kindly treats her with unusual Charms.

She thought (strange Fancies working in her
Mind)

Some *Saint* had made her Husband over-kind:
Propitious Stars this Fortnne did bestow
On both, till the third Cock began to crow.

Now

156 *The MILLER of TROMPINGTON.*

Now *Allen* fancy'd Light would soon appear,
He kiss'd the Wench, and said, 'My Grace (my
Dear !

- ' Thou kindest of thy Sex, the Day comes on,
- ' And we must part, --- "Alas, will you be gone,
- " She said, and leave poor harmless me alone ?"
- ' If I stay longer, we are both undone ;
- ' For should your Father wake, and find me here,
- ' What will become of me and you, my Dear ?

That dreadful Thought (she cries) distracts my
" Heart,

" To soon you won me, and too soon we part."
Then clinging round his Neck, with weeping
Eyes,

She says, " Remember me !" *Allen* replies,

- ' I'll quickly find Occasion to return ;
- ' You shall not long for *Allen's* Absence mourn."
- " Farewell, she cries ! But, Dearest, one Word
" more ;

- " You'll find upon a Sack behind the Door
- " A Cake, and under it a Bag of Meal ;
- " The Flour my Father and myself did steal
- " Out of your Sack ; but take it, 'tis your own,
- " Be careful, Love--not a Word more, begone."

Now *Allen* softly feeling for his Bed,
By Chance his Hand laid on the Cradle-head.
And shrinking from it, said (with no small Fear
' That Rogue the *Miller* and his Wife lie there.'
Turning, he finds *Sim's* Palate, in he crept ;
' I'm right, he says, dull *John* all Night has slept.

Then

Then shaking him, 'Wake, Swineherd, *Allen* cries,
' I've joyful News.'--"What?" grumbling *Sim*
replies.

' I am the luckiest Rogue---by this *no Light*,
' I have had full Employment all the Night :
' The Daughter kindly paid her Father's Score,
' All Night I have embrac'd her.'-- "O the
" Whore!

" O thou false Traytor, Clerk ! thou hast defil'd

" Our honest Family, deflow'r'd our Child !

" Thy Life shall answer it.'--With that he caught

At *Allen's* Throat : Young *Allen* stoutly fought.

Both give and take, returning Blows with Blows ;

But *Allen* struck the *Miller* on the Nose

With all his Force ; out flies the streaming Gore,

And down it runs : They tumble on the Floor ;

Then up they get, lab'ring with equal Strife :

Sim stumbled backwards quite across his Wife.

She fast asleep, none of this Scuffle heard ;

Wak'd by his Fall, and heartily afear'd :

" Help, *Holy Cross of Broholm* ! (O I faint !)

" Help my good *Angel* ! help my *Patron Saint* !

" The *Fiend* lies on me like a Lead of Lead !

" Remove this Dev'l, this Night-mare, or I'm

" dead !"

Then up starts *John*, and turns'em from the Wife,

Hunts for a Cudgel to conclude the Strife.

Up gets the *Miller*, *Allen* grasps him close,

Both play at Hard-head, struggling to get loose.

Out

158 *The MILLER of TROMPINGTON.*

Out stept the Wife, well knowing where there stood,

In a By-corner, a tough Piece of Wood ;
On this she seiz'd, and by a glimm'ring Light
Which enter'd at a Chink, saw something white ;
But by a foul Mistake, 'twas her ill Hap
To take *Sim's* bald Pate for the Scholar's Cap.
She lifts the Staff, it fell on his bare Crown,
Strong was the Blow, she knockt her Husband
down.

“ O, I am slain ! the *Miller* loudly cry'd ;
“ Live to be hang'd thou Thief,” *Allen* reply'd.
Away they go, first take their Meal and Cake,
Then lay the Grist upon their Horse's Back.
To *Scholars-hall* they march, for now 'twas Light,
Pleas'd with the strange Adventures of the Night.

The Wife the Scholars curses, binds *Sim's* Head
Then lifts him up, and lays him on the Bed.

“ O Wife, says he, our Daughter is defil'd !
“ That Villain *Allen* has debauch'd our Child !
“ Mistaking me for *John*, he told me all ;
“ Ten thousand Furies plague that *Scholars-hall*.
“ O false abusive Knave ! (the Wife reply'd)
“ In ev'ry Word the Villain spake, he ly'd.
“ I wak'd and heard our harmless Child complain,
“ And rose to know the Cause, and ease her Pain.
“ I found her torn with Gripes, a Dram I brought
“ And made her take a comfortable Draught ;
“ Then lay down by her, chaf'd her swelling Breast,
“ And lull'd her in these very Arms to Rest.

“ All

"All was Contrivance, Malice all; and Spite;
 "I have not parted from her all this Night."
Then is she innocent? "Ay, by my Life,
 "As pure and spotless—as thy Bosom Wife."
I'm satisfy'd, says Sim, O that damn'd Hall!
I'll do the best I can to starve them all.
 And thus the Miller of his Fear is eas'd,
 The Mother and the Daughter both well-pleas'd.

The GLISTER.

A T A L E.

WHAT Days so *lewd* as these our own?
 What forward Zeal for Vice is shown!
 Ev'n beardless Boys do now know more,
 Than Men at Forty did of Yore:
 Who train'd to Virtue, kept alive
 Their Maidenheads 'till twenty five:
 Nor yielded then, 'till holy Bands,
 To some chaste Nymph, had join'd their Hands.
 But now, alas! ev'n Children Name,
 Without a Blush, their Parts of Shame.
 In wicked Sport they rudely scrawl
 Unseemly Words on ev'ry Wall;
 And underneath the well-spelt Line,
 The Parts themselves at large design;
 Cause Maids to blush behind the Fan,
 To languish, sigh, and wish for Man.

Such

Such Lewdness sure----- ' Nay stop, my Friends,
' Will this vile *Scandal* never end?

' Shall you be suffer'd thus to rail,——

Have Patience Friend, and wait the Tale.

The Raillery is not my own,

As in the Sequel will be shown :

I've done no more than dress in Rhime,

“ The common *Slander* of the *Time*.”

Attend a while, and I'll unfold,

(If that my jaded Muse will hold)

A *Modern* Tale I've took from many,

(With those of *Old* shall challenge any)

Which, spight of *Scandal*'s poison'd Tongue.

Shall vindicate our Youth from Wrong.

At once shall strike such *Falsbood* dead;

And injur'd *Truth* shall rear Her Head.

Begin, my Muse, the Tale relate——

Near *Reading*'s Town there lived of late,

A simple Farmer and his Mate ;

Who pass'd their Days as free from Strife,

As e're was known 'twixt *Man* and *Wife*.

With Plenty was their *Table* crown'd,

With Plenty did their *Fields* abound.

A Son they had, and *Numps* his Name ;

The Product of their Nuptial Flame.

'Ere twice nine Years the Boy had seen,

(For I shall pass o'er all between)

He'd learnt to read, to write, and spell ;

Cou'd cast Accounts too, passing well :

Nay,

Nay, 'tis aver'd by all that knew him,
That *Lilly's* Rules were nothing to him.

The honest Farmer joyous cries,
‘ Was ever Son so learn’d and wise !
‘ A Fund of such *extensive* Knowledge,
‘ Is fitted to adorn the *College*.
‘ To pave his Way to such Promotion,
‘ (And sure I am, I’m right in Notion)
‘ I’ll have him sent to Doctor *Blister*,
‘ To learn of him t’inject a *Glister* ;
‘ To cure the *Gripes*, the *Gout*, and *Ptifick* ;
‘ In brief, to learn the *Art of Physick*.

To ease my Muse, suppose it done ;
And *Numps* is to the *Doctor* gone ;
When now he’s sent with Heaps of *Slop*,
Collected from his Master’s Shop :
With *Blisters*, *Draughts*, and *Pills* in plenty ;
And *Purges* eke, at least some twenty :
A *Glyster* too for *Lady Frolick*,
To ease the direful Pains of *Cholick*.
Which *Numps* was order’d straight to give,
Or else the Lady cou’d not live.

“ And *Numps* d’ye hear ? the Doctor cry’d,
“ That no *Mistake* therefrom betide,
“ This Counsel take ; you know *behind* ;
“ There is a Vent to pass out *Wind*.
“ There thrust the *Pipe* by slow degrees,
“ (Forgetting not the End to greaze.)

• The College of Physicians.

“ Then

“ Then press the *Bag* with all your Might,

“ Until the same is empty’d quite.

“ When, draw the Implement with Care,

“ And see you force away no H----r.”

Instructed thus poor *Numpy* goes,

And, blushing, turns aside the Cloaths.

Now, trembling, looks with careful Eye,

To find the *Part* the *Pipe* t’apply ;

When lo ! to *Numpy*’s great Surprize,

A horrid *Form* assaults his Eyes.

“ Save me ! he cry’d, what’s this I see !

“ I can’t divine how this shou’d be !

“ The Devil, blest us ! or some such,

“ Has made a Passage, here, too much.

“ (And sure if he were here to see,

“ What I do now, he’d *fear* like me)

“ In such a nice Affair as this,

“ ’Tis Odds but I may ad’ amiss.

“ For which to *chuse*, or which *decline*,

“ Wou’d puzzle *wiser* Heads than mine.”

Thus toss’d, by turns, with Doubts and Fears,

Poor *Numpy* stood and scratch’d his Ears.

The Lady rack’d with inward *Wind*,

Had hop’d, e’re this, some Ease to find ;

Surpriz’d at *Numpy*’s strange Delay,

In angry Tone, aloud, did say,

When will the dreaming Fool ha’ done ?

Inject the *Glister* and begone !

At this Reproof, poor *Numpy* in haste

With trembling Hands, the *Glister* plac’d ;

But

But plac'd it *wrong*; (or Fame does lye)
And gave it in her----*Nether Eye.*

A Match for the Devil.

By T. BROWN.

WHILE others idle Tales relate,
To fright Men from the marry'd State;
Do thou, my Muse, in humble Verse,
The *Virtues* of a *Wife* rehearse.

A Farmer of much Wealth possess'd,
With Friends too, while they *lasted*, bless'd.
Kept open House, and lov'd to feast
Those who deserv'd and wanted least.
To Pleasures he prescrib'd no Bounds;
He kept his Hunters, Pack of Hounds.
Somewhat lascivious, somewhat vain,
Some Gentleman had cross'd the Strain.
To try all Joys and Plagues of Life,
He boldly took a buxom Wife.
Now fresh Expences, fresh Delights,
Attend the Day, and crown the Nights.
His new Acquaintance crowd the House:
Some praise the Fare, but most the Spouse;
Each strove who should divert the most,
But still 'twas at the Husband's Cost.
He, thoughtless prais'd th' expensive Pleasure,
To please his dear domestic Treasure,
All Care was scor'd, and Bus'ness vanish'd;
The *present* Joys, all *future* banish'd:

And

And being both of Years but vernal,
They thought their Wealth and Love eternal.

But oh ! how vain are all Men's Fancies !

Ill-grounded Projects, mere Romances !

What strange Delusions fill our Brain !

What Whims the Wifest entertain !

When we are eager to possess,

We smoothe the Road to Happiness :

We level Mountains, empty Seas,

And Reason fierce Desires obeys.

The greater Danger we despise ;

Our Passions see, and not our Eyes.

Our Pair now find, some Seasons past,

Nor *Wealth*, nor *Love*, would *always* last,

Unless improv'd with Application ;

But that in one is out of Fashion.

Gold indeed preserves its Sway ;

But *Love* ! who does *Thy* Power obey ?

E'en *Women* now profess to range,

And all their Pleasure is in Change ;

Now seek the present Joys t' improve,

Yielding to many they call Love ;

Artful new Lovers to engage,

Then slight his Love, and scorn his Rage.

Thus they behold what they possess'd,

And wonder how they once were blest.

Their Jars are thought on, and improv'd ;

They hate themselves, that once they lov'd.

Thus lab'ring on in dirty Load,

They snarl, and curse the heavy Load.

How

How happy were our mortal State,
Were Indolence but our worst Fate!
No sooner Joys the Place forsake,
But racking Pains Dominion take,
No sooner Love had fled the Pair,
When enter'd meagre Want and Care.
The House which had such vast Resort
When Riot seem'd to keep his Court,
Is now forsook, a lonely Cell,
Where *Silence*, undisturb'd, might dwell.
Clean Pans and Spits the Walls now grac'd;
For Ornament the Pewter's plac'd;
Bright Dishes entertain the Eye;
No Kitchen-Smoke offends the Sky.
Hogheads with dismal Sounds complain'd;
Both Hogheads, and the Man are drain'd.
His Landlord stern his Rent demands,
Stray'd are his Flocks, unplough'd his Lands.
The Wife advises Friends to try;
Her's she was sure would not deny.
A Thousand Vows she had receiv'd;
Each Vow repaid, for she believed.

But oh! how soon did they discover,
'Tis *Wealth* brings *Friends*, the *Face* a *Lover*.
His Wants are heard without Relief;
Her Eyes afford not Joy, nor Grief.
His wasted Fortune All affrights;
Her faded Beauty none invites.

Oppress'd with Wants, to Woods he flies,
And seeks the Peace his House denies.

Roving,

Roving, lamenting his Condition,
 Fate kindly sent him a Physician.
 His Habit, Cane, and formal Face,
 Shew'd he was of *Geneva* Race:
 But cloven Feet the Fiend detect,
 And prov'd him Author of the Sect.
 With Joy he spy'd the Wretch's Cares,
 And fawning, thus he spread his Snares.
 My Son! With Pity I have seen
 (Tho' I've a Foe to Pity been)
 The sad Disasters you endure,
 That of a *Wife* admits no Cure.
 I know your Wants, and her's I guess;
 I cannot swear I'll *both* redress.
 That Task, I fear, is too uneasy;
 But if Possessions large will please ye,
 Behold this spacious Tract of Land,
 All that you see's at my Command,
 I'll give it freely all to thee,
 If we on Articles agree.
 I can perform, for I'm the Devil,
 Nay, never start Man, I'll be civil.
 It shall be yours to plough and sow;
 All that *above* the Ground does grow,
 Whate'er it is, shall be *my* Due;
 The rest I freely give to *you*.

Gladly the Farmer does submit,
 For pinching Want hath taught him Wit.
 With *Roots* he plants the fruitful Soil,
 Which well rewarded all his Toil.

But

But to his Landlord's jilted Share,
A *weedy* Harvest does appear.

The Devil next, new Cov'nants makes,
Next Year all *under Ground* he takes.
Then golden *Wheat* the Land does bear,
And *useless Roots* are *Satan's* Share.
The Fiend resolv'd to spoil the Jest,
And thus the Farmer he address.

Believe me, Friend, thou art a *Sharper*;
Satan himself has caught a *Tarter*;
I've seen thy *Wit*, but how at length
I am resolv'd to try thy *Strength*.
A *scratching Match* we'll have together;
Look to thyself, I'll claw thy *Leather*.
If I submit, the *Land* is thine;
If I o'ercome, thy *Soul* is mine.
Think for your *Quiet*, I conjure ye;
Should you to *Hell*, you leave a *Fury*.
Observe these *Talons*, and away,
And *Friday* next shall be the *Day*.

A mod'rate Beauty will inflame,
'Till we have seen a brighter *Dame*.
Rivers with Wonder we survey,
'Till we behold the boundless *Sea*.
So ev'ry little trifling *Care*
Appears a Load we cannot bear.
But if some horrid *Tortures* seize us,
What late we dreaded, now would ease us.

The wretched Farmer homewards goes,
And dreads his future endless *Woes*.

His

His Cares, his Duns, his Wants, his Wife,
 And all the Banes of happy Life,
 Would now afford him vast Content,
 Could he th' unequal Match prevent.

His prying Turtle quickly gueſt
 Some Care uncommon fill'd his Breast.

Husband and Wife ſometimes relate
 Their Cares and Buſineſs, tho' they hate.

Nor always *Nature's* Call deny,
 And tho' both loath, yet both comply.

Her wheedling Tongue ſoon found the Means
 To make the Wretch diſcloſe his Pains.

He tells the Combat and the Laws,
 And magnifies his monſtrous Paws.

Piſh! Is this all that plagues your Mind?
 An eaſy Remedy I'll find.

You to your Wife's Advice ſubmit,
 And we'll the Devil himſelf out-wit,

Come, turn about,--- and leave your Moans,---
 Theſe Huſbands are ſuch very Drones.---

He ſigh'd, obey'd, and did his beſt;
 His Task perform'd, he went to Reſt.

Our happy Hours are quickly paſt,
 And Time to Miſery makes haſte.

Soon *Friday* comes, a diſmal Day!
 When ſuch a Gueſt would Viſits pay.

The Farmer dreads the approaching Scuffle;
 (The Thoughts of Hell the Boldeſt ruffle)

But ſtill his Wife keeps up her Spirits,
 She knew her Safe-guard, and its Merits:

She

She bids him hide, whate'er should fall on't,
While she receiv'd the dreadful Gallant.
He soon obeys th' advent'rous Dame;
The Husband gone, the Devil came.

Who knocks impetuous at the Gate,
And angry grows, that he should wait,
Again for Ent'rance loud he cries;
But Screams and Groans are the Replies.
Love and the Devil what can bind?
They stronger grow, the more confin'd:
If they can 'spy the smallest Hole,
One takes the Heart, and one the Soul.
So *Satan*, vex'd at the Delay,
Whip'd tho' the Key-hole to his Prey;
But, to his great Amazement, found
Th' indecent Wife spread on the Ground:
High as the Waist, expos'd and bare,
And with her Shrieks she pierc'd the Air.

Why, how now, Woman! whence this Passion
This Posture, and such Exclamation?

Ah! pity, Sir, my wretched Case,
And quickly fly this horrid Place.
You, by your grim, majestic Air,
Your Feet, your Claws, your Horns declare,
You with my Husband come to scratch;
But thou, ah! thou, th' unequal Match!
The cruel Monster ready stands,
But hope not to escape his Hands:
His Nails are Seythes upon my Life,
And for his Horns, Sir,—I'm his Wife.

This Morn, to try what he could do,
 On me he would his Prowess shew :
 This *Chasm* he made with's Little Finger ;
 Behold, — Sir, is it not a Swinger ?
 With that she threw her Legs aside,
 And shew'd a Hole surprizing wide.

Zounds, quoth the Devil, (quite amaz'd,
 When on the deadly Gulf he gaz'd)
 What do I see ! What makes that Wound
 Of such Extent, and so profound ?
 If one Nail such aWound could tear,
 What can the Force of ten Claws bear !
 And by the Stench, to shew his Spite,
 With *poison'd* Weapons he would fight.
 My Talons are not half so long,
 Nor is my Sulphur half so strong.
 No, I'll submit, since my Lot's Hell ;
 At least I'll in a whole Skin dwell.
 The Land is his, but be he bound,
 Since he has *made*, to *fill* that Wound.
 With that he vanish'd from her Eyes,
 And sulphurous Stench and Fumes arise.

The Farmer hastens to the Place,
 His great Deliv'rer to embrace.
 Well hast thou freed my tim'rous Soul ;
 But what did e'er thy Pow'r controul ?
 The fiercest Rage it soon disarms,
 Tho' Hell it frights, yet Men it charms.
 But be it on thy Tomb engrav'd,
 'Tis the first Soul a Wife e'er sav'd.

A QUIET LIFE and a GOOD NAME.

To a Friend who married a Sbrew.

By Dr. SWIFT.

NELL scolded in so loud a Din,
 That *Will* durst hardly venture in :
 He mark'd the conjugal Dispute ;
Nell roar'd incessant, *Dick* sat mute :
 But, when he saw his Friend appear,
 Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my Dear.
 At Sight of *Will* she bawl'd no more,
 But hurry'd out and clapt the Door.
 Why *Dick* ! the Devil's in thy *Nell*,
 Quoth *Will*, thy House is worse than Hell ;
 Why, what a Peal the Jade has rung !
 Damn her, why don't you slit her Tongue ?
 For nothing else will make it cease——
 Dear *Will*, I suffer this for Peace :
 I never quarrel with my Wife ;
 I bear it for a quiet Life.
 Scripture you know exhorts us to it ;
 Bids us to *seek Peace and ensue it*.
Will went again to visit *Dick* ;
 And ent'ring in the very Nick,
 He saw Virago *Nell* belabour,
 With *Dick's* own Staff, his peaceful Neighbour :

Poor *Will*, who needs must interpose,
 Receiv'd a Brace or two of Blows.

But now to make my Story short;
Will drew out *Dick* to take a Quart.
 Why *Dick*, thy Wife has dev'lish Whims;
 Ods buds, why don't you break her Limbs?

If she were mine and had such Tricks,
 I'd teach her how to handle Sticks:

Z—ds, I would ship her to *Jamaica*,
 And truck the Carrion for *Tobacco*;

I'd send her far enough away—

Dear *Will*; but what would People say?

Lord! I should get so ill a Name,

The Neighbours round would cry out Shame.

Dick suffer'd for his Peace and Credit:

But, who believ'd him when he said it?

Can he who makes himself a Slave,

Consult his Peace, or Credit save?

Dick found it by his ill Success,

His Quiet small, his Credit less.

She serv'd him at the usual Rate;

She stunn'd, and then she broke his Pate.

And what he thought the hardest Case,

The Parish jeer'd him to his Face;

Those Men who wore the Breeches least,

Call'd him a Cuckold, Fool, and Beast.

At home he was pursu'd by Noise;

Abroad, was pester'd by the Boys,

Within, his Wife would break his Bones;

Without, they pelted him with Stones;

The

The ROYAL CUCKOLD. 178

The 'Prentices procur'd a Riding,
To act his Patience and her Chiding.
False Patience and mistaken Pride!
There are ten thousand *Dicks* beside;
Slaves to their Quiet and good Name,
Are us'd like *Dick*, and bear the Blame.

The ROYAL CUCKOLD.

A T A L E.

From LA FONTAINE, by Mr. TOPHAM.

IN fruitful *Lombardy*, of *Yore*,
A beauteous Prince the Scepter bore;
A Prince, who never fail'd to move
Each Heart with Envy or with Love.
As in the Glafs he did one Day
From Head to Foot himself survey,
Can any Man alive, says he,
With Shape and Face compare with me?
Whoe'er shall such a Person bring,
Upon the Honour of a King,
May claim my Favour and depend
I'll make the charming Guest my Friend.

A *Roman Knight* was standing by,
And made the Monarch this Reply:
Your Majesty, as I perceive,
Is nice in Beauty: Give me leave,

174 *The* ROYAL CUCKOLD.

To fetch my Brother, and you'll see
None, but yourself, has more than he.

But that may easily be try'd
By what the Ladies Hearts decide.

If you think fit he'll gladly share
The Pains you take to please the Fair ;
And may, while you pursue new Game,
Solace the poor forsaken Dame.

Astolpho answer'd thereupon,
(For so they call'd the Royal Don)
Your Talk has made me much desire
To know this Brother ; bring the Squire.
The Knight to fetch his Brother goes ;
(*Joconde* we'll his Name suppose.)
Who in the Country liv'd retir'd,
Nor envy'd Joys in Courts admir'd ;
Join'd to a young and charming Spouse :
But whether bless'd in Nuptial Vows
With such a Mate, he best cou'd tell ;
His Neighbours lik'd her passing well.

His Brother finds him, lets him know,
He instantly to Court must go ;
Where he'd be sure to get a Place,
And make his Fortune by his Face.
But then alas ! this charming Wife,
Depriv'd of all the Joys of Life,
Express'd so movingly her Woe,
It griev'd his very Soul to go ;
Protesting against all Relief,
She seems to triumph in her Grief,

Puts

Puts on her Tragic-Airs, and tries
 To draw Tears from *Jocunde's* Eyes:
 And can you leave Me? then wept she,
Jocunde! so much Cruelty?
 Ah! will you to my tender Care
 The Pageantry of Courts prefer?
 Can you forget your faithful Wife,
 The Pleasures of a Rural Life,
 That calm Repose and Peace of Mind,
 Which none in Crowds nor Courts can find,
 These flow'ry Meads, where purling Streams
 Soften the Soul to pleasing Dreams,
 These Woods which shelter us from Heat,
 Where Birds their various Songs repeat;
 The rising Hills, and winding Vales,
 And Ev'ning's sweet refreshing Gales,
 Those coy Recesses of the Grove,
 Those Seats of Innocence and Love?
 But ah! what *should* engage your Stay,
 I fear most hastens you away!
 You scorn in Solitude to shine,
 And slight an easy Heart like mine.
 Go cruel Man, be vain! and shew
 Those Charms, which none can boast but you.

What *Jocund* offer'd, to abate
 Th' Affliction of his loving Mate,
 Our Story mentions not: We'll say,
 His Sorrow took his Speech away;
 A Method which will best excuse
 The Squire, and disengage my Muse.

176 *The ROYAL CUCKOLD.*

The Wife, when now with broken Heart
 She saw him ready to depart,
 Reminding him of former Blissess,
 And stifling him with Tears and Kisses,
 A Bracelet gave him as a Charm
 To keep his precious Life from Harm.
 Take and wear This, my Dear, says she;
 And when you see it, think of Me.
 An honest meaning Body might
 Have thought she wou'd have dy'd that Night.

Well, *Jocond'* went; but on the Road,
 About two Leagues from his Abode,
 The Bracelet came into his Head,
 Which he had left on Spouse's Bed,
 As having taken there his Leave;
 This strange Neglect he knew would grieve
 Her tender Heart, and gallop'd back,
 Not knowing what Excuse to make.
 To the dear Bed in haste he flies;
 And on his *Wife's* chaste Bosom spies
 A *Lubbard Hind*; and both so fast
 Asleep, as if they slept their last.

Jocond', at first resolv'd they shou'd:—
 But having paus'd a while, thought good
 To let this vile *Adult'ry* rest:

And in my Judgment that was best.
 For in such nice Affairs, the Wife
 Make use of neither Ears nor Eyes.

Whether 'twas Wisdom or Compassion
 With-held the Husband's Indignation,

Or

Or that the Poet was unwilling
To damp a merry Tale, with Killing;
Base Woman live! *Jocunde* said,
Let thy own Conscience thee upbraid.
He then took Horse, and left the Lout
In his Wife's Arms, to snore it out.
Still as he rode, he bore in Mind
The Couple whom he left behind;
And fretting as he scour'd along,
This was the Burthen of his Song
Had some brisk Wit or powder'd Beau,
Or Colonel lac'd from Top to Toe,
Or Page been chosen for her Use,
She might have pleaded some Excuse:
But after sighing, swooning, sobbing,
Zoons, to debauch that Booby *Robin*
Then spurr'd his Horse with Indignation,
In hopes to leave behind his Passion.

Such keen Reflections on his Case
Had giv'n the Squire a dismal Face,
The Ladies, when they saw him, said,
Lord! is the Man alive or dead?
Is this the beautiful *Narcissus*
Was sent for, in Post-haste, to kiss Us!
Heav'ns did you ever see a Fellow,
With Sides so lank, and Face so yellow!
The King was pleas'd, the Knight was blam'd,
The Ladies baulk'd, the Squire asham'd.

Jocunde worn to Skin and Bone,
Was yet a comely Skeleton:

178 *The ROYAL CUCKOLD.*

And still one easily might trace
Remains of Beauty in his Face:
But wanting Life, and Force to fire
The Ladies Bosoms with Desire.

Sauntring one Day about the Court,
In Places of the least Resort,
A Door unlock'd he chanc'd to see,
That open'd to a Gallery;
And from a private Closet there,
These tender Words did over-hear.
My Life, my Love, my only Joy,
My dear *Courtade*, my charming Boy!
Must I then still my Vows apply
To one, so Lovely and so Shy?
A Thousand glitt'ring Beaux wou'd fain
Do what you may, yet wish in vain,
When *Florimel* the Message brought,
You curs'd her, call'd her all to naught;
And heedless of my am'rous Rage,
Play'd at *Lansquenet* with a Page,
Rather than ease the fond Desires
Of her who for your Love expires.

Jocond was puzz'led, and one may
Give any one at least a Day
To guess the Nymph who humbly su'd,
A Swain so stubborn to be woo'd.
Now who shou'd this *Adonis* be,
But the King's ugly Dwarf! and *She*,
In whose Embraces *he* was seen
The bright *Astolpho's* haughty Queen!

The

The crazy Wainscot was but slight,
And at a Chink let in the Light :
Where *Jocond* with Amazement saw
These tender Lovers thro' the Flaw.

Both did on *Florimel* rely,
To be secure of Privacy ;
But, warm'd by watching at the Door,
She too perhaps had her Amour,
Which took up all her Thought and Care ;
So mindful of her own Affair,
Forgot th' Importance of her Post,
And heedlessly the Key had lost ;
Which *Jocond* kept for future Use,
And pleaded thus his Wife's Excuse.

I find that *Cupid* makes his Jokes
Among the better Sort of Folks :
A *Royal Dame* for Love may pine,
And give a Monarch Brows like mine,
Since such a *Princess* flights the King,
For such an ugly, little Thing,
I think my Wife was less to blame,
Who with a Bumpkin quench'd her Flame.
Thus having set his Mind at peace,
His Griefs abate, his Charms increase ;
His hollow Cheeks begin to rise,
Fresh Vigour sparkles in his Eyes,
A second Youth renews his Face,
And blooms again in ev'ry Grace.
The Fair with eager Looks pursue
The Man they lately scorn'd to view ;

Transported with his sudden Charms,
 And die to clasp him in their Arms.
Jaconde having heard and seen,
 What pass'd betwixt the Dwarf and Queen,
 He thought he could on no Pretence,
 Hide this Smock-Treason from the Prince.
 But that he might the less displease,
 Open'd the Matter by Degrees;
 And as it fell in Conversation,
 Had always ready some Quotation,
 To shew that Heroes in all Ages,
 Ne'er wanted Matrimonial Badges.
 Dread Sir, says he, the proudest Shees
 Make frequently such Slips as these;
 And many Dames of Regal Station
 Have condescended to the Fashion:
 Men, fam'd for Courage, Wit and Sense,
 Have against Horns found no Defence:
 But when they had 'em always bore
 Their Fronts as upright as before.
 The Day, quoth he, I bid adieu
 To my dear Spouse to wait on you,
 I was convinc'd by her Miscarriage,
 That Cuckoldom is link'd to Marriage.
 Then did each Circumstance relate
 Of His, and of the Monarch's Fate.

The King was fir'd: You seem, says he,
 A Man of Sense and Probity;
 Yet, tell me where I may behold
 With my own Eyes what you have told,

He

He did ; and plac'd him, where unseen,
 He saw the Dwarf upon the Queen.
 Struck with the Baseness of the Crime,
 He stood astonish'd for a Time ;
 Then said, Our Wives, the more's their Shame,
 Have play'd us but a scurvy Game :
 Yet since we can't, what's past unravel,
 Let us, *Joconde*, both go travel ;
 And try what Fortune we shall find
 Among the rest of *Womankind*.
 To put in practice this Design,
 Change you your Name and I'll change Mine.
 Great Equipage wou'd Trouble bring ;
 Therefore I'll quit the State of King,
 Lay dull Formality aside,
 And all Things equally divide.
 Barefoot I round the World will roam.
 Quoth *Jocond* rather than go home,
 All that your Majesty requires,
 Is what my injur'd Heart desires.
 We'll ramble, till we have forgot
 The dire Effects of *Hymen's Knot*.

So be it then, the King reply'd ;
 But first a Table-Book provide,
 To take the Names of those we find
 Pliant to our Desires, and Kind.
 It won't be long, I dare engage,
 Ere *Italy* fills ev'ry Page ;
 For She that proves to Beauty cold,
 Will fall by Flatt'ry or by Gold.

Both

Both thus equipt their Journey took.
 And bought a *Folio* Table-Book,
 The many Favours they receiv'd,
 Were hard to tell or be believ'd,
 Each lovely Nymph when they appear,
 Puts on her most becoming Air,
 And ev'ry study'd Grace displays,
 Happy if she obtain a Praise;
 But happier She, whose killing Charms
 Attract the Lover to her Arms.
 Hearts hard as Stone, and cold as Ice,
 Grow warm and soften in a trice:
 Where'er they come they meet fresh Prey:
 And a new Face for ev'ry Day:
 Round all the Country-strole for Prizes,
 And fail no *May-Pole* nor *Affizes*.
 In ev'ry Town take special Care
 To finish *Alderman* and *Mayor*.
 If at the Baths, or at the Wells;
 Vapours are cur'd, and Belly swells,
 In *Folio-Book* the nicest Dame
 Is proud to register her Name.
 Your Criticks will object that I
 Break thro' the Rules of Decency;
 That Dames who keep their Days in State,
 And Wives of City Magistrate,
 Who know themselves of high Degree,
 Will not be towz'd *Extempore*.
 It may be so; but I want Time
 To draw their Courtship out in Rhime.

As to the Fact, I here unfold it,
As honest *Ariosto* told it.

When our Gallants had had their Swing,
And slak'd their Thirst at ev'ry Spring,
Astolpho cry'd we can subdue
What Heart soever we pursue:
But, if Old *Galen's* Rule hold good,
It is with Love, as 'tis with Food;
In which Variety of Meat
Is apt to make one ever Eat.

We'll have a single Dish in common,
That is, between us Both, *one* Woman.
Quoth *Jocond'* what you say is true;
The pretty Marchioness will do.
I'm not dispos'd to have a Flame,
The King reply'd, for such a Dame:
A little Sempstress might be found,
As fair as Marchioness, and sound.
To such we need no Homage pay;
In public Walks, or at the Play:
But without making any Rout,
To Ogle her, or lead her out,
Whate'er we wish, may do with Ease,
And be in no Constraint to Please.

Joconde ask'd, what if we try
The Daughter of our Landlady?
She is a Maid I dare uphold,
In ev'ry Point, tho' Twelve Years Old.
Your Motion's good, *Astolpho* said,
If I may have the Maidenhead;

This

This Privilege at which I aim,
Is but a Fancy; let me claim
For once, Dear Friend, the Preference,
Allow me here to play the Prince;
In this one single Branch I'd strive
To keep up my Prerogative.

Foconde said, in such a Case
How, Sir, can Flesh and Blood give Place?
In all Things else, I shall be still
Obedient to your Royal Will;
But if you please, we'll leave this Cause
To the Decision of two Straws.
Draw Lots they did, with earnest Care,
For this imaginary Ware,
Foconde claim'd, in Point of Law,
By virtue of the longest Straw.

This little Virgin being come,
On some small Errand, to their Room;
Both King and Squire the Girl caress'd,
Her Beauty prais'd, her Bubbies press'd;
Then shew'd a Ring, so sparkling shone,
That Night engag'd her for their own,
And whilst her careful Mother slept,
She softly to their Chamber crept.
The Lovers in the Middle plac'd her,
And honestly, by turns, embrac'd her.
To the Contentment of all Three;
Foconde was in Extacy!
To think how he had got with Might,
Entry and Seisin of his Right.

I'll pardon Him, for 'tis in vain,
On that Point to have any Pain,
In which all Girls with little Trouble,
Can the most artful Sportsman bubble;
As *Seneca*, that learned Clerk,
Doth somewhere, as I'm told, remark.

Thus all went well; the Damsel play'd,
To greatest Nicety, the Maid;
Tho' long had her Fantastic Toy,
Been yielded to a 'Prentice Boy.
But merrily *one* Night they pass
Abundantly to her Solace;
The same the *next*, and 'tis averr'd
She pass'd as merrily the *third*.

The 'Prentice wonder'd to behold
His Mistress grown so very cold,
But was not long upon the Scent,
Before he found how Matters went;
And did in Terms severe reprove
The Wench for being false to Love.
She whimper'd; but confess'd at last,
The *Contract* she had lately pass'd.
And, to appease him, thus she said;
If there be Credit in a Maid,
Soon as these naughty Guests are gone,
I'm yours again, and yours Alone.
A Fig, says he, for any Guest;
Kiss me, this very Night, you'd best.
The Girl reply'd, with weeping Eyes,
Which way to *do't*, can you devise?

These

186 *The ROYAL CUCKOLD.*

These Folks to whom I am engag'd,
 If I shou'd fail, wou'd be enrag'd ;
 And keep the *Ring*, for which you know,
 What Pains I nightly undergo.
 I'll get the *Ring*, says he, for you,
 And gratify my Humour too.
 Do they sleep sound ? Yes, when they sleep,
 Says she, but I'm oblig'd to keep
 My Post between 'em both, for *One*
 Lies still until his *Friend* has done ;
 So that I seldom want Employ.
At their first snoring, says the Boy,
I'll visit You, and ask no more
Than that you wou'd 'nt shut the Door.
 She left it open, and he came
 To the Bed's Feet with eager Flame ;
 Then sliding up between the Sheets,
 (Love ever favours these Deceits)
 Plac'd himself close, tho'G—d knows how,
 But *Ariosto* does avow,
 That tho' the Lovers did awake,
 Soon as the Bed began to shake,
 Yet, all the while the Boy was at her,
 They neither of 'em smok'd the Matter.
 What has my Comrade eat to-night,
 To fire his Blood and force Delight ?
Astolpho thought ; still lay the *Squire*
 Much wond'ring at the Monarch's Fire.
 In the Mean Time the sturdy Boy
 His precious Time did well employ :

And

And as the Day began to peep,
Th' Advent'ers being fast asleep,
The Lad flipt off; the little Maid
Retir'd, of new Fatigues afraid.

When these Knights-Errant were awake,
The King *Joconde* thus bespake:
Great Sir! with glorious Toils oppress'd,
Compose your weary Limbs to Rest;
And after such unusual Pains,
Consult the Welfare of your Reins.
Odds-fish, the merry Prince reply'd,
I waited to get up and ride:
Till, tir'd with Watching, Sleep o'ercame;
But had you sooner quench'd your Flame,
I wou'd have made a Post or Two;
And that's as much as I cou'd do.
Joconde cry'd, there's no Dispute
With *Kings* who will be Absolute:
But for the future, I'll beware
How Monarchs in my Pleasure share.
The King was piqu'd at this Retort;
Some Princes wou'd have quarrell'd for't;
But he, good Man, reply'd, Dear Mate,
Let the Girl judge of this Debate:
Then calling *Lucy* up in haste,
To tell them how Affairs had pass'd,
Eager each other to refute,
Both told the Cause of their Dispute;
She, blushing on her Knees did fall,
Ask'd Pardon, and discover'd All.

They

188. *The ROYAL CUCKOLD.*

They wou'd not treat the Wanton ill;
But, after having laugh'd their fill,
Gave her the *Ring* and fifty Crowns;
To buy new Topknots, Gloves and Gowns;
With which the Baggage soon was Wed;
When Modestly, in Bridal Bed,
She lost, with many an artful Squawl,
Her Maidenhead for good and all.

Thus did *Astolpho* and his Friend
To these Adventures put an End;
Finding themselves o'ercharg'd with Laurels,
Which tho' not gain'd by Warlike Quarrels,
Yet shall immortalize their Names
As long as *Cupid's* Altar flames:
Laurels more fair than those attain'd
By Battles won or Cities gain'd;
More fair, altho' they only cost
A few feign'd Sighs, or Tears at most;
And far from Danger and Alarms,
Had been acquir'd by Dint of Charms

Their *Table-Book* quite full of Names,
Of *Belles* who had well quench'd their Flames;
Come, says the Monarch to the Squire,
We pretty well have spent our Fire,
E'en let us to our Homes resort,
You to the *Country*, I to *Court*.
Our Wives are loose beneath the Waist,
And Others are not over-chaste,
'Tis in Misfortunes some Relief
To have Companions in our Grief;

Then

Then let us both like prudent Men,
Return, and take our Dames again,
That Love which *Hymen* had subdu'd,
Perhaps our Absence has renew'd,
And as *Astolpho* had divin'd,
Their Wives were mighty fond and kind,
After some chiding, more for Fashion
Ariosto tells us, than in Passion,
They strove lost Pleasure to retrieve,
As fast as Love wou'd give 'em leave;
Not mentioning, as I can find,
The crooked Dwarf, or Lubbard-Hind.

Then let us not with fruitless Care,
Expect Perfection from the Fair;
But since we cannot live without 'em,
Take 'em with all their Faults about 'em,
And stedfastly this Truth believe,
That ev'ry WOMAN is an EVE.

The DECISION, A TALE.

CLARISSA, sprightly once and gay,
Now sigh'd the tedious Hours away:
She mourn'd the kindest Husband gone,
The Husband much--but more the Man.
Dark Weeds conceal'd the Fair from View--
Yet mightily became her too!
She veil'd her pretty blubber'd Face,
And wept her Dear--with such a Grace!

But

But lo, young *Florimond* appears,
 To dry the joyless Widow's Tears :
 His Suit she heard with warm Disdain,
 Protested all his Hopes were vain :
 Her Hands she wrung, her Robe she rent,
 And wept, and "wonder'd what he meant !"
 Yet thro' the Drop that drown'd her Eye,
 'Tis said, there shone a Spark of Joy,
 And sage Diviners cou'd foretell,
 That *Florimond* might yet do well.

A Scruple now disturb'd her Head,
 "Whether it were a Sin to wed ?"
 Queries and Doubts her Brain possess'd,
 And busy Conscience broke her Rest.
 So, to resolve this knotty Case,
 She seeks the Curate of the Place ;
 A Casuist ? -- Deep.--Of Judgment ? --found.--
 Yes, fam'd for Parts -- the Parish round.

Clarissa with the rising Sun
 Approach'd her Friend, and thus begun,
 Full sixty times hath yonder Light
 Arose--as oft hath sunk in Night,
 Since the lamented Hour that gave
 My faithful Consort to the Grave :
 And sure no second Love shall e'er
 Efface that Image still so dear :
Clarissa to his Mem'ry just,
 For ever shall revere his Dust.
 Yet cruel Prudence may require
 What else were foreign to Desire,

And

And 'midst a Weight of Cares, you know,
What can a helpless Woman do?

My heedless Servants slight my Call,

My Farmers break, my Houses fall;

And *Florimond*, with winning Air,
Tells me they want a Husband's Care.

What does my learned Doctor say?

"Why, marry sure--without Delay." —

But shou'd the Lover prove unkind,

A Tyrant o'er a tender Mind,

How hard my Lot, condemn'd to Mingle

Tears with my Cup? -- "Why then live single." —

Yet what if an obdurate Fair

Shou'd drive a Lover to despair?

You know the foolish Freaks of Men;

I dread the Thought? -- "Nāy, take him then." —

But shou'd he squander my Estate,

And pawn my Jewels, Rings, and Plate!

And witless I, by Folly led,

Be turn'd adrift to beg my Bread!

The Doctor, vers'd in Womankind,

Perceiv'd the Working of her Mind.

Madam, he cries, when Truth we seek,

All Argument is often weak:

When Reasons weigh on either Part,

Opinion vainly tries her Art;

So, till descending Truth prevails,

She sits suspended o'er the Scales.

A Way more speedy shall be try'd;

A Tongue shall speak that never ly'd:

Know

Know Madam then, my Parish Bell
Is famous for advising well;
Whate'er the Point in Question be,
It hits the Matter to a T:
Thus, as it dictates by its Tone,
You sure must wed, or lie alone.

Now tow'rd the Church in Haste they go:
The Widow chearful? — But so so —
Yet vows, whate'er the Answer giv'n,
She "piously will yield to Heav'n:"
The Doctor too exhorts the Fair,
To "listen and decide with Care."
And now the Myst'ry to unfold,
He turn'd the Key, the Bell he toll'd.
Our Widow mus'd, and knit her Brow —

"Well, Madam, pray what think you now?" —

(Here, first she sobb'd and wip'd her Eye,
Then labour'd out a doleful Sigh.)

—Think, Doctor? — Why, the Case is plain:
Alas, I find Resistance vain!

In Heav'n, 'tis said, our Doom is seal'd:

Ah, *Florimond*! — and must I yield?

Yet not by Choice — by Fate I'm won;

The Will of Heav'n be ever done!

The Bell ordains thee to my Bed,

For hark, it fairly bids me "Wed."

Dear Doctor then, (I speak with Sorrow)

Be sure you be at Home to-morrow.

Think you the simple Tale too long?

Then hear the Moral of my Song:

The

The Moral, to no Sex confin'd,
 Regards alike all human Kind.
 Sly Passion and distemper'd Sense
 Usurp the Form of Evidence;
 And Truth and Falsehood, Good and Ill,
 Receive their Tincture from the Will.
 Man boasts his Reason's Pow'r in vain;
 The Pageant drags a hidden Chain:
 A vary'd Shape each Object wears,
 Just as he wishes, hopes, or fears:
 His deepest Thought, his vaunted Rule,
 Is Passion's Slave, or Folly's Fool.
 'Tis hence we blindly can approve
 The very Faults of those we love:
 'Tis hence we blindly can debate
 The noblest Deeds of those we hate.
 Abroad thus works perverted Will;
 At Home our Views are darker still;
 And Actions deem'd absurd in thee,
 Are prudent, wise, and just in me:
 Self-Love adores her own Caprice,
 Still deifies each darling Vice;
 And by the Colour of a Name,
 Removes at once the Guilt and Shame.
 The Prodigal is "gen'rous, free:"
 The Miser "boasts OEconomy:"
 "Gay," the Debauch'd; the Proud, is "Great;"
 The bold Oppressor "hates a Cheat;"
 The fawning Slave "obliges all;"
 And mad Revenge "is Honour's Call,"

Thus Passion shoots thro' every Part ;
 The Brain is tainted with the Heart :
 Weak Judgment falls before Temptation ;
And Reason—is but Inclination.

A

SOLDIER *and a* SCHOLAR :

O R, A

*Lady's Judgment on those two Characters.**By Dr. SWIFT:*

THUS spoke to my Lady the Knight full of
 Care,

Let me have your Advice in a weighty Affair :
 This *Hamilton's Bawn* while it sticks on my
 Hand,

I lose by the House what I get by the Land ;
 But how to dispose of it to the best Bidder,
 For a *Barrack*, or *Malt-house* we now must con-
 sider :

First, let me suppose, I make it a Malt-house,
 Here, I have computed the Profit will fall t'us ;
 There's nine hundred Pounds for Labour and
 Grain ;

Increase it to Twelve ; so Three hundred re-
 main ;

A

A handsome Addition for Wine and good Cheer,
Three Dishes a Day, and ten Hogheads a Year :
With a Dozen large Vessels my Vaults shall be
stor'd ;

No little scrub Joint shall e'er come on my
Board ;

And you, and the Dean, no more shall combine,
To stint me at Night to one Bottle of Wine ;
Nor shall I, for his Humours, permit you to
purloin

A Stone and a half of good Beef from my
Surloin.

If I make it a *Barrack*, the Crown is my Tenant :
My Dear, I have ponder'd again, and again on't,
In Poundage and Drawback, I lose half my Rent,
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the Court in every Debate ;
And rather than that, I would lose my Estate.

Thus ended the Knight: Thus began the
meek Wife :

It must, and it shall be a Barrack, my Life :
I am grown a mere Mopus, no Company comes,
But a Rabble of Tenants, and rusty dull *Rums* ;
With Parsons, what Lady can keep herself clean ?
I am all over dawb'd, when I sit by the * *Dean* :
But if you will give us a Barrack, my Dear,
The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here.

* *Dean of St. Patrick's.*

196 *The Lady's Judgment on*

I then shall not value his Deanship a Straw;
For the Captain, I'll warrant, will keep him in
Awe.

Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
We'll tell him that Chaplains should not be so
pert;

That Men of his Coat should be minding their
Prayers,

And not among Ladies to give themselves Airs.

Thus argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain;
The Knight his Opinion resolv'd to maintain.

But *Hannah*, who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a Taste,

As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cry'd, Madam, why surely my Master's posses't;

Sir *Arthur* the Malster! how fine it would
found?

I'd rather the Bawn were sunk under Ground:
But, Madam, I guess'd there would never come
Good,

When I saw him so often with * *Darby* and
Wood,

And now my Dream's out; for I was a-dream'd,
That I saw a huge Rat; O dear, how I scream'd!

And after, methought, I lost my new Shoes,
And *Molly*, she said, I shou'd hear some ill
News.

Dear Madam, had you but the Spirit to teaze,
You might have a Barrack whenever you please

* Sir *A*——*A*——'s Receiver, and one of his
Tenants.

And

And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
That for twenty Denials, you would not give
out.

If I had a Husband like him, I protest,
Till he gave me my Will, I would give him
no Rest,

And rather than come in the same Pair of Sheets
With such a cross Man, I wou'd lie in the Streets.
But, Madam, I beg, you'll contrive, and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his Consent.

Dear Madam, whene'er on a Barrack I think,
And I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a Wink,
(For if a new Crotchet comes into my Brain,
I can't get it out tho' I'd never so fain.)

I fancy already, a Barrack contriv'd
At *Hamilton's* Bawn, and the Troop is arriv'd:
Of this, to be sure, Sir *Arthur* has Warning,
And waits on the Captain betimes in the
Morning.

Now see when they meet, how their Honours
behave——

Noble Captain, your Servant—— Sir *Arthur*
your Slave.

You honour me much—— The Honour is
mine.

'Twas a sad rainy Night—— But the Morning
is fine,

Pray how does my Lady? —— My Wife's at
your Service.

I think I have seen her Picture at *Jervais's*.

Good-morrow, good Captain ——— I'll wait on
you down.

You shan't stir a Foot ——— You'll think me a
Clown.

For all the World, Captain, not half an Inch
farther——

You must be obey'd ; your Servant Sir *Arthur*,
My humble Respects to my Lady unknown——
I hope you will use my House as your own.

“ Go bring me my Smock, and leave off your
“ Prate,

“ Thou hast certainly gotten a Cup in thy Pate.”

Pray, Madam be quiet, what was it I said ?

You had like to have put it quite out of my
Head.

Next Day, to be sure, the Captain will come,
At the Head of his Troop, with his Trumpet
and Drum :

Now, Madam, observe how he marches in State,
The Man with the Kettle Drum enters the Gate,
Dub, dub, a dub, dub ; the Trumpeters follow,
Tantara, Tantara ; while all the Boys halloo.

See, now comes the Captain, all dawb'd with
Gold Lace :

O la ! the sweet Gentleman, look in his Face !
And see how he rides like a Lord of the Land,
And the fine Flaming-Sword he holds in his
Hand !

And

And his Horse, the dear *Creature*, it prances
and rears.

With Ribbands in Knots, at his Tail and his
Ears,

At last comes the Troop at the Word of Com-
mand,

Drawn up in our Court, 'till the Captain cries,
Stand.

Your Ladyship lifts up the Sash to be seen,
(For sure I had dizen'd you out like a Queen)

The Captain to shew he is proud of the Fa-
vour,

Looks up to the Window, and cocks up his
Beaver.

His Beaver is cockt, pray, Madam, mind that;
For a Captain of Horse never takes off his Hat;
Because he has never a Hand that is idle,

(For the Right holds the Sword, and the Left
holds the Bridle.)

Then he flourishes thrice his Sword in the Air
As a Compliment due to a Lady so fair:

How I tremble to think of the Blood it has
spilt!

Then he lowers the Point; then he kisses the
Hilt.

Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:

“Pray Captain, be pleas'd to alight, and
“walk in.”

The Captain salutes you, with Congee profound;
And your Ladyship curt'sies half-way to the
Ground.

" Kit, run for your Master, and bid him come
 " to us :

" I'm sure he'll be proud of the Honour you
 " do us :

" And, Captain, you'll do us the Favour to stay

" And take a short Dinner here with us To day ;

" You're heartily welcome ; but as for good

" Cheer,

" You are come in the very worst Time of the

" Year.

" Had I but expected so worthy a Guest—"

Lord, Madam, your Ladyship sure is in Jest :

You banter me, Madam, the Kingdom must
 grant——

" You Officers, Captain, are so complaisant.

" Hift, Huffy, I think I hear Somebody coming"——

No, Madam, 'tis only Sir *Arthur* a humming.

To shorten my Tale, (for I hate a long Story)

The Captain, at Dinner, appears in his Glory.

The * Dean and the † Doctor have humbled
 their Pride :

For the Captain's intreated to sit by your Side.

And because he's their Betters, you carve for
 him first ;

The Parsons, for Envy, are ready to burst.

The Servants amaz'd are scarce ever able

To keep off their Eyes as he sits at the Table.

And *Molly* and I have thrust in our Nose,

To peep at the Captain, in all his fine Cloaths.

* *Dr. Swift.*

† *Dr. Jenny.*

Dear,

Dear, Madam, 'be sure, he's a fine-spoken
Man;

Do but hear, on the Clergy, how glib his Tongue
ran.

“ And, Madam, said he, if such Dinners you
“ give,

“ You'll never want Parsons as long as you live;

“ I ne'er knew a Parson without a good Nose;

“ But the Devil's as welcome, where-ever he
“ goes.

“ G—d——me, they bid us reform and re-
“ pent;

“ But, Z——ds, by their Looks, they never
“ keep Lent.

“ Mr. Curate, for all your grave Looks, I'm
“ afraid,

“ You cast a Sheep's Eye on her Ladyship's
“ Maid:

“ I wish she would lend you her lilly-white
“ Hand,

“ In mending your Gown, and smoothing your
“ Band.

(“ For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like
“ a Ninny,

“ That the Captain suppos'd he was Curate to
“ Fenny.)

“ Whenever you see a Cassock and Gown,

“ An hundred to one but it covers a Clown.

" Observe how a Parson comes into a Room:

" G—d——me, he hobbles as bad as my
" Groom.

" A Scholar, when just from the College
" broke loose,

" Can hardly tell how to cry *Bo* to a Goose.

" Your *Novids*, and *Bluturks*, and *Omers*, and
" Stuff;

" By G—, they don't signify this Pinch of Snuff,

" To give a Young Gentleman right Education,

" The Army's the very best School in the Na-
" tion.

" My School-master call'd me a Dunce and a
" Fool;

" But at Cuffs, I was always the Cock of the
" School.

" I never could take to my Books for the Blood
" o'me.

" And the Puppy confest, he expected no Good
" o'me.

" Now, Madam you'll think it a strange thing
" to say,

" But the Sight of a Book makes me sick to
" this Day.

Never since I was born, did I hear so much
Wit;

And, Madam, I laugh'd, till I thought I should
split.

So

So then you look'd scornful, and sniff'd at the
Dean:

As who should say, "Now am I skinny and
lean?"

But he durst not so much as once open his Lips:
And the Doctor was plaguily down in the
Hips.

Thus merciless *Hannah* run on in her Talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, "Will your
"Ladyship walk?"

Her Ladyship answers—I'm just coming down.
Then turning to *Hannah*, and forcing a Frown,
(Altho' it was plain, in her Heart she was
glad;)

Cry'd, Huffy, why sure, the Wench is gone
mad:

How could these Chimera's get into your
Brains?

Come hither, and take this old Gown for your
Pains.

But the Dean if this Secret should get to his
Ears,

Will never have done with his Jibes and his
Jeers.

For your Life, not a Word of this Matter I
charge you;

Give me but a Barrack, a Fig for the Clergy.

The SCHOOL of WIT.

A T A L E.

By a Young GENTLEMAN.

THERE is a Game, which learn'd with
Care,

Brings Wit and Pleasure to the Fair;
Blows up betimes the Sparks of Reason,
And all the Year this Sport's in Season.

Young Damsels often it employs
Both Night and Day, yet never cloy.

Miss plays it briskest with a *Lover*;
A *Husband* can't so much improve her.

By what I've said t' explain this Game,
It can't be hard to guess its Name;

At least to understand what's meant:
So I'll go on with my Intent,

And shew how *Wit* may be convey'd,
And Sense *infus'd* in harmless Maid.

Before young *Lucy* knew this School,
Lucy was but a simple Soul;

To weave Bone-lace, knit, spin or sew,
Was all that *Lucy* then cou'd do.

Thus she employ'd her Hands all Day;
All Night she us'd to sleep or pray,

And dully pass'd her Hours away.

}
Her

Her Head from ev'ry Thought was free,
And *Baby* dream'd as oft as she.
Sorrow or Grief she knew no other,
But what came from her loving Mother;
Who often call'd her senseless *Chit*,
And would she never learn more *Wit*?

The Girl aſham'd, and vex'd to hear
This Tune ſtill dun'd into her Ear;
About of all the Neighbours ſought,
Where the beſt *Wit* was to be bought.
All laugh'd, but ſome among them ſent her,
To find out *Father Bonaventure*;
For he, (they ſaid) was furniſh'd well,
And reaſonably cheap would ſell.

Lucy with Joy heard what they ſaid,
But yet with Fear th' Advice obey'd;
Much doubting leſt her Errand ſhou'd
Diſpleaſe the Reverend Man of God.
So muſing with herſelf ſhe went,
And argu'd thus on her Intent:

*Will ſuch an Holy Man as he,
E'er talk to one ſo Young as me?
I am not fifteen Summers old,
Sure he muſt think me very bold.*

Her modeſt Looks her Charms improve,
And make her a rich Feaſt for Love.
At length ſh' accoſts the heav'nly Man,
And in theſe Terms her Suit began:
*Moſt Reverend Father, will you pleaſe
To pity a poor Virgin's Caſe?*

206 *The SCHOOL of WIT.*

*By all the Neighbours round I'm told,
That Wit is by your Reverence sold.*

*On that Account I'm hither come,
Pray be so kind t' afford me some.
I'd gladly have what you can spare,
But hope it is not very dear :*

*Tho' if the Purchase comes to more
Than the small Sum that I've in store,
This Ring of mine in pawn I'll leave,
'Till I can get what you must have.*

*Then from her Hand she strove in haste
To pluck the Ring, the Ring stuck fast.*

*The Fryar saw what Pains she took,
And pitying much her honest Look,
Told her, he'd have her be contented,
He'd furnish her with what she wanted :*

*" Most commonly we sell, 'tis true,
" But I'll take nothing for't of you ;
" Here come along, be free from Fears,
" The Walls have neither Eyes, nor Ears,
" And all the Brotherhood's at Pray'rs."*

*Thus saying to his Cell he led,
And threw her backward on the Bed :
With Kisses next the Fair One try'd.
The Fair One turn'd her Head aside,
And wondrous innocently cries,
What is it thus that we grow wise ?*

*" Yes Thus, and Thus," said he, then prest
With eager Hands her panting Breast.*

What

What and so too? "Yes so," quoth he,
"You'll have it all, Girl, presently."

So holds her fast in his Embrace,

And *Wit* insinuates apace.

Still more Advantages he gains,

At last the wish'd-for Port obtains,

Lucy was pleas'd, and laughing swore,
She never felt the like before.

The Fryar's was an humble Mind,

And much to Charity inclin'd:

Still in his Arms he kept her close,

And gave her soon a second Dose;

And for his Honour, 'tis averr'd,

He quickly after gave the third.

Lucy lamented her hard Fate,
 That she should come to *Wit* so late.

But what if this, Sir, should not do?

"Why then we must begin anew;

"Some other Medicine must be try'd."

No, *this* again, the Girl reply'd.

"Well, to comply with your Request,

"And since you like this Physic best;

"Lest what you have, should fail to do,

"Take it again before you go."

She lik'd th' Advice, and try'd once more

The Drug that pleas'd so well before;

Then with a Curt'sy took her leave,

And thank'd him for the *Wit* he gave:

By which sh' improv'd in Sense and Grace,

Incredibly for such a Space:

And

And going homeward, on her Way
Contriv'd a Lie, t' excuse her Stay.

Her Cousin *Nan* discover'd soon,
That *Lucy* more discreet was grown;
And rightly guessing 'twan't for nought,
Most earnestly the Reason sought.

The Girl with much Entreaties press'd,
To *Cousin Nan* the whole confess'd:

Told all the *Fryar* did or said,
And what a Stock of *Wit* he had.

Then says, *Dear Cousin*, let me crave,
Pray whence got you the *Wit* you have?
Why Faith! to tell the Truth, quoth she,
Your *Brother Joseph* gave it me.

How! *Lucy* cries, my *Brother Jo!*

Pray where had he it to bestow?

Or which way could he, good now Nanny,
Give *Wit*, that ne'er himself had any?

"You make me blush, says *Nan*, I swear,

"To think how ignorant you are,

"Believe me, such Affairs as these

"Require not Men so very Wise.

"Ask your own Mother, she can tell,

"Your Mother knows this Truth full well,

"That FOOLS in giving *Wit* excel.

}

DAPHNIS and CHLOE.

A PASTORAL.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

DAPHNIS.

THE Shepherd *Paris* bore the *Spartan* Bride
 By Force away, and then by Force enjoy'd;
 But I by free Consent can boast a Bliss,
 A fairer *Helen*, and a sweeter Kifs.

Chlo. Kisses are empty Joys, and soon are o'er,

Daph. A Kiss between the Lips is something
 more.

Chlo. I wipe my Mouth, and where's your
 kissing then?

Daph. I swear you wipe it to be kiss'd agen.

Chlo. Go tend your Herd, and kiss your Cows
 at home;

I am a Maid, and in my Beauty's Bloom.

Daph. 'Tis well remember'd, do not waste
 your Time;

But wisely use it ere you pass your Prime.

Chlo. Blown Roses hold their Sweetness to the
 last,

And Raisins keep their luscious native Taste.

Daph. The Sun's too hot; those Olive Shades
 are near;

I fain wou'd whisper something in your Ear.

Chlo.

210 DAPHNIS and CHLOE.

Chlo. 'Tis honest talking where we may be seen,
God knows what secret Mischief you may mean;
I doubt you'll play the Wag, and kifs again. }

Daph. At least beneath yon' Elm you need not
fear;

My Pipe's in tune, if you're dispos'd to hear.

Chlo. Play by yourself, I dare not venture thither:
You and your naughty Pipe go hang together.
Nay, fie, what mean you in this open Place?
Unhand me, or, I swear, I'll scratch your Face.
Let go for shame; you make me mad for spite;
My Mouth's my own; and if you kifs, I'll bite.

Daph. Away with your dissembling Female
Tricks:

What, wou'd you 'scape the Fate of all your Sex.

Chlo. I swear I'll keep my Maidenhead till Death,
And die as pure as Queen *Elizabeth*.

Daph. Nay mum for that; but let me lay thee
down;

Better with me than with some nauseous Clown.

Chlo. I'd have you know, if I were so inclin'd,
I have been woo'd by many a wealthy Hind;
But never found a Husband to my Mind. }

Daph. But they are absent all; and I am here; }

Chlo. What do you mean (uncivil as you are,)
To touch my Breasts, and leave my Bosom bare? }

Daph. These pretty Bubbies first I make my own.

Chlo. Pull out your Hand, I swear, or I shall
swoon.

Daph.

Daph. Why does thy ebbing Blood forsake thy Face?

Chlo. Throw me at least upon a cleaner Place;
My Linnen ruffled, and my Waistcoat soiling,
What, do you think new Clothes were made for
spoiling?

Daph. I'll lay my Lambskins underneath thy Back:

Chlo. My Head-Geer's off; what filthy Work
you make!

Daph. To *Venus* first, I lay these Off'rings by;

Chlo. Nay first look round, that no body be nigh:
Methinks I hear a whisp'ring in the Grove.

Daph. The *Cypresses* Trees are telling Tales of
Love.

Chlo. You tear off all behind me, and before me;
And I'm as naked as my Mother bore me.

Daph. I'll buy thee better Clothes than these I
tear,
And lie so close, I'll cover thee from Air.

Chlo. Y'are liberal now; but when your Turn
is sped,
You'll wish me choak'd with ev'ry Crust of Bread.

Daph. I'll give thee more, much more than I
have told;
Wou'd I cou'd coin my very Heart to Gold.

Chlo. Forgive thy Handmaid (Huntress of the
Wood.)

I see there's no resisting Flesh and Blood!

Daph.

Daph. The noble Deed is done ; my Herds I'll
cull ;

Cupid, be thine a Calf ; and *Venus*, thine a Bull.

Chlo. A Maid I came, in an unlucky Hour,
But hence return without my Virgin Flow'r.

Daph. A Maid is but a barren Name at best ;
If thou canst hold, I bid for Twins at least.

Thus did this happy Pair their Loves dispense
With mutual Joys, and gratify'd their Sense ;
The God of Love was there a bidden Guest ;
And present at his own mysterious Feast.
His azure Mantle underneath he spread,
And scatter'd Roses on the Nuptial Bed ;
While folded in each others Arms they lay,
He blew the Flames, and furnish'd out the Play,
And from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy
Sweat away.

First rose the Maid, and with a glowing Face,
Her down-cast Eyes beheld the Print upon the Grass ;
Thence to her Herd she sped herself in haste :
The Bridegroom started from his Trance at last,
And piping homeward jocundly he past.



The BEST *in* CHRISTENDOM.

A T A L E.

MUsing one Day on *This* and *That*,
 And thinking on *I know not what*;
 A jolly Nymph, of *Phæbus*' Strain,
 Attack'd me thus in merry Vein.

“ The Rival Deities of Old,
 “ A Shepherd chose, (as I am told)
 “ To whom each Goddess made her Suit;
 “ And he decided their Dispute.
 “ No Deities your Aid implore:
 “ But Nymphs, in Number Three times Four.
 “ (Nymphs full as sprightly and as good,
 “ As e'er were made of Flesh and Blood,
 “ Who now are sporting on the Plain,)
 “ Have chose Thee Umpire, happy Swain!
 “ Here, read these Words—and quickly tell,
 “ Thou who in Wisdom doth excel,
 “ Relate, nor think me troublesome,
 “ What means the——*Best in Christendom?*”

She smiled, she blush'd, and with a Grace
 Hung down her Head, and veil'd her Face.

From various Things, said I, arise
 Variety of Qualities.

This fires the Soul, and That the Blood;
 Mysterious some, some understood.

But

But ah! how wide my Task and far is
 From what was given to Shepherd *Paris*!
 Naked he view'd the Heav'nly Fair,
 And did not slip one single Hair:
 So curious in Examination,
 No *Parts* escap'd his *Penetration*.
 But since my Judgment is required,
 I'll speak, for now I am inspired.
 The Nymphs so sprightly, blith and gay,
 Shall change their Notes another Way.
 The *Best*, must something be, *Divine*:
 And sure that THING must needs be Thine.
 " If so, says she, (with swelling Veins)
 " Then prithee *take it* for thy Pains."

The IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A T A L E.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

A *Goblin* of a Merry Kind,
 More black of Hue, than curst of Mind,
 To help a Lover in Distress,
 Contriv'd a Charm with such Success,
 That in short Space the cruel Dame
 Relented and return'd his Flame.
 The Bargain made betwixt 'em both,
 Was bound by Honour and by Oath:

The

The *Lover* laid down his Salvation,
 And *Satan* stak'd his Reputation.
 The latter promis'd, on his Part,—
 (To serve his Friend and shew his Art,)
 That Madam should by Twelve o' Clock,
 Tho' hitherto as hard as Rock,
 Become as gentle as a Glove,
 And Kifs and Coo like any Dove.
 In short, the *Woman* should be his,
 That is upon Condition,—viz.
 That he the Lover, after tasting
 What one would wish were everlasting,
 Should, in Return for such Enjoyment,
 Supply the Fiend with fresh Employment:
 That's all, quoth *Pug*; my poor Request
 Is only never to have Rest;
 You thought, 'tis like, with Reason too,
 That I should have been serv'd, not You:
 But what? upon my *Friend* impose!
 No,—tho' a *Devil*, none of those.
 Your Business then, pray understand me,
 Is nothing more but to command me!
 Of one Thing only, let me warn ye,
 Which somewhat nearly may concern ye;
 As soon as e'er one Work is done,
 Strait name a new one, and so on,
 Let each to other quick succeed,
 Or else,—you know how 'tis agreed;—
 For if thro' any Hums or Haws,
 There haps an intervening Pause,

In

In which for want of fresh Commands,
 Your Slave obsequious Idle stands,
 Nor Soul nor Body ever more,
 Shall serve the Nymph whom you adore,
 But both be laid at Satan's Feet,
 To be dispos'd as he thinks meet.

At once the *Lover* all approves,
 For who can hesitate that loves?
 And thus he argues in his Thought:
 Why, after all, I venture nought.
 What Mystery is in commanding?
 Does that require much Understanding?
 Indeed wer't my Part to obey,
 He'd got the better of the Lay;
 But he must do what I think fit,
 Pshaw, pshaw, young *Belzebub* is bit.

Thus pleas'd in Mind, he calls a Chair,
 Adjusts, and combs, and courts the Fair;
 The Spell takes Place, and all goes right,
 And Happy he employs the Night,
 In sweet Embraces, balmy Kisses;
 And riots in the Bliss of Bliss.
 O Joy, cry'd he that hast no Equal!
 But hold, no Raptures—mark the Sequel;
 For now, when near the Morning's Dawn,
 The Youth began, as 'twere, to yawn;
 His Eyes a silky Slumber seiz'd,
 Or would have done, if *Pug* had pleas'd;
 But that officious *Dæmon* near,
 Now buzz'd for Business in his Ear;

In haste he names a Thousand Things,
The *Goblin* plies his Wicker-Wings,
And in a Trice returns to ask
Another, and Another Task.
Now Palaces are built and Towers,
The Work of Ages in few Hours.
Then Storms are in an Instant rais'd,
Which the next Moment are appeas'd.
Now Show'rs of Gold and Gems are rain'd,
As if each *India* had been drain'd :
And he, in one astonish'd View,
Sees both *Golconda* and *Peru*.
These Things, and stranger Things than these,
Were done with equal Speed and Ease :
And now to *Rome*, poor *Pug* he'll send,
And *Pug* soon reach'd his Journey's End,
And soon return'd with such a Pack
Of Bulls and Pardons at his Back,
That now the 'Squire (who had some Hope
In Holy Water and the Pope)
Was out of Heart, and at a Stand
What next to wish, and what command ;
Invention flags, his Brain grows muddy,
And black Despair succeeds brown Study.
In this Distress the woful Youth
Acquaints the Nymph with all the Truth,
Begging her Counsel, for whose Sake,
Both Soul and Body were at Stake.
And is this all, replies the *Fair*,
Let me alone to cure your Care.

L

When

When next your *Dæmon* shall appear,
 Pray give him—Look what I hold here,
 And bid him labour soon or late,
 To lay these Ringlets lank and strait.
 Then, something scarcely to be seen,
 Her Finger and her Thumb between
 She held, and sweetly smiling, cry'd,
 Young Goblin's Skill shall now be try'd.

She said, and gave—what shall I call
 That Thing so shining, crisp and small,
 Which round his Finger strove to twine?
 A Tendril of the *Cyprian* Vine?
 Or Sprig from *Cytherea's* Grove;
 Shade of the Labyrinth of Love?
 With Awe he now takes from her Hand
 That Fleece-like Flower of Fairy-Land,
 Less precious, whilom, was the Fleece
 Which drew the *Argonauts* from *Greece*;
 Or that which modern Ages see
 The Spur and Prize of Chivalry,
 Whose Curls of Kindred Texture, grace
 Heroes and Kings of *Spanish* Race.

The Spark prepar'd, and *Pug* at Hand,
 He issues thus his strict Command.
 This-Line thus Curve and thus Orbicular,
 Render Direct and Perpendicular;
 But so Direct, that in no sort
 It never may in Rings retort.
 See me no more till this be done:
 Hence to thy Task—avaunt, be gone.

Away

Away the Fiend like Light'ning flies,
 And all his Wit to Work applies ;
 Anvils and Presses he employs,
 And dins whole Hell with hamm'ring Noise.
 In vain he to no Terms can bring
 One Twirl of that reluctant Thing ;
 Th' elastic Fibre mocks his Pains,
 And its first Spiral Form retains.
 New Stratagems the Sprite contrives,
 And down the Depths of Sea he dives ;
 This Sprunt its Pertness sure will lose
 When laid (said he) to soak in Ooze.
 Poor foolish Fiend ! he little knew
 Whence *Venus* and her Garden grew.
 Old Ocean with Paternal Waves
 The Child of his own Bed receives,
 Which oft as dipt new Force exerts,
 And in more vig'rous Curls reverts.
 So when to Earth *Alcides* flung
 The huge *Antæus*, whence he sprung,
 From ev'ry Fall fresh Strength he gain'd,
 And with new Life the Fight maintain'd.
 The baffl'd *Goblin* grows perplex'd,
 Nor knows what Slight to practise next ;
 The more he tries, the more he fails ;
 Nor Charm, nor Art, nor Force avails,
 But all concur his Shame to show,
 And more exasperate the Foe.

And now he pensive turns and sad,
 And looks like melancholy mad.

He rolls his Eyes now off, now on
 That wonderful *Phænomenon*.
 Sometimes he twists and twirls it round,
 Then pausing meditates profound;
 No End he sees of his Surprise,
 Nor *what it should be* could devise:
 For never yet was *Wool* or *Feather*,
 That could stand Buff against all Weather;
 And unrelax'd like *This*, resist
 Both Wind and Rain, and Snow and Mist.
 What Stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
 What Spinster Witch could spin such Thread,
 He nothing knew; but to his Cost
 Knew all his Fame and Labour lost.
 Subdu'd, abash'd, he gave it o'er;
 'Tis said he blush'd; 'tis sure he swore.
 Not all the Wiles that Hell could hatch,
 Could conquer that *Superb Mustach*.
 Defeated thus, thus discontent
 Back to the *Man* the *Dæmon* went:
 I grant, quoth he, our *Contract* null,
 And give you a *Discharge* in full.
 But tell me in the Name of Wonder,
 (Since I so candidly knock under)
What is this Thing? where could it grow?
Pray take it; 'tis in statu quo.
 Much Good may't do you, for my Part,
 I wash my Hands of't from my Heart.

In Truth, Sir *Goblin*, or Sir *Fairy*,
 Replies the Lad, you're too soon weary,

What

What leave this trifling Task undone !
And think'st thou this the only One ?
Alas, were this subdu'd, Thoud'st find
Millions of more such still behind,
Which might employ, even to Eternity,
Both you and all your whole Fraternity.

The PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

A T A L E.

CHLOE, a Country Vicar's Daughter,
Had many useful Lessons taught her,
She read the Chapters ev'ry Day,
And *David's* Psalms by Heart could say ;
Would hurry when Bell rung to Pray'rs,
Ready to break her Neck down Stairs ;
Nor would be absent from *Confession*,
At any Mortal's Intercession ;
Was caution'd never to be idle,
But either Read, or use her Needle.
Thus was she often told her Duty,
(The old Man knowing her a Beauty,
With little Money, which the more
Expos'd her to, become a Where)
No Pains were spar'd to make her good ;
But, ah ! how frail is Flesh and Blood,
When to the wide World left alone,
No Will to follow, but its own ?

222 *The PARSON'S DAUGHTER.*

For tho' she promis'd very fair,
While underneath her Father's Care,
Yet she, as soon as Dad was dead,
Grew weary of her *Maidenhead*,
Resolving strait to be a Bride,
And taste of Pleasures yet untry'd :
But still intends to guard her Honour,
Whatever Longings were upon her ;
Having been taught that Fornication
Is a great Sin, tho' much in Fashion.
With this Design to Town she came,
Where wicked *Nelly* heard her Fame,
Nelly ! of all her Sex the worst,
Nelly ! by Hundreds daily curst,
Whom she by Artifice had won,
To sell themselves and be undone.
But e'er we any further go,
'Tis fit her Character we show.

A Bawd she is of great Renown,
Well known to ev'ry Rake in Town ;
All Batchelors that use her House,
May have each Night a diff'rent Spouse,
Without th' intolerable Fetter,
Of being link'd for Worse or Better ;
No married Man, but there may find
Variety, when so inclin'd.

She has a ruby shining Face,
Which some may think th' Effect of Grace ;
For she can counterfeit Devotion,
And of Religion has this Notion,

That

That doubtless *That* must be the best,
Which with most Ease will make her blest ;
That where *Indulgences* are giv'n,
Is sure the nearest Way to Heav'n.

Oh ! happy those, who in a Trice,
Thus free themselves of ev'ry Vice ;
Can sin afresh, and run on score,
And reckon for what's past no more.
With *Origen* they hope Salvation,
Believing there is no Damnation ;
But Whores and Rogues, and Bawds shall be
Blessed to all Eternity.
Small Need of any Pains and Care,
Of Watching, Fasting, daily Pray'r,
If ev'ry Sinner, spight of Fate,
Must enter at the narrow Gate.

And tho' because her Deeds are Evil,
She chuses Darkness like a Devil,
Yet will she light her little *Sodom*,
On *Tenth* of *June*, from Top to Bottom ;
Wishing to see the Dissolution
Of all her Laws and Constitution ;
For if this Government should cease,
She might be sure to Bawd in Peace ;

She could prove Pimping was no Shame,
For *S*——*b* pimp'd for *A*——*m* :
That Incest is a trivial Matter,
Since pious *L*——*t* caress'd his Daughter ;
That Whoring is a lawful Trade,
Since ev'ry Thing for Use is made,

224 *The* PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

And that it can be no Abuse,
To put Things to their proper Use.

With *Chloe* soon she got acquainted,
And all her former Virtues tainted ;
Taking Advantage of her Want,
She often to her thus would cant ;
What, tho' all such as cannot tarry,
Rather than burn are bid to marry ;
Yet if none tasted Love's Delight,
But those who lawfully come by't ;
Many a Girl might burn to Tinder,
Before she'd meet a Man would mind her,
If she'd be nothing but a Wife,
To have, and hold her, during Life ;
It seems but Reason good, therefore,
Rather than Burn, to play the Whore :
This Talent to Our Sex, kind Heav'n,
To be made use of, sure has giv'n.
Ought not those Ladies then to boast,
That have improv'd it to the most ?
Not like a Nun shut up in Abby,
Their Talents in a Napkin lay by ;
For doubtless to conceal one's Light
Under a Bushel, is not right,
Then, as *St. Paul* says, (mind the Letter) -
Those who don't marry, *do what's Better* ;
Which plainly must some *Act* imply,
I see no Reason to deny.
'The *Action* you will guess with Ease,
'Tis in your Pow'r whene'er you please.

Then

Then prithee, *Chloe*, be advis'd,
 Good Offers should not be despis'd ;
 A present Settlement accept,
 And where's the Harm of being kept :
 That *Norwich* Crape, and humble Pattin,
 You'll change for Coach, and Gown of Sattin,
 Flounc'd Petticoats, with Heads of *Mechlin*,
 Fine Fans, a Watch, and other Tackling.
 Ah ! why should so Divine a Creature,
 Neglect the choicest Gift of Nature ?

Too easy *Chloe* quickly proves,
 Perswaded to the Thing she loves ;
 Thought all was Reason *Nelly* said,
 And Folly still to live a Maid ;
 When she might purchase Wealth and Pleasure,
 By parting with an useless Treasure ;
 She soon forgets to say her Pray'rs,
 And learns to practise Coquet Airs ;
 Hates Sermons, which in former Days
 She lov'd as Prudes do Bawdy Plays,
 Left off the reading heavy Chapters,
 And only relish'd melting Raptures,
 Such as she met with in Romances,
 Where dying Lovers fall in Trances :
 And now upon her Toilet's seen,
 A *Rocheſter*, and *Aretine* ;
 The Work of *Ovid*'s am'rous Pen,
 She reads, admires, and reads again,
 Thinking it would more useful prove,
 To study his soft *Art of Love*,

Than what dull Patriarchs us'd to do
 Three or four thousand Years ago.
 The gilded Prospect gay appears,
 And seems to promise happy Years ;
 A thousand Pleasures fill her Mind,
 Nor sees she Want and Shame behind ;
 Considers not with how much Haste,
 Her Youth and blooming Beauty waste,
 That when the Date of Charms is out,
 The Wheel of Fortune turns about ;
 And those who were at first but poor,
 Are often lower than before ;
 Which she at last experienc'd true,
 Her happy Days, alas ! were few,
 Grown pale and thin, with hollow Eyes,
 No more her faded Charms entice ;
 She in her Summer took no Care
 For Age and Wrinkles to prepare ;
 Therefore when drop'd by keeping Cullies,
 Became a Prey to needy Bullies ;
 And now in Allies, Centry stands,
 To get her Living with her *Hands* ;
 She lays on Paint as thick as Butter,
 To hide in either Cheek a Gutter,
 Which pinching Poverty and Care,
 Poxes and Time have grafted there.

She that when young, would blush to hear
 A Word unfit for Maiden Ear,
 Will now talk Bawdy with the best,
 And fancy ev'ry Oath a Jest ;

She

She that was once as just as any,
Now picks a Pocket for a Penny;
And then, to silence sharp Remorse,
For what is past, or fear of Worse,
She finds a Way that's most effectual,
And drowns her Senses intellectual.
Each Night, for Bread, she strols the Streets,
“ And lies with ev'ry Man she meets.

The LEAKY VESSEL.

A T A L E.

HIRCO, an old, but am'rous Blade,
Had sometime kept a pretty Maid,
Whom to debauch he oft had try'd,
But had as often been deny'd:
Fair Promises at first were us'd,
But these with Scorn the Girl refus'd;
Nor could his Coin prevail upon her,
To sell her Love, or wound her Honour;
Old *Hirco* thought he ne'er should do't,
And so gave o'er the vain Pursuit.

HIRCO had all his Life been one,
They call a boon Companion;
And in his House had always Liquor
To entertain the 'Squire or Vicar,
From bottl'd Ale to good *French* Claret,
And Stout so stale, no Head could bear it;
Man's greatest Sin he often said,
Was sneaking soberly to Bed;

Believ'd that parting Dry-Lips was
Of *Sodom's* Fire the fatal Cause ;
Hell's Torments he did really think,
Not scorching Flames, but want of Drink ;
He made it plain from sacred Writ,
That Wine was for the Stomach fit ;
And therefore he, for Conscience Sake,
A hearty Dose would often take.
But when inflam'd with gen'rous Liquor,
His Pulse beat high, and Blood mov'd quicker ;
Then Fancy brought into his Arms,
His Wench dress'd up in all her Charms ;
Her ruddy Cheeks, her well-turn'd Nose,
Her little Mouth, her Eyes like Sloes ;
Her less'ning Shape, her swelling Bubbies,
Her Lilly Hand, and Lips of Rubies ;
A thousand Beauties yet unseen,
That might have tempted Saints to sin ;
Made *Hirca* wish he durst renew,
Th' Attack he once had made on *Sue* ;
What Pity 'tis, he often said,
So sweet a Wench should die a Maid ;
That *Sukey* should (and who could tell
But that she might) lead Apes in Hell :
But *Sue* most bravely had withstood
His first Attacks, and call'd him lewd
And filthy Beast, and often swore,
She would not stay a Moment more,
For all his Gold beneath his Roof,
If e'er he talk'd his foolish Stuff.

Aw'd

Aw'd by her Threats old *Hirco* strove
To banish his ill-fated Love.

It happen'd on a certain Night,
That *Hirco* did some Friends invite ;
About the Time when o'er the Nation,
Roast Beef and Mince-pies were in Fashion.
The sparkling Glass went briskly round,
Each Toper bravely stood his Ground ;
And swore, he wish'd that Heaven's Thunder,
Wou'd strike him dead, if he knock'd under.
The godly P—rf—n, who was there,
Said *Amen* to the hearty Prayer.
T' expel the Rawness of the Beer,
And keep from Phlegms their Stomachs clear ;
Each made a Chimney of his Nose,
And Clouds of Smoke around them rose.
The Smoke the upper Regions gain'd,
And round the Brain the Cloud remain'd.

But now 'twas late, the watchful Cock,
Had long since crow'd it Twelve a Clock.
And each Man thought, tho' none had Grace
To own it, Bed the proper'st Place.
Here one extended on the Floor,
In Liquor swam, yet call'd for more ;
A second swallow'd whilst he cou'd,
But at the last, went out and spu'd ;
Another roar'd and hoop'd aloud,
A fourth reel'd round the Room, and vow'd,
In spite of *Hirco's* old *October*,
G—d da da d—mn him he was sober.

Most

Most of the rest to sleep began,
 Amongst 'em there was scarce a Man
 Had Strength, but *Hirco* and the P—r—n,
 Their Stools upright to set their Arse on.
 With Grief, the Master of the Feast,
 Beheld the State of ev'ry Guest ;
 He wish'd he could with all his Heart,
 New Vigour to 'em all impart ;
 My Friends, said he, come let's cheer up,
 And briskly take the other Cup ;
 A Plague, what makes you all so dull ?
 I han't got half my Belly full ;
 Rouse up for Shame, my jolly Boys,
 Be merry, sing, and make a Noise ;
 I've in my Cellar now a Tub,
 Believe me, Friends, of charming Bub ;
 To keep it longer would be Folly,
 I'll pierce it now and we'll be jolly ;
 He said, and rising on his Legs,
 Takes up a Piercer, cuts some Pegs.
 Seizes a Tankard ; thus equipt,
 Down Stairs into the Cellar slipt.

Old *Hirco's* Maid, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
 Her Master's last Discourse did hear.
 For tho' she kept her Body chaste,
 And Love unlawful would not taste,
 Yet the poor Girl was often dry,
 And lov'd good Liquor by the by ;
 And when old *Hirco* was without,
 She'd to the Tub, pull Vent-pin out ;

And

And with a Straw the cunning Gipsy,
Would sometimes suck, 'till she was tipsy;
And as she never chose the worst,
This Tub had often quench'd her Thirst.
But now she found the Time was come,
T' acquit her, or pronounce her Doom:
Her Master now must miss his Drink,
Or else, To-morrow, he would think
His Crew had, what was missing, drank,
And ne'er mistrust his *Sukey's* Prank:
Not dreaming, that by frequent Vent,
The Spirit of the Beer was spent;
And that 'twould be but poor and flat;
But she, poor Soul, ne'er thought of that.

Mean while the busy honest Drunkard,
Had with it fill'd a swinging Tankard;
And from the Cellar making haste,
Return'd to give his Friends a Taste.
By Right Divine, the learned Afs
Must on the Ale his Judgment pass;
He drank a Bumper, cry'd, a Pox,
This cursed Beer e'nt orthodox;
Took t'other Glas and shook his Head,
O fye, said he, 'tis flat and dead.
As *Hirco's* Faith was very little,
He never could believe each Tittle;
Not ev'n of what was given out
To be Damnation, but to Doubt;
Much less he credited a Tale,
Which so disgrac'd his choicest Ale.

On

On Sanctity he cast a Frown,
 Then fill'd a Glas and soak'd it down.
 But how bewilder'd did he look,
 To find that *Roger* Truth had spoke ;
 He fretted, rav'd, the Compass swore,
 And curs'd 'till he could curse no more.
 The P—rs—n cries, why here's a Clatter,
 Will Swearing, pray now, mend the Matter ?
 The Beer I do believe well brew'd,
 The Fault's the Vessel where it stood ;
 Or else the Bung-hole is in Fault,
 By not being stopt up as it ought.
 Cry'd *Hirco*, I am either blind,
 Or in a Moment's Time I'll find
 The fatal Cause of this Disaster—
Sukey went down to light her Master :
 But, Lord ! how silly did she look !
 Like Aspen Leaves each Member shook,
 And she was in such piteous Fright,
 She scarce had Pow'r to hold the Light.

Mean while the Don b' his Nuckle found,
 The Barrel gave an empty Sound :
 Surpriz'd, he cries, I am undone,
 Good God ! Why, half my Beer is gone.
 The P—rs—n from above replied,
 Look under, and on ev'ry side ;
 I'll hold a Crown, if you but seek
 About the Tub you'll find a Leak.
 Whilst thus the crafty P—rs—n said,
Hirco by chance look'd on his Maid :

Disorder'd and confus'd she stood,
Her Cheeks were red with flushing Blood,
And from her Master quick she turn'd.
Cry'd *Hirco, Sukey*, I'll be burn'd,
If you han't someway been the Ruin
Of this, my last *October* Brewing;
She trembling, on her Knees did fall,
Begg'd his Pardon, and told him all.
Said he, this Tale will make my Friends,
For want of Liquor, some amends;
I'll up and tell them all, I swear;
For G—d's sake, Sir, said she, forbear;
Lord! is there no way to atone
For such a Fault? There is but one
That I can think of, he reply'd,
I've often ask'd and you deny'd
A little Favour, if you'll grant it,
(And now I really think I want it)
I'll hold my Tongue; if you refuse,
I'll up, and out the Story goes.
She paus'd, she blush'd, she cry'd, but knew
Not either what to say, or do.

Mean while, of Kissing he'd his fill,
Nor cou'd he keep his Fingers still,
One Hand upon her Bosom lay,
Whilst t'other took a different Way;
Then on a Faggot-Pile he laid
The tender, yielding, lovely Maid:
The Wench was buxom, plump, and sappy,
And fit to make a Lover happy.

Whilst

234 *The* CREDULOUS HUSBAND.

Whilst they in am'rous Transports lay,
 The P—r—f—n wonder'd at their Stay ;
 And ask'd them what they were about.
 Cry'd *Hirco*, Z—ds, the Leak's found out
 Thro' which my Nectar daily flows ;
 Be sure, said *Roger*, stop it close.
 I'll try, said he, but, on my Soul,
 It is a dev'lish swinging Hole.

The CREDULOUS HUSBAND.

A T A L E.

By *Mr. COBB.*

WHILOM in *Oxford* an old Chuff did dwell,
 A Carpenter by Trade, as Stories tell ;
 Who by his Craft had heap'd up many a Hoard,
 And furnish'd Strangers both with Bed and Board
 With him a Scholar lodg'd, of slender Means,
 But notable for Sciences and Sense.
 Yet, tho' he took Degrees in Arts, his Mind
 Was mostly to *Astrology* inclin'd.
 A Lad in *Divination* skill'd and shrewd,
 Who by Interrogations could conclude,
 If Men should ask him at what certain Hours
 The droughty Earth would gape for cooling
 Show'rs,

When

When it should Rain, or Snow, what should befall
Of Fifty Things; I cannot reckon all.
This learned *Clerk* had got a mighty Fame
For Modesty, and *Nicholas* his Name.
Subtle he was, well taught in *Cupid's* Trade,
But seem'd as Meek, and Bashful as a Maid.
A Chamber in his Hosterly he kept,
Alone he study'd, and alone he slept.
With sweet and fragrant Herbs the Room was drest,
But he was ten times sweeter than the best.
His Books of various size, or great, or small,
His *Augrim* Stones to cast Accounts withal;
His *Astrolabe* and *Ahnagist** apart,
With twenty more hard Names of cunning Art;
On sev'ral Shelves were couched nigh his Bed,
And the Press cover'd with a folding Red.
Above an Instrument of Music lay,
On which sweet Melody he us'd to play;
So wond'rous sweet, that all the Chamber rung,
And *Angelus ad Virginem*† he sung;
Then would he chaunt in good King *David's* Note,
Full often blessed was his merry Throat.
And thus the *Clerk* in Books and Music spent
His Time, and Exhibition's yearly Rent.

The *Carpenter* had a new married Wife,
Lov'd as his Eyes, and dearer than his Life.

* The Name of a Book of *Astronomy*, written by *Ptolemy*.

† The Angel's Salutation to the Virgin *Mary*.

236 *The CREDULOUS HUSBAND.*

The Buxom Lass had twice nine Summers seen,
 And her brisk Blood ran high in ev'ry Vein.
 The Dotard jealous of so ripe an Age,
 Watch'd her, and lock'd her, like a Bird in Cage.
 For she was Wild, and in her lovely Prime;
 But he, poor Man! walk'd down the *Hill of Time*.
 He knew the Temper of a Youthful Spouse,
 And oft was seen to rub his aking Brows.
 He knew his own weak Side, and dreamt in Bed
 She had, or would be planting on his Head.
 He knew not *Cato*, for his Wit was rude;
 That Men should Wed with their Similitude.
 Like should with Like in Love and Years engage,
 For *Youth* can never be a Rhyme to *Age*.
 Hence Jealousies create a Nuptial War,
 And the warm Seasons with the frigid jar.
 But when the Trap's once down, he must endure
 His Fate, and *Patience is the only Cure*.
 Perhaps his Father, and an hundred more
 Of honest Christians, were thus serv'd before.
 Fair was his charming Consort, and withal
 Slender her Waist, and like a *Weasel's* small.
 She had a Girdle round her barr'd with Silk,
 And a clean Apron, white as Morrow Milk.
 White was her Smock, embroider'd all before,
 Which on her Loins in many Plaits she wore.
 Broad was her silken Fillet, set full high,
 And oft she twinkled with a Ligu'rish Eye.
 Her Brow was arch'd like any bended *Bow*,
 Like *Marble* smooth, and blacker than a *Sloe*.
 She softer far than *Wool*, or fleecy *Snow*.

}
Were

Were you to search the Universe all round,
 So gay a Wench was never to be found.
 With greater Brightness did her Colour shine,
 Than a new *Noble* of the freshest Coin.
 Shrill was her Song, and loud her piercing Note,
 No *Swallow* on a Barn had such a Throat.
 To this she skip'd and caper'd like a *Lamb*,
 Or *Kid*, or *Calf*, when they pursue their Dam.
 Sweet as *Metheglin* was her *Honey* Lip,
 Or Hoard of *Apples* which in *Hay* are kept.
 Wincing she was, as is a jolly *Colt*,
 Long as a Mast, and upright as a Bolt:
 Above her Ancles laced was her Shoe,
 She was a *Primrose*, and a *Pigsney* too.
 And fit to lig by any Christian's Side,
 Or a Lord's Mistress, or a Yeoman's Bride.

Now *Sirs*, what think you, how the Case befell?
 This *Nicholas* (for I the Truth will tell)
 Was a mere Wag, and on a certain Day,
 When the Good Man, the Husband was away,
 Began to sport and wanton with his Dame,
 (For *Clerks* are sly, and very full of Game)
 And privily he caught her by *That same*. }

"My Lemman * Dear (quoth he) I'm all on Fire,
 "And perish, if you grant not my Desire.
 He clasp'd her round, and held her fast, and cry'd,
 "O let me, let me—never be deny'd,"

At this she wreath'd her Head, and sprung aloof,
 Like a young frisking *Colt*, whose tender Hoof

* Mistress.

Felt

238 *The CREDULOUS HUSBAND.*

Felt never Farrier's Hand, and never knew
The Virgin Burden of an Iron Shoe.

' Fye *Nicholas* ! away your Hands, quoth she :

' Is this your Breeding, and Civility ?

' Foh ! idle Sot ! what means th' unmanner'd
Clown,

' To teize me thus, and tofs me up and down ?

' I vow I'll tell, and bawl it o'er the Town.

' You're rude, and will you not be answer'd, No ?

' I will not kifs you—prithee, let me go.'

Here *Nicholas*, a young, designing Knave,
Began to weep, and cant, and Pardon crave.

So fair he spoke, and importun'd so fast,

This seeming modest Spouse consents at last.

By good-St. *Thomas* * swore, her usual Oath,

That she would meet his Love— tho' mighty
loath.

' If you, said she, convenient Leisure wait,

' (You know my Husband has a jealous Pate)

' I will requite you ; for if once the Beast

' Should chance to find us out, and smell the
Jest,

' I must be a dead Woman at the least.'

" Let that, quoth *Nicholas*, ne'er vex your Head ;

" He must be a mere learned Ass indeed,

" And very foolishly besets his Wile,

" Who cannot a dull *Carpenter* beguile."

And thus they were accorded, thus they swore

To wait the Time, as I have said before.

And

* St. Thomas Becket.

And now, when *Nicholas* had wore away
The pleasant Time in harmless am'rous Play,
To his melodious *Psalttery* he flew,
Play'd Tunes of Love, by which his Passion }
grew,

Then printed on her Lips a dear *Adieu*.
It happen'd thus, (I cannot rightly tell,
If it on *Easter* or on *Whitson* fell)
That on a Holyday, this modest Dame
To Church, with other honest Neighbours came,
In a good Fit to hear the Parson preach
What the divine Apostle us'd to teach.
Bright was her Forehead, and no Summer's Day
Shone half so clear, so tempting, and so gay.

Now to this Parish did a *Clerk* belong,
Who many a Time had rais'd a holy Song :
His Name was *Absalon*, a silly Man,
Who curl'd his Hair, which strutted like a Fan ;
And from his jolly, pert, and empty Head,
In golden Ringlets on his Shoulders spread.
His Face was red, his Eyes as grey as *Goose*,
With *St. Paul's* Windows figur'd on his Shoes.
Full properly he walk'd in Scarlet Hose,
But light, and Silver-colour'd were his Clothes, }
And Surplice white as Blossoms on the *Rose*. }
Thick Points and Tassels did the Coxcomb please,
And fetously they dangled on his Knees.
He could let Blood, and shave your Beard, or
Head,

But a mere *Barber-Surgeon* by his Trade.

Nay,

240 *The CREDULOUS HUSBAND.*

Nay, he cou'd draw a Bond, and learnt from *France*,
 In thirty Motions how to trip and dance.
 Nay, he cou'd write and read, and that is more
 Than twenty Parish-Clerks could do before :
 Could frisk and tofs his twirling Legs in Air,
 Nice were his Feet, and trod it to a Hair.
 Songs would he play, and, not to hide his Wit,
 Would squeak a *Treble* to his squawling *Kit* ;
 His Dress was finical, his Music queer,
 And pleas'd a Tapster's Eye or Drawer's Ear.
 No Tavern, Brew-house, Ale-house in the Town,
 Was to the gentle *Absalon* unknown :
 But he was very careful of his Wind,
 And never let it sally out behind ;
 To give the *Devil* his due, he had an Art
 By civil Speech to win a Lady's Heart.

 This *Absalon*, so jolly, spruce and gay,
 Went with the *Censer* on the Sabbath-day,
 He swung the Incense-pot with comely Grace,
 But chiefly would he fume a pretty Face.
 His wanton Eye, which every where he cast,
 Dwelt on the *Carpenter's* fine *Dame* at last.
 So sweet and proper was his lovely Wife,
 That he could freely gaze away his Life.
 Were he a *Cat*, this pretty *Mouse* would feel
 Too soon his Talons, a delicious Meal.

 And now had *Cupid* shot a piercing Dart,
 And wet the Feathers in his wounded Heart.
 No Offering of the handsome Wives he took,
 He wanted nothing but a smiling Look,

The

The Parish Fees refus'd, and said, the Light
Of the fair Moon shines brightest in the Night.
Soon as the *Cock* had bid the Morning rise,
The smitten Lover to his *Fiddle* flies.
A hideous Noise his squeaking *Trilloes* make,
And all the drowsy Neighbourhood awake.
At the lov'd House some am'rous Tunes he play'd,
And thus with gentle Voice he sung or said.

Now dear Lady,
If thy Will be,
I pray to Thee
To pity me.

And twenty such complaining Notes he sung,
Alike the Music of his *Kit*, and Tongue.
At this the staring *Carpenter* awoke,
And thus his Wife, fair *Alison*, bespoke.
“ Art thou asleep, or art thou deaf, my Dear?
“ And cannot *Absalon* at Window hear?
“ How with his Serenade he charms us all,
“ Chanting melodiously beneath our Wall!”
“ Yes, yes, I hear him, *Alison* reply'd,
“ Too well, God wot, and then she turn'd aside.”
Thus went Affairs, till *Absalon*, alas!
Was a lost Creature, a mere whining *Ass*.
All Night he wakes, and sighs, and wears away
On his broad Locks and Dress, the live-long Day.
To such a Height his doating Fondness grew,
To kiss the Ground, and wipe her very Shoe.

M

Where-

242 *The* CREDULOUS HUSBAND.

Where're she went, he like a Slave pursu'd,
 With spiced *Ale*, and sweet *Metheglin* woo'd,
 All Dainties he could rap and rend, he got,
 And sent her *Tarts* and *Custards* piping hot.
 He spar'd no Cost for an expensive Treat
 Of *Mead* and *Cyder*, and all Sorts of Meat.
 Throbbing he sings with his lamenting Throat,
 And rivals *Philomela's* mournful Note.
 With Rigour some, and some with gentle Arts
 Have found a Passage to young Ladies Hearts :
 Some Wealth has won, and some have had the Lot
 To fall enamour'd of a treating Sot.

Sometimes he *scaramouch'd* it all on high,
 And *harlequin'd* it with Activity.
 Betrays the Lightness of his empty Head,
 And how he could cut Capers in a Bed.
 But neither this, nor that, the Damsel move,
 For *Nicholas* has swept the Stakes of Love.
 The *Parish Clerk* has nothing met but Scorn,
 And may go fiddle now, or blow his Horn.
 Thus gentle *Absalon* is made her Ape,
 And all his Passion turn'd into a Jape.
 For *Nicholas* is always in her Eye :
 True says the Proverb, that the *Nigh are fly*.
 A distant Love may Disappointment find,
 For out of Sight is ever out of Mind.
 The Scholar was at hand, as I have told,
 And gave the *Parish Clerk* the *Dog to hold*.
 Now *Nicholas* thy Craft and Cunning try,
 That *Absalon* may *De Profundis* cry.

Now

Now, when the *Carpenter* was call'd away
To work at *Osney*, on a certain Day;
The subtle Scholar, and his wanton Spouse,
Were decently contriving for his Brows:
Agreed, that *Nicholas* should shape a Wile,
Her addle-pated Husband to beguile.

And, if so be the Game succeeded right,
She then would sleep within his Arms all Night,
For both were in this one Desire concern'd,
Alike they suffer'd, and alike they burn'd.

Strait a new Thought leapt cross the Scholar's
Head,

Who at that Instant to his Chamber fled.

But to relieve his Thirst and Hunger, bore
Of Meat and Liquor a substantial Store,
And victual'd it for one long Day, or more.

"*Alce*, shou'd your Husband ask for us (quoth
" he)

" Reply in Scorn, What's *Nicholas* to me?

" Am I his Keeper? help your silly Head!

" Perhaps the Man is mad, asleep, or dead;

" My Maid indeed has thump'd this Hour or
more,

" And knock'd as if she'd thunder down the
Door:

" But he, a moaping Drone, no Answer gave,

" Fast as a Church, and silent as the Grave."

Thus did one *Saturday* entire consume,
Since *Nicholas* had lock'd him in his Room,

244 *The CREDULOUS HUSBAND,*

Nor was he idle ; for no *Lent* he kept,
But eat, like other Men, and drank, and slept.
Did what he list, till the next Sun was new,
And went to Rest, as common Mortals do.

The *Carpenter* was in a grievous Pain,
Lest *Nicholas* should over-work his Brain ;
By Study lose his Reason, or his Life—

‘ Well, by St. *Thomas*, I don’t like it, Wife.
‘ The World we live in, is a ticklish Place,
‘ And sudden Death has often stopt our Race.
‘ I saw a Corpse, as to the Church it past,
‘ And the poor Man at work but *Monday* last.
‘ Run, *Dick*, quoth he, run speedily up Stairs,
‘ Thump at the Door, and see how stand Affairs.’
Up strait he runs, like any Tempest flies,
And knocks, and bawls, and like a Madman cries :
“ Hoh ! Master *Nicholas*, what mean you thus
“ To sleep all Night and Day, and frighten us ?”
He might as well have whistl’d to the Wind,
As from good *Nicholas* an Answer find.
At last he spy’d a Hole, full low and deep,
Where usually the Cat was wont to creep ;
Here was discover’d to his wond’ring Sight,
The Scholar gazing with his Eyes upright,
As if intent upon the Stars and Moon :
And down runs he, to tell his Master soon,
In what Array he saw this studious Man.
The *Carpenter* to cross himself began :
And cry’d, ‘ St. *Frideswild*, help us one and all !
‘ Little we know what Fate shall us befall.

This .

- ‘ This Man with his Astronomy is got
- ‘ Into some Frenzy, and stark mad, God wot.
- ‘ This comes of poring on his cunning Books,
- ‘ Of his Moon-snuffing, and Star-peeping Looks.
- ‘ Why should a silly Earth-born Mortal pry
- ‘ On Heav’n, and search the Secrets of the Sky?
- ‘ Well fare those Men, who no more Leaning
- need
- ‘ Than what’s contain’d in the Lord’s Pray’r
- and Creed,
- ‘ Scholars sufficient, if they can but read!
- ‘ Thus far’d a sage Philosopher * of old,
- ‘ Who walking out, as ’tis in Story told,
- ‘ Was so much with Astronomy bewitch’d,
- ‘ That his Star-gazing Clerkship was bewitch’d.
- ‘ Ill Luck attends the Man, who looks too high,
- ‘ And can a Star, but not a Marl-pit spy.
- ‘ But, by St. Thomas, this shall never pass;
- ‘ Too well I love this gentle Nicholas.
- ‘ I’ll ferret him, unless the Devil’s in it,
- ‘ From his brown Fit of Study in a Minute.
- ‘ Robin, let’s try if that an Iron Pur
- ‘ And your strong Back can make this Scholar stir.’

Now Robin was a Lad of Brawn and Bones,
 And by the Hasp heav’d up the Door at once,
 Which in the Chamber fell with dreadful Sound,
 As would a Man, like you or me, astound.
 But Nicholas did nothing do but stare;
 And like a Statue gape upon the Air.

* Thales.

246 *The CREDULOUS HUSBAND.*

The *Carpenter* was in a piteous Fear,
Because he did not, or he would not hear.
Thought some deep *Melancholy* had impair'd
His Brain, and that of Mercy he despair'd ;
For which the Student in his Arms he took
With Might and Main, and by the Shoulders
shook.

- Cry'd, *Nicholas*, awake ! what, not a Word ?
 - Look down, despair not—think upon the *Lord* !
- Then the Night-spell he mumbled to himself :
- Bless thee from Fiends, and every wicked Elf !
- He cross'd the Threshold, where a Dev'l might
creep,
And each small Hole, thro' which an Imp might
peep ;
With solemn *Pater-Nosters* blest the Door,
And *Ave Marys*, after and before.
At this the Clerk sent forth a heavy Sigh,
With Tears and woful Tone began to cry—
- “ And shall this World be lost so soon ? Ah ! why ? ” }
- What do I hear ? the *Carpenter* reply'd,
 - What say'st thou, *Nicholas* ? sure thou art be-
fide
 - Thyself : Serve God, as we poor Lab'ers do,
 - And then no Harm nor Danger will ensue.
 - Ah ! Friend, quoth *Nicholas*, you little think
 - What I can tell ; but first let's have some
Drink.

Then,

" Then, my dear Host, thou shalt in private learn

" Some certain Things, which thee and me concern.

" It shall no Mortal but yourself avail;

" Then fetch a *Winchester* of mighty Ale."

And now when both had drank an equal Share,
Cries *Nicholas*, " Sit down, and draw your Chair.

" But first, sweet Landlord, you must take an Oath,

" To no Man living to betray thy Troth.

" For, trust me, what I'm going to relate

" Is *Revelation*, and as sure as Fate.

" And if you tell, this Vengeance will ensue,

" No Hare in *March* will be so mad as you."

' Nay, quoth mine Host, I am no Blab, not I,

' And hang me, if you catch me in a Lye.

' I would not tell, tho' 'twere to save my Life;

' To Chick or Child, to Man, or Maid, or Wife."

" Now *John*, quoth *Nicholas*, I will not hide

" What by my Art I have of late descry'd!

" How, as I por'd upon fair *Cynthia's* Light,

" Should fall, on *Monday* Next, at Quarter Night,

" A Rain so sudden, and so long to boot,

" That *Noah's* Flood was but a Spoonful to't.

" This World within the Compass of an Hour

" Shall all be drown'd, so hideous is the

Show'r,

" As will the Cattle, and Mankind devour."

248 *The CREDULOUS HUSBAND.*

Cries then this silly Man, ‘Alas, my Wife!
 ‘ My Bosom-comfort, and my better Life!
 ‘ And must she drown, and perish with the rest;
 ‘ My *Alison*, the Darling of my Breast?’
 At this well nigh he swoon’d o’erwhelm’d with
 Grief,

Fetch’d a deep Sigh, ‘And is there no Relief;
 ‘ No Remedy, he cry’d, no Succour left?’
 “No, by no means, quoth this designing Clerk;
 “Be of good Heart, and by Instruction work.
 “For if by *Nicholas* you will be led,
 “And build no Castles in your own wild Head,
 “None so secure: For *Solomon* says true,
 “*Work all by Counsel, and you cannot rue.*
 “If you’ll be govern’d, and be rul’d by me,
 “I’ll undertake to save thy Wife and thee;
 “By my own Art against the Flood prevail,
 “And make no Use of either Mast or Sail.
 “Have you not heard, how, when the World
 was naught,
 “*Noah*, by Heav’nly Inspiration taught?”—
 ‘(Ay, ay, quoth *John*, I’ve in my Bible found
 ‘That once upon a Time the World was drown’d.)’
 “Hast thou not heard, how *Noah* was concern’d
 “For his dear Wife, and how his Bowels yearn’d,
 “Till he had built and furnish’d out a Bark,
 “And lodged her, with her Children in the Ark?

“Now

- “ Now Expedition is the Soul and Life
“ Of Business ; if you love yourself and Wife,
“ Run, Fly—for in this Case it is a Crime
“ To loiter, or to lose an Inch of Time.
“ For *Alison*, yourself, and me provide
“ Three Kneading-Troughs, to sail upon the
Tide.
“ But take most special Care, that they be large,
“ In which a Man may swim as in a Barge.
“ Let them be victual’d well, and see you lay
“ Sufficient Stores against a rainy Day;
“ Enough to serve you twenty Hours, and more,
“ For then the Flood will swage, and not before.
“ But one thing let me whisper in your Ear,
“ Let not thy sturdy Servant *Robin* hear,
“ Nor bonny *Gillian* know what I relate;
“ I must not utter the Decrees of Fate.
“ Ask me not Reasons why I cannot save
“ Your trusty Serving-Maid, and honest Knave:
“ Suffice it thee, unless thy Wits be mad,
“ To have as great a Grace as *Noah* had.
“ Do you make Haste, and mind the grand Af-
fair;
“ To save your Wife shall be my proper Care.
“ But when these Kneading-Tubs are ready
made,
“ Which may secure us, when the Floods invade,
“ See that you hang them in the Roof full high,
“ That none our Providential Plot descry.

250 *The* CREDULOUS HUSBAND.

- " And when thou hast convey'd sufficient Store
 " Of Meats and Drink, as I have said before,
 " And put a sharp'ned Ax in ev'ry Boat,
 " To cut the Cord, and set us all afloat;
 " Then thro' the *Gable* of the House, which lies
 " Above the Stable, and the Garden spies,
 " Break out a Hole, so very large and wide,
 " Thro' which our Tubs may sail upon the Tide:
 " Then wilt thou so much Mirth and Pleasure
 take
 " In swimming, as the white Duck and the Drake:
 " Then when I cry, Hoh! *Alison*, and *John*,
 " Be merry, for the Flood will pass anon,
 " Then wilt thou answer, Master *Nicholay*,
 " Good-morrow, for I see it is broad Day.
 " Then shall we reign, as Emperors for Life,
 " O'er all the World, like *Noah* and his Wife.
 " But one thing I almost forgot to tell,
 " Which now comes in my Head, (and mark
 me well)
 " That on that very Night we go aboard,
 " All must be hush'd, and whisper not a Word.
 " But all the Time employ our holy Mind
 " In earnest Pray'rs: For thus has Heav'n en-
 join'd.
 " You and your Wife must take a separate
 Place,
 " Nor is there any Sin in such a Case.
 " To-morrow Night, when Men are fast asleep,
 " We to our Kneading-Tubs will sily creep.

- “ There will we sit, each in his Ship apart,
 “ And wait the Deluge with a patient Heart.
 “ Go now; I have no longer time to spare
 “ In Sermoning, use expeditious Care.
 “ Your Apprehension needs no more Advice:
 “ *One single Word's sufficient for the Wife.*
 “ And none, dear Landlord, can your Wit in-
 form;
 “ Go, save our Lives from this impending
 Storm.”

Away hies *John*, with melancholy Look;
 And sigh'd, and groan'd, at ev'ry Step he took.
 To *Alison* he does his Fate deplore,
 And tells a Secret which she knew before.

But yet she trembl'd, like an *Aspen* Leaf,
 And seem'd to perish with dissembled Grief;
 Crying, “ Alas! What shall I do?—begone—
 “ Help us to 'scape, or we are all undone.
 “ I am thy true and very wedded Wife;
 “ Go, dear, dear Spouse, and help to save my
 Life.”

*What strong Impressions does Affection give?
 By Fancy, Men have often ceas'd to live.
 Howe'er absurd things in themselves appear,
 Weak Minds are apt to credit what they fear.*

This silly Carpenter is almost *Wood*,
 And thinks of nothing else but *Noah's Flood*.
 Believes he sees it and begins to quake,
 And all for *Alison*, his Hony's Sake.

He's over-run with Sorrow and with Fear,
 And sends forth many a Groan and many a Tear:
 A Kneading-Trough, a Tub, and * Kemelin
 He gets by Stealth, and sends them to his Inn.
 He makes three Ladders, whence he climbs aloof,
 And privately he hangs them in the Roof.
 But first he victual'd them, both Trough and Tub,
 With Bread and Cheese, and Bottles fill'd with
 mighty Bub;

Enough o' Conscience to relieve their Fast,
 And be sufficient for a Day's Repast.

But ere this Preparation had been made;
 He sent to *London* both his Man and Maid, }
 On certain Matters, which concern'd his Trade.

And now came on the fatal *Monday* Night,
 Barr'd are the Doors, out goes the Candle-Light.
 And when all things in Readiness were set,
 These three their Ladders take, and up they get.
 Now *Pater Noster, clum*, said *Alison*,
 And *clum* †, quoth *Nicholas*, and *clum*, quoth *John*.
 The Carpenter his *Orisons* did say,
For Men in fear are very apt to pray.
 Silent he waited, when the Skies would pour
 This unaccountable and dismal Show'r.
 And now at † *Curfew* time, dead Sleep began
 To fall upon this easy, simple Man.

Who

* Brewer's Vessel. † A Note of Silence.

† *Curfew*. WILLIAM the Conqueror, in the first
 Year of his Reign commanded that in every Town
 and Village a Bell should be rung every Night, at
 eight

Who after so much Care and Bus'ness past,
And spent with sad Concern, was quickly fast.
Soft down the Ladder stole this loving Pair,
Good *Nicholas*, and *Alison* the Fair;
Then, without speaking, to the Bed they creep
Of *John*, poor Cuckold! who was fast asleep.
There all the Night they revel, sport, and toy,
And act the merry Scene of am'rous Joy;
Till that the Bell of *Lauds* began to ring,
And the fat Friars in the Chancel sing.

The Parish Clerk, this am'rous *Abfalon*,
Who over Head and Ears in Love is gone,
At *Osney* happen'd with a jovial Crew
To spend the *Monday*, as they us'd to do;
There pulls a certain Friar by the Sleeve,
With Pardon begg'd, and Father, by your Leave,
“ When saw you *John* the Carpenter? he
cries.”

‘ Last *Saturday*, the *Cloisterer* replies,
‘ Since then I have not seen him with these Eyes;
‘ Perhaps abroad he's playing fast and loose;
‘ Or fetching Timber for the Abbot's Use,
‘ And lodges at the *Graunge* a Day or two,
‘ Or else at home—I know no more than you.’

eight of the Clock, and that all People should then
put out their Fire and Candle and go to Bed. The
Ringing of this Bell was called *Curfew*, that is, Cover
Fire.

This

This made *Nab's* boiling Blood with Pleasure start,
The News rejoic'd the Cockles of his Heart.

' Now is my Time, thinks he; the Moon is
bright,

' Nor care I, if I travel all the Night;

' For at his Door, since Day began to spring,

' I've seen, like him, no kind of Man, or Thing.

' It is resolv'd; to *Alison* I'll go,

' When the first Morning Cock begins to crow;

' And to her Window privately repair,

' Then knock, and tell her my tormenting Care.

' I'll open all my Breast, and ease my Heart,

' For 'tis too much to bear Love's stinging Smart.

' Some little Comfort sure I shall not miss,

' At least she'll grant the Favour of a Kiss;

' My Mouth has itch'd all Day, from whence it
seems

' That I shall kiss: Besides my pleasant Dreams

' Of Feasts and Banquets, whence a Man may
guess

' That I may haply meet with some Success:

' But for an Hour or two before I go,

' I'll first refresh me with a Nap, or so.'

Now the first Cock had wak'd from his Repose
The jolly *Abfalon*, and up he rose.

But first he dresses finical and gay,

And looks like any *Beau*, at Church or Play,

And brisk as Bridegroom on a Wedding-Day.

Nicely he combs the Ringlets of his Hair,

And wash'd with Rose-water looks fresh and fair;

Then

Then with his Finger he her Window twang'd,
 Whisper'd a gentle Tone, and thus harangu'd.
 Sweet Alifon, my Honey-comb, my Dear,
 My Bird, my Cinnamon, your Lover here.
 Awake, and speak one Word before I part,
 But one kind Word, the Balsam to my Heart.
 Little you think, alas! the mighty Woe,
 Which for the Love of thee I undergo.
 For thee I swelter and for thee I sweat,
 And mourn as Lamb-kins for the Mother's Teat
 Nor false my Grief, nor does the Turtle Dove
 Lament more truly, or more truly love.
 I cannot eat nor drink, and all for thee—
 'Get from my Window, you Jack Fool, said she;
 'I love another of a different Hue
 'From such a silly Dunder-head as you.
 'If you stand talking at that foolish Rate,
 'My Chamber-pot shall be about your Pate.
 'Begone, you empty Sot, and let me sleep.'—
 At this poor *Abfalon* began to weep,
 And his hard Fate with Sighs and Groans deplore;
 Was ever faithful Love thus serv'd before!
 Since then, my Sweet, what I desire's in vain,
 Let me but one small Boon, a Kiss, obtain.
 'And will you then begon, not loiter here?'
 Quoth *Alifon*—*As certainly, my Dear!*
 'Make ready then—Now, *Nicholas*, lye still,
 'Tis such a Jest, that you will laugh your fill.
 Ravish'd with Joy, *Nab* fell upon his Knees,
 The happiest Man alive in all Degrees;

In

256 *The CREDULOUS HUSBAND.*

In silent Raptures he began to cry,
No Lord in Europe is so blest as I.

*I may expect more Favours; for a Kiss
 Is an Assurance of a future Bliss.*

The Window now unclasp'd, with slender Voice,
 Cries *Alison*, ' Be quick, and make no Noise;
 ' I would not for the World our Neighbours hear,
 ' For the're made up of Jealousy and Fear.'

Then silken Handkerchief from Pocket came,
 To wipe his Mouth full clean to kiss the Dame.

Dark was the Night, as any Coal or Pitch,
 When at the Window she clapt out her Breech.

The *Parish Clerk* ne'er doubted what to do,
 But ask'd no Questions, and in haste fell to;

On her blind Side full favourly he prest
 A loving Kiss, e'er he smelt out the Jest.

A back he starts, for he knew well enough,
 That Womens Lips are smooth, but these were
 rough.

What have I done, quoth he? he rav'd and star'd,
Ah me! I've kiss'd a Woman with a Beard,

He curs'd the Hour, and rail'd against the Stars,
 That he was born to kiss my Lady's Arse.

* *Tehea*, she cry'd, and clapt the Window close,
 While *Absalon* with Grief and Anger goes

To meditate Revenge; and to requite
 The foul Affront, he would not sleep that Night.

• A Note of Laughter,

And

And now with Dust, with Sand, with Straw, with
Chips,

He scrubs and rubs the Kisses from his Lips.

Oft would he say, *Alas ! O basest Evil !*

Than met with this Disgrace so damn'd uncivil,
I rather had went headlong to the Devil.

To kiss a Woman's Breech ! it can't be born !

But by my Soul I'll be reveng'd by Morn.

Hot Love, the Proverb says, grows quickly cool,
And *Absalon's* no more an am'rous Fool :

For since his Purpose was so foully crost,
He gains his Quiet, tho' his Love is lost :

And, cur'd of his Distemper, can defy
All whining Coxcombs with a scornful Eye :

But for meer Anger, as he pass'd the Street,
He wept, as does a School-boy when he's beat.

In a soft, doleful Pace at last he came

To an old *Vulcan*, *Jarvis* was his Name ;

Who late and early at the Forge turmoyl'd,

In hamm'ring Iron Bars, and Plough-shares, toil'd.

Hither repair'd, by one or two a Clock,

Poor *Absalon*, and gave an easy Knock.

Who's there that knocks so late, Sir *Jarvis* cries ?

" 'Tis I, the penfive *Absalon* replies.

" Open the Door." " What *Absalon*, quoth He,

" The Parish Clerk !" *Ab ! Benedicite.*

Where hast thou been ? some pretty Girl, I wot,

Has led you out so late upon the trot.

Some merry-meeting on the Wenching score,

You know my Meaning,——but I'll say no more.

But

258 *The CREDULOUS HUSBAND.*

But *Absalon* another Distaff drew,
And had more Tow to spin than *Jarvis* knew :
He minded not a *Bean* of all he said,
For other Things employ'd his careful Head.
At last he Silence breaks, *Dear Friend*, he cries,
Lend's that hot Pur, which in the Chimney lies ;
I have occasion for't, no Questions ask,
To bring it back again shall be my Task.

‘ With all my Heart, quoth *Jarvis*, were it Gold,
‘ Or splendid Nobles in a Purse untold ;
‘ With all my Heart as I’m an honest *Smith*,
‘ I’ll lend it Thee ; but what wilt do therewith ?
“ For that, quoth *Absalon*, nor care, nor sorrow,
“ I’ll give a good Account of it to *Morrow*.”

Then up the Culter in his Hand he caught,
Tripp’d out with silent Pace, and wicked Thought.
Red-hot it was, as any burning Coal,
With which to *John* the Carpenter’s he stole.

There first he cough’d, and, as his usual Wont,
Up to the Window came, and tapp’d upon’t.

‘ Who’s there ? quoth *Alison*, some Midnight
Rook,

‘ Some Thief, I warrant, with a hanging Look.’

“ Ah ! God forbid, quoth this dissembling Elf,

“ ’Tis *Absalon*, my Life ! my better Self !

“ A rich Gold Ring I’ve to my Darling brought,

“ By a known Graver exquisitely wrought.

“ Beside a Posie, most divinely writ

“ By a fam’d Poet, and notorious Wit.

“ My

“ My Mother gave it me (’tis wond’rous fine.)
 “ She clapp’d it on my Finger, I on thine,
 “ If thou wilt deign the Favour of a Kiss——”
 Now *Nicholas* by chance rose up to piss,
 Thinking to better and improve the Jest,
 He should salute his Breech, before the rest.
 With eager Haste, and secret Joy he went,
 And his Posteriors out at Window sent.
 Here *Absalon*, the Wag, with subtle Tone
 Whispers, “ My Love! my Soul! my *Alison*,
 “ Speak, my sweet Bird, I know not where thou
 art——.”

At this the Scholar let a rouzing Fart;
 So loud the Noise, as frightful was the Stroke,
 As Thunder when it splits the sturdy Oak.
 The Clerk was ready, and with hearty Gust,
 The Red-hot Iron in his Buttocks thrust.
 Streight off the Skin, like snivel’d Parchment flew,
 His Breech as raw as Saint *Bartholomew*.
 The Culter had so sing’d his Hinder Part,
 He thought he should have dy’d for very Smart.
 In a mad Fit about the Room he ran,
Help, Water, Water, for a dying Man.

The *Carpenter*, as one beside his Wits,
 Starts at the dreadful Sound, and up he gets.
 The Name of *Water* rouz’d him from his Sleep,
 He rubb’d his Eye-lids, and began to peep.
 Alas! thought he, now comes the fatal Hour,
 And from the Clouds does *Noah’s Deluge* pour.

Up

Up then he sits, and without more Ado
 He takes his Ax, and smites the Cord in two.
 Down goes the Bread, and Ale, and Cheefe, and All,
 And *John* himself had a confounded Fall.
 Dropp'd from the Roof upon the Floor, astoun'd
 He lies, as dead, and swims upon the Ground.
 Then *Nicholas*, to play the Counterfeit,
 With *Alison*, cries *Murder* in the Street.

In came the Neighbours pouring like the Tide,
 To know the Reason why was *Murder* cry'd.
 There they beheld poor *John*, a gasping Man,
 Shut were his Eyes, his Face was pale and wan.
 Batter'd his Sides, and broken was his Arm,
 But stand it out he must to his own Harm.
 For when he aim'd to speak in his Defence,
 They bore him down, and baffled all his Sense.
 They told the People, that the Man was Wood,
 And dreamt of nothing else but *Noah's Flood*.
 His heated Fancy of this *Deluge* rung,
 That to the Roof three Kneading-troughs he hung,
 With which in Danger he design'd to swim,
 And we, forsooth, must cary on the Whim :
 He begg'd, and pray'd, and so we humour'd him. }

At hearing this, the sneering Neighbours gave
 An universal Shout, and hideous Laugh.
 Now on the Roof, and now on *John* they gape,
 And all his Earnest turn into a Jape.
 He swore against the Scholar and his Wife,
 And never look'd so foolish in his Life.

Whate'er

Whate'er he speaks, the People never mind,
His Oaths are nothing, and his Words are Wind.
Thus all consent to scoff each serious Word,
And *John* remain'd a Cuckold on Record.

Thus Doors of Brass, and Bars of Steel are vain,
And watchful Jealousy, and carking Pain
Are fruitless all, when a good-natur'd Spouse
Designs Preferment for her Husband's Brows.
Thus *Alison* her Cuckold does defy,
And *Abfalon* has kiss'd her nether Eye;
While *Nicholas* is scalded in the Breech;
My Tale is done, God save us all, and each.

The MAID.

A T A L E.

HOW much in vain is all our Art
To pry into a Female Heart?
How weak, how groundless the Pretence
To Knowledge, Conduct, Wit, or Sense,
When Women, as they please, deceive,
And we, with all our Wit, believe?
Still in the Matrimonial State
(That End of Love, that Source of Hate)
'Tis each conceited Sot's Advice,
A Man can never be too nice.
Mark how your Mistress is inclin'd;
Observe the Sallies of her Mind:

Loves

Loves she the Park, and *Flanders* Mares,
 Or Ev'ning Walks, or Morning Prayers?
 Delights she in the rich Brocade,
 Or trips she to a *Masquerade*?
 If once to these her Fancy lead,
 She's one of us: Beware your Head.

Per Contra, if on Search you find
 She has not yet debauch'd her Mind;
 If yet she ne'er has cross'd the *Thames*,
 Or trod the Purlieu's of St. *James*;
 Ne'er set her utmost Foot so far
 As t'other Side of *Temple-Bar*;
 Why then you may with Reason judge,
 She'll make a tolerable Drudge;
 Was never yet by Man betray'd,
 I'll warrant her a spotless Maid.

Give o'er thy Cant, deluded Fool,
 Nor fix Uncertainties to Rule;
 That Sex, the Essence of Deceit,
 Was, is, and will be still a Cheat.

If my Opinion won't prevail,
 Have patience, and attend my Tale.

A Spark there was we'll call him *John*,
 Or any thing you'll pitch upon,
 Who in his Youth (Heav'n help his Head)
 Most prudently resolv'd to wed;
 And (for he valued much his Fame)
 A Girl unblemish'd was his Aim;
 How many ways soe'r he try'd,
 He'd have a Virgin for his Bride.

Long

Long did the Search perplex his Mind,
For Virgins are but hard to find;
At length kind Fortune was his Friend,
And all his Pain was at an End.
A fair delightful She he found,
Whose Beauty would a Hermit wound,
Yet who, if Modesty can move,
Might teach a Libertine to love.
No sickly Pale deform'd her Face,
Unhurt and fresh was ev'ry Grace:
Free from the Vices of the Town,
Ill Cards had never made her frown;
She ne'er had run in debt with Beaux,
Or broke for *Ombre* her Repose.
If but a Man the Creature 'spy'd
'Twould blush and turn its Head aside.
Her Cheeks were red, her Mouth was pretty,
Her Eyes were black, her Name was *Betty*.

O'erjoy'd to meet so chaste a Dame,
John yet a while conceal'd his Flame,
And, firmly bent to clear all doubt,
Enquir'd her Character about;
Would slyly ask with careless Grin
How many Suitors she had seen;
Said, "He had often heard them talk
"That *Betty* lov'd a Moonlight Walk:
"That she and *Tom*, as People say,
"Did more together than make Hay:
"If so, 'twas Pity; for his part,
"He wish'd her well with all his Heart.

With

With Joy, which none but Lovers taste,
John heard his Story turn'd to Jest:

" 'Twas certain that could never be;

" Who had a better Name than She?"

One thing remain'd and only One,

Ere all his Scruples would be done;

He thought her chaste, but then he cry'd,

" She must be so who ne'er was try'd;

" I'll make myself the bold Attack,

" And fairly lay her on her Back:

" If she resists, my Soul she gains;

" If not, I've something for my Pains."

Big with this Scheme, one Ev'ning fair

He ask'd her out to take the Air;

The setting Sun adorn'd the Grove,

And ev'ry Zephyr whisper'd Love;

Afraid, and doubtful of the Bliss,

John made his Onset with a Kiss;

And with a Second bolder grown,

Began his rash Design to own;

Attempted to be very free,

Told her, " That none could hear or see;

" That if she'd grant him then the Favour,

" He'd the next Morning surely have her."

With artful Blush, and down-cast Eye,

Chaste *Betty* made him no Reply,

But with her Fist upon his Face

Reveng'd in Silence her Disgrace.

Thrice happy Youth, in One to find

The Body beauteous, chaste the Mind!

'Tis

'Tis plain from Thee, the Fate we fear
Is easy to avoid with Care.

But to my Tale — With eager Haste
John to the Fair One's Parents past:
In Wealth her equal, and Descent,
With Ease he got her Friends Consent:
On harder Terms he got her own;
Betty continued still to frown;
But Women are so prone to Good,
Our Pray'rs are seldom long withstood.
In short, the Nuptial Noose was ty'd,
And *John* in Raptures with his Bride.
The Man in black their Sentence read,
They din'd, they supp'd, then went to Bed,
What more they did may not be said. }

Oh, wretched State of Things below!
Our greatest Pleasures end in Woe.
Take heed betimes, unwary Youth,
For Grief is incident to Truth:
Our mighty Pleasures, 'tis believ'd,
Consist in being well deceiv'd.

John in the Morning told his Bride
How cunningly she had been try'd:
" 'Twas only Stratagem I meant,
" For had you giv'n your Consent,
" I ne'er had married you, *Pardie*;
" The Devil might ha' don't for me."
Quoth she, ' My Dear, that may be true;
' But I was full as wise as you:

N

' For

266 *The BAD BARGAIN.*

- ‘ For You have *fail’d* in your Design,
 - ‘ And I have had *Succeſs* in mine :
 - ‘ I knew no Man would wed his Whore ;
 - ‘ Why, *Rog*, nick’d me ſo before.
-

The BAD BARGAIN on both Sides.

A T A L E.

TWO *Welſhmen*, Partners in a Cow,
Reſolv’d to ſell her dear,
And laid their Heads together how
To do’t at *Ludlow Fair*.

It was a ſultry Summer’s Day,
When out they drove the Beaſt,
And having got about half way,
They ſet them down to reſt.

The Cow, a Creature of no Breeding,
(The Place with Graſs being ſtor’d)
Fed by ; and while ſhe was a feeding,
Let fall a mighty T——.

Roger, quoth *Hugh*, I tell thee what,
Two Words and I have done ;
If thou wilt fairly eat up that,
This Cow is all thy own.

’Tis done, quoth *Roger*, ’tis agreed,
And to’t he went apace,
He ſeem’d ſo eager, it is ſaid,
That he forgot his Grace.

He

He labour'd with his wooden Spoon,
 And up he slopt the Stuff,
 Till by the Time that half was done,
 He felt he had enough.
 He felt, but scorning to look back,
 Wou'd look as if he wanted more;
 And seem'd to make a fresh Attack,
 With as much Vigour as before.
 But stopping short a while, he cry'd,
 How far'ft thou Neighbour *Hugh*?
 I hope by this you're satisfied,
 Who's Master of the Cow.
 Ay, ay, quoth *Hugh*, (the Devil choke thee,
 For nothing else can do't)
 I'm satisfied that thou hast broke me,
 Unless thou wilt give out.
 Give out, quoth *Roger*, that were fine,
 Why what have I been doing?
 But yet I tell thee Friend of mine,
 I shall not seek thy Ruin.
 My Heart now turns against such Gains,
 I know th'art piteous poor;
 Eat then the half that still remains,
 And 'tis as 'twas before.
 God's Blessing on thy Heart, quoth *Hugh*,
 That Proffer none can gainsay;
 With that he readily fell to,
 And eat his Share o' th' Tansy.

Quoth *Hodge*, we're even now, no doubt,
 And neither Side no Winner :
 So had we been, quoth *Hugh*, without
 This damn'd confounded Dinner.

The EQUIVOCATION.

A T A L E.

By *Mr. GAY*.

AN Abbot rich (whose Taste was good
 Alike in Science and in Food)
 His Bishop had resolv'd to treat ;
 The Bishop came, the Bishop eat ;
 'Twas Silence, 'till their Stomachs fail'd ;
 And now at Heretics they rail'd ;
 What Heresy (the Prelate said)
 Is in that Church where Priests may wed !
 Do not we take the Church for Life ?
 But those divorce her for a Wife,
 Like Laymen keep her in their Houses,
 And own the Children of their Spouses.
 Vile Practices ! the Abbot cry'd,
 For pious Use we're set aside !
 Shall we take Wives ? Marriage at best
 Is but Carnality profess'd.
 Now as the Bishop took his Glass,
 He spy'd our Abbots buxom Lass,

Who

The Journal of a modern Lady. 269

Who cross'd the Room, he mark'd her Eye
That glow'd with Love ; his Pulse beat high.
Fye, Father, fye, (the Prelate cries)
A Maid so young ! for shame, be wise.
These Indiscretions lend a Handle
To lewd Lay Tongues, to give us Scandal ;
For your Vow's sake, this Rule I give t'ye,
Let all your Maids be turn'd of fifty.

The Priest reply'd, I have not swerv'd,
But your chaste Precept well observ'd,
That Lads full twenty-five has told,
I've yet another who's as old ;
Into one Sum their Ages cast ;
So both my Maids have fifty past.

The Prelate smil'd, but durst not blame ;
For why ? his Lordship did the same.

Let those who reprimand their Brothers,
First mend the Faults they find in others.

The JOURNAL of a modern Lady.

To a Friend.

By Dr. SWIFT.

IT was a most unfriendly Part
In you who ought to know my Heart,

N 3

So

270 *The Journal of a modern Lady.*

So well acquainted with my Zeal
 For all the Female Common-weal :
 How could it come into your Mind,
 To pitch on me, of all Mankind,
 Against the Sex to write a Satyr,
 And brand me for a Woman-Hater ?
 On me, who think them all so fair,
 They rival *Venus* to a Hair ;
 Their Virtues never ceas'd to sing,
 Since first I learn'd to tune a String.
 Methinks I hear the Ladies cry,
 Will he his Character belye ?
 Must never our Misfortunes end ?
 And have we lost our only Friend ?
 Ah ! lovely Nymph remove your Fears,
 No more let fall your precious Tears.
 Sooner shall, &c.

[*Here several Verses are omitted*]

The Hound be hunted by the Hare,
 Than I turn Rebel to the Fair.
 'Twas you engaged me first to write,
 Then gave the Subject out of Spite.
 The *Journal of a modern Dame*,
 Is by my Promise what you claim ;
 My Word is past, I must submit,
 And yet perhaps you may be bit,
 I but transcribe, for not a Line
 Of all the Satyr shall be mine.

Compell'd

Compell'd by you to tag in Rhimes
The common Slanders of the Times,
Of modern Times, the Guilt is yours,
And me my Innocence secures;
Unwilling Muse begin thy Lay,
The Annals of a Female Day.

By Nature turn'd to play the Rakewell,
(As we shall shew you in the Sequel)
The modern Dame is wak'd by Noon,
Some Authors say not quite so soon,
Because, though sore against her Will,
She sat all Night up at *Quadrill*.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her Eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise;
Of Head-ach, and the Spleen complains;
And then to cool her heated Brains,
Her Night-gown and her Slippers brought her,
Takes a large Dram of Citron Water.
Then to her Glass; and, *Betty*, pray
' Don't I look frightfully to Day?
' But, was it not confounded hard?
' Well if I ever touch a Card:
' Four *Mattadores*, and lose *Codill*!
' Depend upon't I never will.
' But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix
' The Ladies here to Night by Six.'
Madam, the Goldsmith waits below,
He says his Business is to know
If you'll redeem the Silver Cup,
You pawn'd to him?—' First shew him up.'

272 *The Journal of a modern Lady.*

Your Dressing-Plate, he'll be content

To take, for Interest *Gent. per Cent.*

And, Madam, there's my Lady *Spade*

Hath sent this Letter by her Maid.

' Well, I remember what she won ;

' And hath she sent so soon to dun ?

' Here, carry down those ten Pistoles

' My Husband left to pay for Coals :

' I thank my Stars, they are all light ;

' And I may have Revenge at Night.'

Now, loit'ring o'er her Tea and Cream,

She enters on her usual Theme ;

Her last Night's ill Success repeats,

Calls Lady *Spade* a hundred Cheats ;

She slipt *Spadillo* in her Breast,

' Then thought to turn it to a Jest.

' There's Mrs. *Cut* and she combine,

And to each other give the Sign,

Through ev'ry Game pursues her Tale,

Like Hunters o'er their Evening Ale.

Now to another Scene give Place,

Enter the Folks with Silks and Lace :

Fresh Matter for a World of Chat,

Right *Indian* this, right *Mechlin* that ;

Observe this Pattern ; there's a Stuff,

I can have Customers enough,

Dear Madam ; you are grown so hard,

This Lace is worth twelve Pounds a Yard ;

Madam, if there be Truth in Man,

I never sold so cheap a Fan.

This

This Bus'ness of Importance o'er,
And Madam almost dress'd by Four;
The Footman, in his usual Phrase,
Comes up with, Madam, Dinner stays;
She answers in her usual Stile,
The Cook must keep it back a while;
I never can have Time to dress,
No Woman breathing takes up less;
I'm hurried so, it makes me sick,
I wish the Dinner at *Old Nick*.
At Table now she acts her Part,
Has all the Dinner-Cant by Heart:
• I thought we were to dine alone,
• My Dear, for sure if I had known
• This Company would come to-day—
• But really 'tis my Spouse's Way;
• He's so unkind, he never sends
• To tell when he invites his Friends:
• I wish you may but have enough.
And while, with all this poultry Stuff,
She sits tormenting every Guest,
Nor gives her Tongue one Moment's Rest,
In Phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern Ladies call polite;
You see the Booby Husband sit
In Admiration at her Wit!

But let me now a while survey
Our Madam o'er her Ev'ning Tea;
Surrounded with her noisy Clans
Of Prudes, Coquets, and Harridans;

274 *The Journal of a modern Lady.*

When frighted at the clam'rous Crew,
 Away the God of *Silence* flew,
 And fair *Discretion* left the Place,
 And *Modesty* with blushing Face;
 Now enters over-weening *Pride*,
 And *Scandal* ever gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with Frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing Air;
 Rude *Laughter* seeming like to burst;
 And *Malice* always judging worst;
 And *Vanity* with Pocket-Glass,
 And *Impudence* with Front of Brass;
 And studied *Affectation* came,
 Each Limb, and Feature out of Frame;
 While *Ignorance*, with Brain of Lead,
 Flew hov'ring o'er each Female Head.

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
 An hundred Tongues, as Poets use,
 When to give ev'ry Dame her due,
 An hundred thousand were too few!
 Or how should I, alas! relate,
 The sum of all their senseless Prate,
 Their Inuendō's, Hints and Slanders,
 Their Meanings lewd, and doubl' Entendres.
 Now comes the gen'ral Scandal-Charge,
 What some invent, the rest enlarge;
 And, ' Madam, if it be a Lye,
 ' You have the Tale as cheap as I:
 ' I must conceal my Author's Name,
 ' But now 'tis known to common Fame.'

Say

Say, foolish Females, old and blind,
Say, by what fatal Turn of Mind,
Are you on Vices most severe,
Wherein yourselves have greatest Share?
Thus every Fool herself deludes:
The Prudes condemn the absent Prudes;
Mopsa, who stinks her Spouse to Death,
Accuses *Ghloe's* tainted Breath;
Hircina rank with Sweat, presumes
To censure *Phyllis* for Perfumes;
While crooked *Cynthia* swearing says,
That *Florimel* wears Iron Stays:
Ghloe's of ev'ry Coxcomb jealous,
Admires how Girls can talk with Fellows,
And full of Indignation frets
That Women should be such Coquets:
Iris, for Scandal most notorious,
Cries, 'Lord, the World is so censorious!'
And *Rufa* with her Combs of Lead,
Whispers that *Sappho's* Hair is red:
Aura, whose Tongue you hear a Mile hence,
Talks half a Day in Praise of Silence;
And *Silvia* full of inward Guilt,
Calls *Amoret* an arrant Jilt.

Now Voices over Voices rise;
While each to be the loudest vies,
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single Tongue one Moment mute;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very Lap-Dog barking;

276 *The Journal of a Modern Lady.*

Their Chattering makes a louder Din
Than Fish-Wives o'er a Cup of Gin:
Not School-boys at a Barring-out,
Rais'd ever such incessant Rout:
The jumbling Particles of Matter
In Chaos make not such a Clatter:
Far less the Rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with four Election Ale.

Nor do they trust their Tongues alone,
To speak a Language of their own;
But read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look,
Far better than a printed Book;
Convey a Libel in a Frown,
And wink a Reputation down;
Or by the tossing of the Fan,
Describe the Lady and the Man.

But, see the Female Club disbands,
Each, twenty Visits on her Hands:
Now all alone poor Madam sits,
In Vapours and Hysteric Fits:
‘ And was not *Tom* this Morning sent?
‘ I’d lay my Life he never went:
‘ Past Six, and not a living Soul!
‘ I might by this have won a Vole.
A dreadful Interval of Spleen!
How shall we pass the Time between?
‘ Here *Betty*, let me take my Drops,
‘ And feel my Pulse, I know it stops:
‘ This Head of mine, Lord, how it swims!
‘ And such a Pain in all my Limbs!’

Dear

Dear Madam, try to take a Nap—

But now they hear a Footman's Rap :

‘ Go run, and light the Ladies up.

‘ It must be One before we sup.’

The Table, Cards, and Counters set,

And all the Gamester Ladies met,

Her Spleen and Fits recover'd quite,

Our Madam can sit up all Night ;

‘ Whoever comes I'm not within—’

Quadrill's the Word, and so begin.

How can the Muse her Aid impart,

Unskill'd in all the Terms of Art ?

Or in harmonious Numbers put.

The Deal, the Shuffle, and the Cut ?

All the superfluous Whims relate,

That fill a Female Gamester's Pate ?

What Agony of Soul she feels

To see a Knave's inverted Heels :

She draws up Card by Card, to find

Good Fortune peeping from behind ;

With panting Heart, and earnest Eyes,

In hope to see *Spadillo* rise ;

In vain, alas ! her Hope is fed ;

She draws an Ace, and sees it red.

In ready Counters never pays,

But pawns her Snuff-box, Rings, and Keys.

Ever with some new Fancy struck,

Tries twenty Charms to mend her Luck.

‘ This Morning when the *Parson* came,

‘ I said I should not win a Game.

‘ This

278 [*The Journal of a modern Lady.*

‘ This odious Chair how came I stuck in’t,

‘ I think I never had good Luck in’t.

‘ I’m so uneasy in my Stays;

‘ Your Fan, a Moment, if you please.

‘ Stand further Girl, or get you gone,

‘ I always lose when you look on.’

Lord, Madam, you have lost Codill;

I never saw you play so ill.

‘ Nay Madam, give me leave to say

‘ ’Twas you that threw the Game away;

‘ When Lady *Tricksy* play’d a Four,

‘ You took it with a Mattadore;

‘ I saw you touch your Wedding-Ring.

‘ Before my Lady call’d a King.

‘ You spoke a Word began with H,

‘ And I know whom you mean to teach,

‘ Because you held the King of Hearts;

‘ Fie, Madam, leave these little Arts.’

That’s not so bad as one that rubs

Her Chair to call the King of Clubs,

And makes her Partner understand

A Mattadore is in her Hand.

‘ Madam, you have no Cause to flounce,

‘ I swear I saw you thrice renounce.

And truly, Madam, I know when

Instead of Five you scor’d me Ten.

Spadillo here has got a Mark,

A Child may know it in the Dark;

I guess the Hand, it seldom fails,

I wish some Folks would pare their Nails.

While

While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common Form;
Most conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their Due;
It never interrupts the Game,
Or makes 'em sensible of Shame.

The Time too precious now to waste,
And Supper gobbled up in haste,
Again a-fresh to Cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
Yet shall I not again repeat
How oft they squabble, snarl and cheat:
At last they hear the Watchman knock,
A frosty Morn—Past Four o' Clock.

The Chairmen are not to be found,
“Come let us play the t'other Round.”

Now, all in haste they huddle on:
Their Hoods, their Cloaks, and get them gone:
But first, the Winner must invite
The Company to-morrow Night.

Unlucky Madam left in Tears,
(Who now again *Quadrill* forswears)
With empty Purse, and aching Head,
Steals to her sleeping Spouse to Bed.

The CRAB-TREE.

A TALE.

THE Moon was pendulous above,
 The Sun had gain'd the *Nadir*,
 When *Sylvia*, full of Youth and Love,
 In loose Attire array'd her.

The twinkling Stars entic'd her out,
 And she decoy'd her Sister;
 And while she briskly tript about,
 The Boughs wou'd fain have kiss'd her.

Resign'd to Mirth, thus *Sylvia* said;
 Come hither, Sister *Chloe*:
 I've learn'd to stand upon my Head,
 Observe me, Girl, I'll shew ye.

S'e did what she design'd to do,
 Her Legs were wide extended,
 Her *Nether-end* expos'd to View,
 Since nothing could defend it.

To steal Pearmains, upon a Tree,
 Hard by, a Boy was mounted,
 From him the Tale devolv'd to me,
 Most faithfully recounted.

I heard the merry Wagg protest,
The *Muff* between her Haunches,
Resembl'd much a *Mag-Pye's* Nest
Between-two lofty Branches.

In this inviting Posture stood
The Lady near a Minute,
Jack pickt the largest Fruit he could,
And fairly chuckt it in it.

It there took Root, the Soil was fine,
Pray credit what I tell ye,
And, like the visionary Vine,
It overspread her Belly.

In pleasing Shades the Stalks arose,
And rang'd themselves in Order;
And where the bubbling Fountain flows,
Hung wav'ring o'er its Border,

Since Chance had fixt its growing there;
And Fortune plac'd the Root on't,
For want of necessary Care,
C—BS only were the Fruit on't.

Work for a Cooper.

A T A L E.

By Mr. GAY.

A Man may lead a happy Life,
 Without the needful Thing a Wife;
 This long have lusty Abbots known,
 Who ne'er knew Spouses—of their own.

What, though your House be clean and neat,
 With Couches, Chairs, and Beds compleat;
 Though you each Day invite a Friend,
 Though he should every Dish commend,
 On *Bagshot-beath* your Mutton fed,
 Your Fowls at *Brentford* born and bred;
 Though purest Wine your Cellars boast,
 Wine worthy of the fairest Toast;
 Yet there are other Things requir'd:
 Ring, and let's see the Maid you hir'd—
 Bless me! those Hands might hold a Broom,
 Twirl round a Mop, and wash a Room:
 A Batchelor his Maid should keep,
 Not for that servile Use to sweep;
 Let her his Humour understand,
 And turn to ev'ry thing her Hand.
 Get you a Lass that's young and tight,
 Whose Arms are, like her Apron, white;

What

What though her Shift be seldom seen?
Let that though coarse be always clean;
She might each Morn your Tea attend,
And on your Wrist your Ruffle mend;
Then if you break a roguish Jest,
Or squeeze her Hand, or pat her Breast,
She cries, oh dear Sir, don't be naught!
And Blushes speak her last Night's Fault.
To her your Houshold Care confide,
Let your Keys gingle at her Side,
A Footman's Blunders tease and fret ye,
Ev'n while you chide you smile on *Betty*.
Discharge him then, if he's too spruce,
For *Betty's* for his Master's Use.

Will you your am'rous Fancy baulk,
For fear some prudish Neighbour talk?
But you'll object, that you're afraid
Of the pert Freedoms of a Maid;
Besides your wiser Heads will say,
That she who turns her Hand this Way,
From one Vice to another drawn,
Will lodge your Silver Spoons in pawn.
Has not the homely wrinkled Jade
More need to learn the pilf'ring Trade?
For Love all *Betty's* Wants supplies,
Laces her Shoes, her Manteau dyes,
All her Stuff-suits she flings away,
And wears Thread-sattin every Day.

Who then a dirty Drab would hire,
Brown as the Hearth of Kitchen-fire?

When

When all must own, were *Betty* put
To the black Duties of the Slut,
As well she scow'rs or rubs a Floor,
And still is good for something more.

Thus, to avoid the greater Vice,
I knew a Priest, of Conscience nice,
'To quell his Lust for Neighbour's Spouse,
Keep Fornication in his House.

But you're impatient all this Time,
Fret at my Counsel, curse my Rhyme :
Be satisfy'd. I'll talk no more,
For thus my Tale begins—Of yore
'There dwelt at *Blois* a Priest full fair,
With rolling Eye and crisped Hair ;
His Chin hung low, his Brow was sleek,
Plenty lay basking on his Cheek ;
Whole Days at Cloister-gates he sat,
Ogled, and talk'd of this and that
So feelingly, the Nuns lamented
That double Bars were e'er invented.
If he the wanton Wife confess
With down-cast Eye, and heaving Breast ;
He stroak'd her Cheek to still her Fear,
And talk'd of Sins *en Cavalier*.
Each time enjoin'd her Penance mild,
And fondled on her like his Child.
At ev'ry jovial Gossip's Feast
Pere Barnard was a welcome Guest ;
Mirth suffer'd not the least Restraint,
He could at Will shake off the Saint :

Nor frown'd he when they freely spoke;
But shook his Sides, and took the Joke:
Nor fail'd he to promote the Jest,
And shar'd the Sins which they confess.

Yet that he might not always roam,
He kept Conveniencies at home,
His Maid was in the Bloom of Beauty,
Well-limb'd for ev'ry social Duty;
He meddled with no Household Cares,
To her consign'd his whole Affairs;
She of his Study kept the Keys.
For he was studious of his Ease:
She had the Power of all his Locks,
Could rummage ev'ry Chest and Box.
Her Honesty such Credit gain'd,
Not ev'n the Cellar was restrain'd.

In troth it was a goodly Show,
Lin'd with full Hogsheds all a-row;
One Vessel, from the Rank remov'd,
Far dearer than the rest he lov'd,
Pour la bonne bouche 'twas set aside,
To all but choicest Friends deny'd.
He now and then would send a Quart,
To warm some Wife's retentive Heart,
Against Confession's fullen Hour:
Wine has all Secrets in its Power.
At common Feasts it had been waste,
Nor was it fit for Layman's Taste,
If Monk or Friar were his Guest,
They drank it, for they know the best.

Nay

Nay he at length so fond was grown,
He always drank it when—alone.

Who shall recount his civil Labours,
In pious Visits to his Neighbours?
Whene'er weak Husbands went astray,
He guest their Wives were in the Way;
'Twas then his Charity was shown,
He chose to see them when alone.

Now was he bent on Cuckoldom:
He knew Friend *Dennis* was from home;
His Wife (a poor neglected Beauty,
Defrauded of a Husband's Duty)
Had often told him at Confession,
How hard she struggled 'gainst Transgression,
He now resolves, in heat of Blood,
To try how firm her Virtue stood.
He knew that Wine (to Love best Aid)
Has oft' made bold the shamefac'd Maid,
Taught her to romp, and take more Freedoms,
Than Nymphs train'd up at *Smith's* or *Needham's*.

A mighty Bottle strait he chose,
Such as might give two Friars their Dose;
Nannette he call'd; the Cellar-door
She strait unlocks, descends before.
He follow'd close; but when he spies
His fav'rite Cask; with lifted Eyes
And lifted Hands, aloud he cries,
Heigh-day! my darling Wine astoop!
It must, alas! have sprung a Hoop;

That

That there's a Leak, is past all doubt,
(Reply'd the Maid)—I'll find it out.
She sets the Candle down in haste,
Tucks her white Apron round her Waist,
The Hoghead's mouldy Sides ascends,
She straddles wide, and downward bends;
So low she stoops to see the Flaw,
Her Coats rose high, her Master saw—
I see—he cries—(then clasp'd her fast)
The Leak through which my Wine has past.
Then all in haste the Maid descended,
And in a Trice the Leak was mended.
He found in *Nannette* all he wanted,
So *Dennis'* Brows remain'd unplanted.

E'er since this Time all lusty Friars
(Warm'd with predominant Desires,
Whene'er the Flesh with Spirit quarrels)
Look on the Sex as Leaky Barrels.
Beware of these; ye jealous Spouses,
From such like Coopers guard your Houses;
For if they find not Work at home,
For Jobs through all the Town they roam.



The MAD DOG.

A T A L E.

By Mr. GAY.

A Prude, at Morn and Ev'ning Prayer,
 Had worn her Velvet Cushion bare;
 Upward she taught her Eyes to roll,
 As if she watch'd her soaring Soul;
 And when Devotion warm'd the Croud,
 None sung, or smote their Breast so loud:
 Pale Penitence had mark'd her Face
 With all the meagre Signs of Grace.
 Her Mass-book was compleatly lin'd
 With painted Saints of various kind:
 But when in ev'ry Page she view'd
 Fine Ladies who the Flesh subdu'd;
 As quick her Beads she counted o'er,
 She cry'd—such Wonders are no more:
 She chose not to delay Confession,
 To bear at once a Year's Transgression;
 But ev'ry Week set all Things even,
 And balanc'd her Accounts with Heav'n.

Behold her now in humble Guise,
 Upon her Knees with downcast Eyes
 Before the Priest: she thus begins,
 And sobbing, blubbers forth her Sins.

Who

Who could that tempting Man resist?
My Virtue languish'd, as he kiss'd;
I strove,—till I could strive no longer;
How can the weak subdue the stronger?

The Father ask'd her where and when?
How many? and what sort of Men?
By what Degrees her Blood was heated?
How oft' the Frailty was repeated?
Thus have I seen a pregnant Wench
All flush'd with Guilt before the Bench;
The Judges (wak'd by wanton Thought)
Dive to the Bottom of her Fault;
They leer, they simper at her Shame,
And make her call all Things by Name.

And now to Sentence he proceeds;
Prescribes how oft' to tell her Beads;
Shows her what Saints could do her good,
Doubles her Fasts to cool her Blood.
Eas'd of her Sins, and light as Air,
Away she trips; perhaps to Pray'r.
'Twas no such Thing. Why then this haste?
The Clock has struck, the Hour is past,
And on the spur of Inclination,
She scorn'd to bilk her Affignation.

Whate'er she did, next Week she came,
And piously confess'd the same;
The Priest, who Female Frailties pity'd,
First chid her, then her Sins remitted.

But did she now her Crime bemoan
In penitential Sheets alone?

O

And

And was no bold, no beastly Fellow
The nightly Partner of her Pillow?
No, none: for next time in the Grove
A Bank was conscious of her Love.

Confession-day was come about,
And now again it all must out.
She seems to wipe her twinkling Eyes;
What now, my Child, the Father cries.
Again, says she!—with threat'ning Looks,
He thus the prostrate Dame rebukes.

Madam, I grant there's something in it,
That Virtue has th' unguarded Minute:
But pray now tell me what are Whores,
But Women of unguarded Hours?
Then you must sure have lost all Shame.
What ev'ry Day, and still the same,
And no Fault else! 'tis strange to find
A Woman to one Sin confin'd!
Pride is this Day her darling Passion,
The next Day Slander is in Fashion;
Gaming succeeds; if Fortune crosses,
Then Virtue's mortgag'd for her Losses;
By Use her fav'rite Vice she loaths,
And loves new Follies like new Cloaths:
But you, beyond all Thought unchaste,
Have all Sin centr'd near your Waist!
Whence is this Appetite so strong?
Say, Madam, did your Mother long?
Or is it Lux'ry and high Diet
That won't let Virtue sleep in quiet?

She

She tells him now with meekest Voice,
That She had never err'd by Choice,
Nor was there known a Virgin chaster,
Till ruin'd by a sad Disaster.

That she a fav'rite Lap-dog had,
Which, (as she stroak'd and kiss'd) grew mad;
And on her Lip a Wound indenting,
First set her youthful Blood fermenting.

The Priest reply'd with zealous Fury,
You should have sought the Means to cure ye.
Doctors, by various Ways, we find,
Treat these Distempers of the Mind.

Let gaudy Ribbands be deny'd
To her, who raves with scornful Pride;
And if Religion crack her Notions,
Lock up her Volumes of Devotions;
But if for Man her Rage prevail,
Bar her the Sight of Creatures male;
Or else to cure such venom'd Bites,
And set the shatter'd Thoughts arights,
They send you to the Ocean's Shore,
And plunge the Patient o'er and o'er.

The Dame reply'd, Alas! in vain
My Kindred forc'd me to the Main;
Naked, and in the Face of Day:
Look not ye Fishermen, this Way!
What Virgin had not done as I did?
My modest Hand by Nature guided,
Debarr'd at once from human Eyes
The Seat where Female Honour lyes;

And though thrice dipt from Top to Toe,
 I still secur'd the Post below,
 And guarded it with Grasp so fast
 Not one Drop through my Fingers past :
 Thus owe I to my bashfull Care,
 That all the Rage is settled there.

Weigh well the Projects of Mankind ;
 Then tell me, Reader, canst thou find
 The Man from Madness wholly free ?
 They all are mad—save you and me.
 Do not the Statesman, Fop and Wit
 By daily Follies prove they're bit !
 And when the briny Cure they try'd,
 Some part still kept above the Tide ?

Some Men (when drench'd beneath the Wave)
 High o'er their Heads their Fingers save :
 Those Hands by mean Extortion thrive,
 Or in the Pocket lightly dive :
 Or more expert in pilf'ring Vice,
 They burn and itch to cog the Dice.

Plunge in a Courtier ; strait his Fears
 Direct his Hands to stop his Ears.
 And now Truth seems a grating Noise,
 He loves the Sland'rer's whisp'ring Voice :
 He hangs on Flatt'ry with Delight,
 And thinks all fulsome Praise is right.

All Women dread a wat'ry Death :
 They shut their Lips to hold their Breath.
 And though you duck them ne'er so long,
 Not one salt Drop e'er wets their Tongue ;

'Tis hence they Scandal have at will,
And that this Member ne'er lies still.

The GAME of PUT.

A T A L E.

DICK serv'd a Widow of no mean Esteem :
He lik'd his Mistress, and his Mistress him.
At Meals, in Trade, they always join'd their Heads;
And but a Wainscot parted their two Beds.
Few Cares disturb'd the Current of their Life;
Nor liv'd they less in Love than Man and Wife.
Oft' in the Ev'ning when their Shop was shut,
With joint Consent they sat them down to *Put*.
Eager the Youth, experienc'd well the Dame,
They sometimes play'd a Rubbers and a Game.
Ev'n in the Night, when Madam could not sleep,
She rapp'd the Wainscot. Out would *Richard*
creep.

"Madam, d'yeput? *Ay, Richard*, she'd reply.

"I'll see't," quoth *Dick*: and *Dick* would seldom lye.

Thus ev'ry Night she wak'd him twice or more :
And, when sat in, she car'd not to give o'er,

Dick found, at last, that in long run the Dame
Would get by much th' Advantage of the Game:
The Night's Expence was always at his Cost ;
He never went one Deal but what he lost.

The Play well pleas'd him: But would that suffice?
There was no Sport, except she got the Prize.

This made him coy, and careful of his Stock:
He slept so sound, Madam might knock and knock.
'Twas with Reluctance, when he once appear'd;
But if she knock'd again, he never heard.

Thus went some Weeks at barely once a Night;
At last, ev'n that exceeded *Richard's* Might,
Not that his Duty knew the least Decay;
But the Truth was, he had no more to play.

The Wainscot rang. No Answer was receiv'd,
Much Madam wonder'd, and as much was griev'd.
Afraid, poor Soul! that *Richard* had been dead,
And, in great Anguish, starting from her Bed,
She strikes a Light; which in her Hand she brings,
And views him closely, and pulls off the Things:
Then feels his Pulse, and listens to his Breath;
Both weak indeed;—yet without Sign of Death.
But, ah! from these what Symptoms could she
know?

For Death had meanly fix'd himself below,

Exploring by Degrees, she finds the Place
Where the fell Shade triumph'd in *Dick's* Disgrace.
There lay the goodly Ruins of his Strength,
A Lump of Languor, and a lifeless Length,
Her mighty Grief what Prudence could controul?
Flow'd her full Eyes, and heav'd her inmost Soul.
With friendly Care she warm'd the morbid Part:
But Nature seem'd repugnant to her Art.

Without

Without succeeding, she put on the Cloaths,
And stole, in Silence to her no-Repose.

Dick did not sleep so soundly all this while,
But much he labour'd to keep in the Smile.
Had he giv'n way—to *Satan*, or to Grace,
He must have seen the Game or left the Place.
Neither could well be done: So Craft prevail'd;
He snor'd the more, the more his Dame assail'd.

Long Madam lay not silent in her Bed;
Us'd to the Game, that still was in her Head.
Time she conceiv'd, and Nature would restore
Dick's dire Decay, that mock'd her Art before.
Just was her Reasoning, had the Proof been such:
But Time she built on little; Nature, much.

'Twas always said, in Story and in Song,
Women think right, but Passion leads them wrong.

Tir'd with expecting, and resolv'd to storm,
She gives the Signal in the usual Form.
Snug lies the Youth, as yet in Sleep profound,
Thrice rings the Wainscot with a louder Sound.
At length, as just now waken'd by the Shock,
Dick utters faintly, "Madam, did you knock?"
Knock, didst thou ask? why here's a Game to see.
But one may *put*, and *put* again for thee.

"Ah Madam, I know better Things, quoth *Dick* :

"You've *seen my Cards*; and that's an unfair
Trick."

To a Young Gentleman in Love.

A TALE.

By Mr. PRIOR.

From public Noise and factious Strife;
 From all the busy Ills of Life,
 Take me, my *Cloe*, to thy Breast,
 And lull my wearied Soul to Rest.
 For ever, in this humble Cell,
 Let Thee and I, my Fair One, dwell;
 None enter else, but *Love*——and He
 Shall bar the Door, and keep the Key.
 To painted Roofs and shining Spires,
 (Uneasy Seats of high Desires,)
 Let the unthinking Many croud,
 That dare be Covetous and Proud;
 In Golden Bondage let them wait,
 And barter Happiness for State:
 But Oh! *My Cloe*, when thy Swain
 Desires to see a Court again,
 May Heav'n around this destin'd Head,
 The choicest of its Curses shed:
 To sum up all the Rage of Fate
 In the Two Things I dread and hate,
 May'st thou be False, and I be Great.

}

Thus

To a Young Gentleman in Love. 297

Thus, on his *Cloe's* panting Breast,
Fond *Celadon* his Soul exprest;
While with Delight the lovely Maid
Receiv'd the Vows, she thus repaid.

Hope of my Age, Joy of my Youth,
Blest Miracle of Love and Truth!
All that cou'd e'er be counted mine,
My Love and Life long since are Thine;
A real Joy I never knew,
'Till I believ'd thy Passion true;
A real Grief I ne'er can find,
'Till thou prov'st Perjur'd or Unkind.

Contempt, and Poverty, and Care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Blest with thy Presence, I can bear;
Thro' Waters and thro' Flames I'll go,
Suff'rer and Solace of thy Woe;
Trace me some yet unheard-of way,
That I thy Ardour may repay:
And make my constant Passion known,
By more than Woman yet has done.

Had I a Wish that did not bear
The Stamp and Image of my Dear,
I'd pierce my Heart thro' ev'ry Vein,
And Die to let it out again.

No: *Venus* shall my Witness be,
(If *Venus* ever lov'd like me,) }
That for one Hour I wou'd not quit
My Shepherd's Arms, and this Retreat,

298 *To a Young Gentleman in Love.*

To be the *Persian* Monarch's Bride,
Partner of all his Power and Pride:
Or Rule in Regal State above,
Mother of Gods, and Wife of *Jove*,

O happy these of human Race!

But soon, alas! our Pleasures pass.
He thank'd her on his bended Knee,
Then drank a Quart of Milk and Tea;
And leaving her ador'd Embrace,
Hasten'd to Court to beg a Place.
While she his Absence to bemoan,
The very Moment he was gone,
Call'd *Thyrsis* from beneath the Bed,
Where all this Time he had been hid.

M O R A L.

*Whilst Men have these ambitious Fancies,
And wanton Wenches read Romances,
Our Sex will—What? out with it: Lie:
And Theirs in equal Strains reply.
The Moral of the Tale I sing,
(A Posy for a Wedding Ring,)
In this short Verse will be confin'd,
Love is a Jest, and Vows are Wind.*

CHLOE'S

CHLOE'S PLAY-THING,

A TALE.

CHLOE, a Nymph divinely fair,
 With portly Mien, majestic Air,
 Had often us'd ('twas then the Fashion)
 An Instrument for Titillation;
 So oft, no Lady in the Land
 Was more expert at Slight of Hand.
 So well she understood the Art,
 So dext'rously she play'd her Part,
 What others did in Half an Hour,
 In half the Time was in her Pow'r;
 By all Assemblies was carefs'd,
 And gave Instructions to the Best;
 Teaches young Virgins, pale and wan,
 (Without th' Assistance of a Man)
 To bloom, look ruddy, fresh, and gay,
 And throw their Chalk, and Dirt away.
 Quickly restores lost Appetite,
 And bids them revel in Delight.
 For Pity-sake she does impart
 To antiquated Maids, her Art;
 Who all forsaken, plung'd in Grief,
 Find now some Comfort, and Relief.

300 CHLOE'S PLAY-THING.

Thus she her Charity extends,
And Thanks receives from all her Friends.
But see how Nature prompts to rove,
To spurn the Things we dearly love;
To quit what's good, for what is worse,
And for a Blessing, chuse a Curse.

Thus *Eve*, the first Apostate Fair;
Who had an Itch—no Matter where—
Elop'd from Youth, and Vigour's Charms,
And fled to *Satan's* sooty Arms.
But if we hold Predestination,
As who would not, on such Occasion,
And disallow Free-Will to any
(Tho' this indeed's deny'd by many)
We then in Conscience must believe
No wilful Sin in Mother *Eve*;
For we, or single, or in Chorus,
Must run the Race that's set before us.
Cloy'd with the Play-Thing, not the Play,
Chloe resolves another Way;
Ten thousand Methods does explore,
Experiments not known before:
Invention racks, in Hopes to find
A Thing more pleasing to her Mind.
No *Philomath* e'er pump'd so hard,
To gain the Longitude-Reward.

Unhappy *Chloe*! fruitless Brain!
I think, says she, but think in vain:
Revenge shall follow—Passive Hand
Obeys the Tyrant *Will's* Command;

Seizes

Seizes, (for, Oh ! no Bail was found)
And hurds poor Play-Thing to the Ground.

Venus, good-natur'd, frank and free,
Griev'd to behold her *Votary*,
(Her faithful *Chloe*, heav'nly Fair,)
O'erwhelm'd with Anger and Despair,
Places a *Phantom* just before her,
Too stiff and upright to adore her.
From Passion-freed, with glowing Eyes,
She views the fancy'd Toy, and cries,
(First pointing with a pleasant Mien,
To the late Object of her Spleen,)
If such a Thing as this be good,
Much better, sure, is Flesh and Blood.
Thus Chance does sometimes bring about,
What Art and Thought can ne'er make out;
And Chance, says Hist'ry, pourtray'd thus
The Foaming of *Bucephalus*.
Raging and mad with hot Desire,
Chloe resolves to quench her Fire;
Consults her Glass, new Charms to find,
To make her Lover doubly kind:
She challenges a Knight of Fame,
And punctual to the Hour she came.

Sans Ceremony, they engage
With equal Fury, equal Rage;
'Till Passive *Chloe* faintly cries,
Have Mercy, Sir, or *Chloe* dies,
And then breath'd short, and clos'd her Eyes.

The

302 CHLOE'S PLAY-THING.

The Knight was deaf to all she said,
 For Thoughts of Conquest fill'd his Head;
 So brisk, and so robust he prov'd,
 With such Activity he mov'd,
 No Bridegroom eager to enjoy
 The long-expected slipp'ry Toy;
 No younger Brother, who, for Hire,
 Attempts to quench a Widow's Fire;
 No pamper'd Priest, with brawny Back
 Could shew more Vigour in th' Attack.

Tir'd with Combat, Knight of Fame
 A Truce with *Chloe* does proclaim;
 Most faithfully the Truce they keep,
 The Knight withdraws, and falls asleep.

Chloe, uneasy in her Mind,
 Till she the Source of Bliss could find,
 Roves, seeks, and finds the Secret out,
 And swears she'll try the other Bout.
 She views the sapless Thing all o'er,
 Which seem'd her Pity to implore;
 She uses all her Pow'r and Art,
 New Life, new Vigour to impart;
 She gently strokes and rubs his Head,
 But!——has not Skill to raise the Dead:
 For when the Vital Oil is gone,
 Recruits must come from Time alone.

Pity to Indignation turns,
 And *Chloe* her good Office mourns:
 Then with her Finger and a Thumb
 She toss'd about the Deaf and Dumb,

And.

And cry'd, with a disdainful Air,
Faugh! what a silly Bauble's here!

The LONGITUDE found out.

A TALE.

NAture on all some Gift bestows,
Which with the Kindred Fancy goes;
And some she forms for Martial Deeds,
And some for softer Acts she breeds;
And some for Courts, and some for Caves;
And some for Kings, and some for Slaves.

To each the different Minds unites,
And varies each in his Delights.
Some love the Chace, and some despise
The eager Hound and Hunter's Cries:
Thus as the different Fancy leads,
The different Happiness succeeds.

In lib'ral Arts was *Sylvius* bred,
And many Authors had he read:
Well could he speak in Worth's Applause,
But ne'er was warm'd in Beauty's Cause.
In Beauty's Cause how weak his Skill!
And how unable was his Will!
For all his Talk, and all his Mind,
Was rather Stoickly inclin'd.

Whilom; where ancient Annals crown
The *British* Name with just Renown;

Where

304 *The LONGITUDE found out.*

Where oft' the Drum and Bloody Fight
To Deeds of Glory did excite ;
Lonely there ran a chrystal Brook,
By all of chearful Soul forfok ;
O'ergrown with Bushes, and the Shade,
Seem'd only fit for Study made :
'The Birds above, with various Voice,
Did eccho to the River's Noise ;
'The River's Noise, thro' Caves unseen,
Return'd the Melody again ;
And round the Vales in Concert brought,
Reflected sweetly to the Thought.

Soon as the Day, with new-dress'd Light,
Peep'd from the Curtains of the Night,
Young *Sylvius* wou'd his Sleep forbear,
And to the much-lov'd Shade repair ;
On vast Designs intensely brood,
To measure out the *Longitude*.

To me, he cry'd, the private Skill
My painful Labours shall reveal :
I shall the Secret know ; 'tis I
The welcome Wondèr shall descry,
To me much Honour shall pertain,
Much Profit shall the Nations gain.

How shall the Youth the Tale pursue,
Unless the Muse directs his View ?
The Muse can only fit impart
Fond *Sylvius*' disappointed Smart ;
And how when all his Projects fail'd,
The weak pretended *Stoick* rail'd.

O never

O never now, be sure, he cry'd,
Fond *Sylvius* shall at Rest abide;
The troubl'd Boy shall still complain,
While Floods pay Tribute to the Main;
Long as the Seasons of the Year
In all their various Forms appear;
Whilst Winter's Cold, and Summer's Heat,
Upon the hardy Forests beat;
Shall *Sylvius* constantly be true,
O Woods! to Sadness, and to you.
Distemper'd thus, from Place to Place,
He wail'd the Streightness of his Case;
And as he lay besi de the Shoar,
Repeating all his Troubles o'er,
The Shades were sighing, and the Tide,
Purling to ev'ry Sigh, reply'd.

Near to the River's Side there stood
An ancient beautiful Abode
Of large Extent; and old Report
Does mention it in noble Sort;
But since, by Fate's disposing Rule,
Converted to a Boarding-School.
From thence at sundry Times the Fair
Wou'd come to take the Ev'ning Air,
And some wou'd by the River rove,
And some would walk the pleasant Grove;
And some the Meadows wou'd frequent,
And some at Home the Ev'ning spent;
As each by diff'rent Humours wrought,
A diff'rent Recreation sought.

Young

Young *Thetis* was the Nymph, whose Praise
 Wou'd make too proud my humble Lays.
Sylvius she lov'd, but ne'er cou'd find
 The *Stoick* Student to her Mind;
 Tho' oft' she'd in the Bower surprize
 The wayward Youth with kindling Eyes,
 And blushing, with her Looks declare
 The Motives that entic'd her there.

Of gentle Lineage was she sprung,
 And in her Years bewitching young;
 Of charming Shape, and in her Face
 Well fitted for a King's Embrace:
 No curious Eye did e'er behold
 A sweeter Maid, of mortal Mould.

Yet *Sylvius*, ah! too simple Swain!
 The gay Inviter cou'd refrain,
 Feel all the wanton willing Fair,
 And yet the ready Bliss forbear.

It was the Close of pleasant Light
 Did *Thetis* to the Fields invite;
 Her Hair was black as Raven's Down,
 And white as *May*-Buds was her Gown;
 And round was girt, as if it grew,
 A Ribbon of a Crimson Hue:
 The Winds embrac'd her, and the Trees
 Bow'd to the Mistress of the Breeze.

Full glad the Nymph her *Sylvius* found
 In feigned Slumbers on the Ground;
 And taking soft his Hand, she prest
 It all endearing to her Breast.

The

The pleas'd Student, half afraid,
Surpriz'd the trembling bashful Maid;
And as she found her Strength decay,
She gently push'd the Youth away:
He squeez'd her close, and kiss'd her Charms,
And blest'd the Burthen of his Arms.

Ah, *Thetis*! ravish'd *Sylvius* cry'd,
My panting Heart's endearing Bride,
Thou young Inticer, shall I now
My Life and Happiness forego?
'Tis you, my Love, and only you,
Can raise me, and support me too!
O little smiling *Venus* then,
In spite of your almost Fifteen,
To me your Charge of Charms resign,
And let thy Soul confess thee mine;
In all thy Bloom and bright Array,
The Wrongs of fickle Fate repay,
Restore my Peace, repel my Pain,
O thou, the Wish of ev'ry Swain!
In thee, my Charmer, I shall feel
New Joys, *new Longitudes* reveal;
If not, yet certain thou shalt be
To find the *Longitude* of me!

The MASTIFF.

A T A L E.

YOUR deep Observers of Mankind,
 Assure us constantly they find
 A strong Propensity of Nature,
 Rooted in every human Creature,
 To do what otherwise they would not,
 When once forbid, because they should not;
 This Inclination, so perverse,
 Is laid by *Partridge* on the Stars.
 Your Rakes, with Floods of Elocution,
 Charge it on Chance, or Constitution:
 And out-of-fashion Folks believe
 It sprung from *Adam* and from *Eve*.
 But though your Wits dispute about it,
 The Fact itself was never doubted.
 This Truth t'illustrate, I have chosen
 One common Story from a 'Thousand.
 Let Critics at the Fable quarrel,
 There's no Exception to the Moral.

In Days of Yore (no need to show,
 How many hundred Years ago)
 A Pair there flourish'd, free from Strife,
 Who liv'd, indeed, like Man and Wife.
 Her Temper mild and sweet, abhorr'd
 To scold and wrangle at her Board.

Their

Their Nights were peaceable, and freed
From Curtain Lecture was the Bed;
When in a Fault her Spouse she found,
She rarely, very rarely, frown'd.
In short, she gave him not Occasion,
For half the Trouble and Vexation,
Which many a Hen-peck'd-keeping Varlet,
Endures most meekly from his Harlot.

Next Door a Captain chanc'd to shine,
Whose Clothes and Equipage were fine,
A young, and well accomplish'd Heir,
Of gentle Blood, and Fortune fair;
For ever at the Ladies Call,
To deal the Cards, or lead the Ball;
To squire them to the Church or Play,
And Sense or Nonsense sing or say.
This Youth sometimes occasion'd Pain,
In our too happy Husband's Brain;
Yet of himself asham'd, with Care
He kept his Dreams from taking Air,
Else every Gossip in the Town
Had rose in Arms, and fac'd him down;
She never knew in all her Life,
A Dame more Virtuous than his Wife.

Before the Wight was wholly freed
From these Disorders in his Head,
Such Bus'ness called him from his House,
As scarce gave Time to tell his Spouse;
He would have instantly been gone,
As being Old enough, alone,

But she, good Woman! durst not send him,
Without a Servant to attend him.

She kindly begs him not to stay,
When Bus'ness was dispatch'd, a Day.
He promises, when in his Power,
He would not absent be an Hour.

Soon as conveniently they can,
Up mounts the Master and the Man;
When once set out they travell'd fast,
Yet e'er they half a Mile had past

His Jealousy began to rise,
Thought he, as being deadly wise;
This Captain now, behind my Back,
Addresses to my Wife will make:
'Tis true, I shan't continue long,
But she is Fair, and he is Young,
And if it once be done, 'tis plain
It ne'er can be undone again.

I own, I never yet could find
Her Heart to Gallantry inclin'd;
But then, in such a Case, a Man
Can hardly be too careful——*John*,
Go, bid your Mistress keep at Home,
Nor see the Captain till I come.

John gallops back, but on his Way,
Thus, with himself began to say,
And pray, where is it I am going?
And what Fool's Errand am I doing,
To make my Mistress, for her Life,
A faithless, or a scolding Wife?

At best she'll wonder what he ails,
 And fancy I've been telling Tales,
 Tho she is yet, I dare be sworn,
 As blameless as the Babe unborn;
 Perhaps, to be forbid may tempt one,
 To wish for what one never dreamt on.
 I'll carry no such Message Home,
 To cause my Master's Cuckoldom.
 Thus fearful of foreseen Disaster,
 And much discreeter than his Master,
 Resolv'd full sagely, back he came,
 And frighted heartily the Dame,
 Who thought her Lord had come to Harm,
 And broke at least, a Leg or Arm,
 For *John* made Twenty Hum's and Ha's,
 When question'd what the Matter was.
 He was not like your Servants now,
 But of Invention dull and slow;
 He could not hammer out a Lie,
 The Lady stood impatient by.
What ails your Master?—Tell me quick.
 He begs you would not—*Can't you speak?*
 Not ride the Mastiff till you see him.
 What! does the Fellow rave or dream?
 You are not sure 'twas all he said,
 Yes, indeed, Madam—Is he mad?
 Not ride the Mastiff! What a Whim!
 Who ever thought of riding him?
 Go back again from me, and pray,
 Desire he'd let you with him stay,
 Or find some wiser Message, *John*,
 Hereafter to employ you on.

He

He went, and Mother Nature now,
 In Madam's Breast began to glow.
 She mus'd; but still the more she thought,
 The less she found the Meaning out.
 Not ride the Mastiff! Could it be
 Merely to try his Sovereignty,
 When from her very Wedding Day
 She ne'er was known to disobey;
 There must be something in't to make
 Him send a Servant posting back.
 She never heard of it before;
 Perhaps the Maid might tell her more,
 For Maids, or those that bear the Name,
 May sometimes teach a wedded Dame:
 She thought the emptiest of the Two
 Would soonest blab out all she knew;
 But *Betty* never *Towler* rid,
 Nor heard of any one that did.
 Vex'd at her asking such a Ninny,
 She sends her down to call up *Jenny*;
 Yet slyer *Jane* could tell no more
 Than simple *Betty* had before;
 But star'd with all the Eyes she had,
 And thought her Mistress drunk or mad.
 Tho' begg'd, and storm'd, and begg'd again,
 But Prayers and Threatnings were in vain;
 She might as easily have sought
 To sound the Bottom of a Plot;
 Or, though a Woman, ta'en Occasion
 T' enquire the Secret of *Free-Mason*,
 And how, as Mystic Lodge supposes,
 Duke *Wharton* can succeed to *Moses*.

No

No Diligence there wanting was,
 Yet so deplorable her Case,
 Thro' Servants obstinate Denial,
 Nothing was left her but her Trial.
 Who should the secret Fact betray?
 One Word herself she would not say.
 What no one saw who should reveal?
 For sure the Mastiff could not tell.
 Resolv'd at length, she calls him to her,
 And shutting carefully the Door,
 She clapp'd his Head, and strok'd his Side,
 ('Twas now no more than up and ride.)
 Fast by his Neck she held, and thus
 Mounted her strange *Bucephalus*;
 Nor found it difficult to get,
 Without a Stirrup, to her Seat.

Towzer, unus'd to be bestrode,
 Groan'd sorely at the wicked Load,
 And strove all Ways to disencumber
 His burthen'd Shoulders of their Lumber;
 Rear'd, and curvetted, and in fume,
 Trotted, and gallop'd round the Room.
 But she, who now, or never thought,
 To find her Husband's Meaning out,
 Firm, though without a Saddle, sat,
 And clung as closely as a Cat.
 But Fortune often spoils the Course.
 Whether we ride on Dog or Horse,
 Under a Table crept her Steed,
 Threw her, and broke her addle Head.

Enrag'd, and surly, up she got,
 Rail'd at her Husband for a Sot;

When he return'd she kept her State,
 Nor stirr'd to meet him at the Gate.
 Up Stairs he went, and found her Ill,
 Silent, she frown'd, and sullen still,
 But could not Scolding long refrain,
 Or take it in poetic Strain,
 At length, the Cloud, that low'ring hung,
 Burst into Thunder of her Tongue,
 Like Lightnings flash her Eye appears,
 And Rain fell plenteous in her Tears.
 See—What you made the Mastiff do!
 Did ever any Man but you—
 And on she went, but there's no need
 Of punctual telling all she said,
 An Extract may suffice—The Dame
 Full on her Husband turn'd the Blame.
 Stark, staring mad, he, to forbid it!
 She, a poor Innocent, that did it!

The Man, who knew not what was done,
 Ran down amaz'd, and fell on *John*.
 Sirrah! What makes your Mistress rave?
 What was the Message that you gave?
 Or tell me, or I'll——*John* reply'd,
 I bid her not the Mastiff ride.
 The Master furious 'gan to look,
John begg'd one Word before he struck.
 Sir, had I charg'd her in your Name,
 To shun the Captain till you came,
 Doubtless the Case had been the same.
 Her Forehead broke, your Brow secures,
 Or else the Knobs had been on yours.

}

A CASE of CONSCIENCE.

A TALE.

By Mr. HENRY BAKER.

'T WAS said, by those of old, Beware,
Consider well before you swear.

The Counsel's good without dispute,

And ev'ry prudent Man will do't.

But, if you've sworn (be added now)

Take heed how you perform your Vow.

How, Sir! a *Casuiſt* replies,

(And wildly stares with both his Eyes)

Pray have a care, lest what you say

Takes all the Force of Oaths away.

Mistake me not, good Sir; what I

From that Precaution would imply,

Is this——an Oath perform'd, may be

Ruin, perhaps, or Injury,

To one, or more:——then I aver,

The Breach of such an Oath is far

Less sinful than it was to swear.

What's this to me? the Reader cries:

Poor Stuff! Will Poets ne'er be wise!

But scribble, without Wit, dull Rhyme,

Meerly to fool away the Time:

How comes this Dreamer else to fall

On Matters casuistical?

Stay, stay, my angry Friend, forbear,

Nor thus condemn before you hear.

316 A CASE of CONSCIENCE.

Poets, delighted with the Chimes
Of flowing Verse, and easy Rhimes,
Mistaken, dance enchanted Rounds,
Forsaking Sense for empty Sounds:
This is acknowledg'd, to their Shame,
But are not *Readers* too to blame?
To blame! for what?—Yourself have shown,
By judging ere the Case is known.
The Case! what Case? Pray read the Story.
Where is it? Why it lies before ye.

The S T O R Y.

Just nine Months after *Joan* and *John*,
From two were conjur'd into One,
Their Friends and Neighbours round about
Are summon'd to the Crying-out.

The Gossips come: and honest *Joan*,
Receives them all with many a Groan.
John taps the Ale, and cuts the Cheese:
Come eat, and drink, whate'er you please;
Kind Neighbours all, I'm glad to see ye.
Here's the good *Woman's* Health unto ye.
Quick moves the Bowl: their Clappers run,
Of what was, and what was not done:
All speak at once: of various Things;
With Mirth and Noise the Chamber rings.

This, tells what happen'd at her Marriage,
And That, the Cause of her Miscarriage;
One proves the whole mysterious Art
Of managing a Husband's Heart,
And how a prudent Wife with ease
May make him do—whate'er she please.

Another,

Another, plain beyond all doubt,
Why she was ne'er with Child makes out;
And with much Reason does aver,
The Fault could no ways be in Her.
What Matches are in hand they shew,
And whisper round who lies with who.
Some Secret every one pretends,
To scandalize her absent Friends,
And when she's out of Breath with Railing,
Cries out,—But who's without a Failing!

Joan lies attentive to their Chat,
Of Cocks and Bulls, and This and That,
In hopes to hear some piece of News
Of Service for her private Use,
In case her *John* should ever dare
Attempt the Management of Her:
Tho' his Obedience to her Will
Had been with due Submission still;
'Tis best, however, to provide
For all may possibly betide.

But now, her Pains with greater Force
Come on: and *Joan* grows worse and worse.
Her Hands she wrings with piteous Moan,
And sighs, and doubles ev'ry Groan.
The Good-Wives hearing such a clutter,
Forfake their Cups, and haste about her,
All are employ'd:—This sets the Cradle;
That stirs the Cawdle with a Ladle;
One airs the Clouts, and makes 'em ready;
Another waits to take the Baby.
Some bid her be of hearty Chear,
For her Delivery is near;

318 *A CASE of CONSCIENCE.*

While Others, pity her Condition,
And fain would send for a Physician.

But, notwithstanding all their Care,
Joan screams, and groans and tears her Hair.
Oh ! I can never bear this Pain !

And then she screams, and groans again.

John all this time stood near the Bed,
And like a Puppy hung his Head :
He knew not what to do, or say,
And often wish'd himself away.

Joan sees him :—*John* ! ah *John* ! she cries,
(And thrusts her Fingers in her Eyes)

Indeed, you are a naughty Man
To put your Wife to all this Pain !
But you shall never do't again !

}

And then she sigh'd most grievously,
Good by't'ye, *John*, for I shall die !

Poor *John*, a fond good-natur'd Fellow,
At this began to sob and bellow,
Protesting he would give his Life
And all he had to save his Wife.

Joan was, in truth exceeding ill,
But not without her Cunning still ;
This was the Time, she thought, to prove
The measure of her Husband's Love.

Come hither, *John*, she weeping cries,
Kiss your poor Wife before she dies !

John kiss'd her :—Now kneel down, and swear,
If Heav'n my Life should chance to spare,
That you will ne'er again require
I should submit to your Desire,

Which

Which I, you know, have always done,
Your Will preferring to my own.

This if I live.—But if I die—

You'll ne'er get such a Wife as I.

John swore :—And now that Curse on *Eve*,

Which dooms her Daughters all to grieve,

Forc'd *Joan* to give so loud a Squeal,

You might have heard it half a Mile.

When streight, the Midwife full of Joy

Produc'd to *John* a swinging Boy.

He, quite transported, kiss'd the Child

To Death almost ; *Joan* wept, and smil'd ;

The laughing Gossips round it come,

And Mirth and Pleasure fill the Room.

Now safe, at Ease, and laid in Bed,

Joan ponders all her Neighbours said :

Recovers Strength, is pert and gay :

And eats her Chicken every Day.

The Cares of Life are never done !

John's now baptizing of his Son :

And struts to Church before the Folk,

As proud as any Turkey-cock.

The Table's plentifully stor'd,

And chearful Healths go round the Board,

The Guests how pleas'd ?— I cannot say ;

They eat, and drank, and went their way.

A Month is past, that honest *Joan*

Has been constrain'd to lie alone :

A Month ! a tedious Time indeed !

(But foolish Custom so decreed.)

Thank Heav'n tis past ! The Sheets are air'd,

The Pillows laid, the Bed prepar'd :

520 A CASE of CONSCIENCE.

They sup:—*Joan* yawns:—The Clock strikes eight;

Come, *John*, I dare not set up late:

Upon his Breast she drops her Head:

Go, pr'ythee, *Susan*, warm the Bed.

Joan's first in Bed: *John* soon undrest:

A Kiss:—Good-night:—and turns to rest.

Such Usage *Joan* had not expected,

She was not wont to be neglected:

Whate'er had been his other Cares,

John still had minded her Affairs.

What can this mean? She fears to know:

He ne'er before had serv'd her so.

Restless she tosses, deeply sighs;

The Tears fall trickling down her Eyes:

At length she speaks, My *John*! my Life!

Why turn'st thou from thy loving Wife?

Come lay thy Head upon this Breast,

And let me lull my Dear to rest.

Ah *Joan*! says He, your former Pain

Forbids us—to lie close again:

For your dear Sake I will refrain.

But let this hard Forbearance prove

The Greatness of your Husband's Love.

No, *John*! quoth she, your faithful *Joan*

In Love she'll never be out-done,

But always is prepar'd to shew

How she despises Death for You.

With this she rush'd into his Arms,

And almost smother'd him with Charms.

Glowing, with wanton Ardour, press'd

Her panting Bosom to his Breast,

My

A new Simile for the Ladies, &c. 321

My Dear ! she cries, do what you will,
My Duty is Obedience still.

John pauses :—what's the Matter now !
I'd do't, says he, but for my Vow.
Strong beats her Pulse, quick roll her Eyes ;
You'd do't, but for your Vow ! she cries :
(Breathless, transported, round his Wast
With both her Arms she locks him fast)
Indeed, my Love ! 'tis all a Joke ;
Rash Vows are made but to be broke.

A New Simile for the Ladies, &c.

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

I Often try'd in vain to find
A *Simile* for Woman-kind,
A *Simile* I mean to fit 'em,
In every Circumstance to hit 'em,
Thro' ev'ry Beast and Bird I went,
I ran sack'd ev'ry Element,
And after peeping thro' all Nature,
To find so whimsical a Creature,
A *Cloud* presented to my View,
And strait this Parallel I drew :

Clouds turn with ev'ry Wind about,
They keep us in Suspence and Doubt,
Yet oft perverse, like Woman-kind,
Are seen to scud against the Wind ;
And are not Women just the same ?
For, who can tell at what they aim ?

Clouds.

322 *A New Simile for the Ladies, &c.*

Clouds keep the stoutest Mortals under,
When bellowing they discharge their Thunder;
So when the Alarm-Bell is rung,
Of * *Xanti's* everlasting Tongue,
The Husband dreads its Loudness more,
Than Light'ning's Flash, or Thunder's Roar.

Clouds weep as they do, without Pain,
And what are Tears but Women's Rain?

The *Clouds* about the Welkin roam,
And Ladies never stay at home.

The *Clouds* build Castles in the Air,
A Thing peculiar to the Fair;
For all the Schemes of their Forecasting,
Are not more solid, nor more lasting.

A *Cloud* is light by Turns, and dark,
Such is a Lady with her Spark;
Now, with a sudden pouting Gloom,
She seems to darken all the Room;
Again she's pleas'd, his Fears beguil'd,
And all is clear, when she has smil'd,
In this they're wond'rously alike,
(I hope the *Simile* will strike)
Tho' in the darkest Dumps you view 'em,
Stay but a Moment, you'll see through 'em.
The *Clouds* are apt to make Reflection,
And frequently produce Infection;
So *Calia*, with small Provocation,
Blasts ev'ry Neighbour's Reputation.

**Xanti*, a Nick-Name for *Xantippe* the scolding
Wife of *Socrates*.

The

A New Simile for the Ladies, &c. 323

The *Clouds* delight in gaudy Show,
For they, like Ladies, have their Beau;
The gravest Matron will confess,
That she herself is fond of Dress.

Observe the *Clouds* in Pomp array'd,
What various Colours are display'd,
The Pink, the Rose, the Violet's Dye,
In that great Drawing-Room the Sky,
How do these differ from our Graces,
In Garden-Silks, Brocades and Laces?
Are they not Such another Sight,
When met upon a Birth-Day Night?

The *Clouds* delight to change their Fashion:
Dear Ladies, be not in a Passion:
Nor let this Whim to you seem strange,
Who ev'ry Hour delight in Change.

In them and you alike are seen
The fullen Symptoms of the Spleen,
The Moment that your Vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your Eyes.

In Ev'ning fair you may behold
The *Clouds* are fring'd with borrow'd Gold,
And this is many a Lady's Case,
Who flants about in borrow'd Lace.

Grave Matrons are like *Clouds* of Snow,
Their Words fall thick, and soft, and slow,
While brisk Coquets, like rattling Hail,
Our Ears on ev'ry Side assail.

Clouds when they intercept our Sight,
Deprive us of Celestial Light:

324 *An ANSWER to the New Simile, &c.*

So when my *Chloe* I pursue,
No Heaven beside, I have in View.

Thus, on Comparison you see,
In ev'ry Instance they agree,
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t'other's Name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That ev'ry Woman is a *Cloud*.

An ANSWER to the New Simile, &c.

By Dr. SWIFT.

Presumptuous Bard ! How cou'd you dare
A Woman with a *Cloud* compare ?
Strange Pride and Insolence you show,
Inferior Mortals *there* below.

And, is our Thunder in your Ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs ?
Alas ! our Thunder soon goes out ;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not Female Clatter worse,
That drives you not to *pray*, but *curse* ?

We hardly Thunder thrice a Year ;
The Bolt discharg'd, the Sky grows clear :
But, ev'ry sublunary Dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she's Cloudy.

Some Critic may object, perhaps,
That *Clouds* are blam'd for giving *Claps* ;
But what, alas ! are *Claps* Ætherial,
Compar'd for Mischief, to Venereal ?

An ANSWER to the New Simile, &c. 325

Can *Clouds* give Bubo's, Ulcers, Blotches,
Or from your Noses dig out Notches ?

We leave the Body sweet and sound ;

We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.

You know a *Cloudy* Sky bespeaks
Fair Weather, when the Morning breaks ;
But, Women in a *Cloudy* Plight,
Foretell a Storm to last till Night.

A *Cloud* in proper Seasons pours
His Blessings down in fruitful Show'rs ;
But, Woman was by Fate design'd
To pour down Curses on Mankind.

When * *Syrius* o'er the Welkin rages
Our kindly Help his Fire assuages ;
But Woman is a curst Inflamer,
No Parish Ducking-Stool can tame her :
To kindle Strife, Dame Nature taught her :
Like Fire-Works, she can burn in Water ;

For Fickleness how durst you blame us ?
Who for our Constancy are famous.
You'll see a *Cloud* in gentle Weather
Keep the same Face an Hour together :
While Woman, if it could be reckon'd,
Change ev'ry Feature ev'ry Second.

Observe our Figure in a Morning ;
Of Foul or Fair we give you Warning ;
But can you guess from Woman's Air,
One Minute, whether Foul or Fair ?

Go read in ancient Books enroll'd,
What Honours we possess'd of old !

* *The Dog-Star.*

326 *An ANSWER to the New Simile, &c.*

To disappoint *Ixion's* Rape,
JOVE dress'd a *Cloud* in *Juno's* Shape :
 Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
 No Goddess could have pleas'd him more,
 No Diff'rence could he find between
 His *Cloud*, and *JOVE's* Imperial Queen :
 His *Cloud* produc'd a Race of *Centaurs*,
 Fam'd by a thousand bold Adventures ;
 From us descended *ab origine* ;
 By learned Authors, call'd *Nubigenæ*.
 But say, what Earthly Nymph do you know,
 So beautiful to pass for *Juno*.

Before *Æneas* durst aspire
 To court her Majesty of *Tyre*,
 His Mother begg'd of us to dress him,
 That *Dido* might the more caress him :
 A Coat we gave him, dy'd in Grain ;
 A *Flaxen* Wig, and *Clouded* Cane.
 (The Wig was powder'd round with Sleet,
 Which fell in *Clouds* beneath his Feet)
 With which he made a tearing Show :
 And *Dido* quickly *smok'd the Beau*.

Among your Females make Enquiries ;
 What Nymph on Earth so far as *Iris* ?
 With heav'nly Beauty so endow'd ?
 And yet her Father is a *Cloud*.
 We dress'd her in a Gold Brocade,
 Befitting *Juno's* fav'rite Maid.

'Tis known, that *Socrates* the wise,
 Ador'd us *Clouds* as Deities ;

To

An ANSWER to the New Simile, &c. 327

To us he made his daily Prayers,
As *Aristophanes* declares :
From *Jupiter* took all Dominion,
And dy'd defending his Opinion.
By his Authority, 'tis plain
You worship other Gods in vain :
And from your own Experience know,
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide ;
O'er all your Passions we preside ;
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown :
And, just as we dispose your Brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.

Compare Us then to Female Race !
We, to whom all the Gods give Place :
Who better challenge your Allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher Regions :
You find, the Gods in *Homer* dwell
In Seas, and Streams, or low as Hell :
Ev'n *Jove*, and *Mercury* his Pimp,
No higher climb than Mount *Olymp*,
(Who makes you think, the *Clouds* he pierces :
He pierce the *Clouds* ! He kifs their Ar—es.)
While we, o'er *Teneriffa* plac'd,
Are loftier by a Mile at least :
And when *Apollo* struts on *Pindus*,
We see him from our Kitchen Windows :
Or, to *Parnassus* looking down,
Can p—s upon his Lawrel Crown.

Fate

328 *An ANSWER to the New Simile, &c.*

Fate never form'd the Gods to fly ;
 In Vehicles they mount the Sky :
 When *JOVE* would some fair Nymph inveigle,
 He comes full Gallop on his Eagle.
 Though *Venus* be as light as Air,
 She must have Doves to draw her Chair.
Apollo stirs not out of Door,
 Without his lacker'd Coach and Four.
 And, jealous *Juno*, ever snarling,
 Is drawn by Peacocks in her Berlin :
 But we can fly where'er we please,
 O'er Cities, Rivers, Hills, and Seas :
 From East to West, the World we roam ;
 And, in all Climates are at home ;
 With Cares provide you as we go,
 With Sun-shine, Rain, and Hail, or Snow.
 You, when it rains, like Fools believe
JOVE p—es on you through a Sieve :
 An idle Tale, 'tis no such Matter ;
 We only dip a Sponge in Water ;
 Then squeeze it close between our Thumbs,
 And shake it well, and down it comes.
 As you shall to your Sorrow know ;
 We'll watch your Steps where'er you go :
 And, since we find you walk a-foot,
 We'll soundly souce your Frize Surtout.
 'Tis but by our peculiar Grace,
 That *Phæbus* ever shews his Face ;
 For when we please, we open wide
 Our Curtains blue, from Side to Side :

And

And then how saucily he shews
His brazen Face and fiery Nose :
And gives himself a haughty Air,
As if He made the Weather fair.

'Tis sung, wherever *Cælia* treads,
The Vi'lets ope their purple Heads ;
The Roses blow, the Cowslip springs ;
'Tis sung, but we know better Things.
'Tis true ; a Woman on her Mettle,
Will often p—s upon a Nettle :
But, though we own she makes it wetter,
The Nettle never thrives the better :
While we, by soft prolific Show'rs,
Can ev'ry Spring produce you Flowers.

Your Poets, *Chloe's* Beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant Eyes to Light'ning ;
And yet, I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That Lightning comes but from a *Cloud*.

But, Gods like us, have too much Sense
At Poets Flights to také Offence,
Nor can Hyperboles demean us ;
Each Drab has been compar'd to *Venus*.

We own your Verses are melodious ;
But such Comparisons are odious.



T H E
C O N T E N T S.

<i>THE Country Squire, A Tale.</i>	Page 1
<i>The Curious Maid. A Tale, by Hildebrand Jacob, Esq;</i>	5
<i>January and May. A Tale, by Mr. Pope.</i>	8
<i>Hans Carvel's Ring, or a Charm against Cuckoldom. A Tale, by Mr. Prior</i>	39
<i>The Lout looking for his Heifer. A Tale, by Mr. Congreve.</i>	44
<i>Phyllis, or the Progress of Love, by Dr. Swift</i>	45
<i>Little Mouths, by Dr. King.</i>	49
<i>Paulo Purganti and his Wife. A Tale, by Mr. Prior.</i>	50
<i>Strephon and Chloe. A Tale, by Dr. Swift.</i>	56
<i>The Amorous Groom. A Tale, from La Fontaine.</i>	67
<i>A Riddle, by Dr. Swift.</i>	77
<i>Kitty's Dream, by Mr. Baker.</i>	78
<i>Cassinus and Peter. A Tale, by Dr. Swift.</i>	81
<i>The Fair Nun. A Tale, by Mr. Fenton.</i>	85
<i>The Ladle. A Tale, by Mr. Prior.</i>	91
<i>A beautiful young Nymph going to Bed, by Dr. Swift.</i>	97
<i>A Pastoral Dialogue between two Irish Lovers, by Dr. Swift.</i>	100

The CONTENTS.

<i>A Description of a Lady's Dressing-Room, by Dr. Swift.</i>	102
<i>A Medicine for the Ladies. A Tale.</i>	107
<i>The Saddle. A Tale, from La Fontaine.</i>	111
<i>The Furniture of a Woman's Mind, by Dr. Swift.</i>	113
<i>The Spinning-Wheel. An Epistolary Tale, by Mr. Henry Baker.</i>	115
<i>The Dream, by Mr. Oldham.</i>	123
<i>A Pastoral Courtship.</i>	126
<i>Melesinda's Misfortune on the burning her Smock.</i>	133
<i>Fulvia, or Physic for the Ladies, by Lord Lansdowne.</i>	137
<i>The Curious Wife. A Tale.</i>	138
<i>The Magnifying-Glass. A Tale.</i>	144
<i>The Miller of Trompington. A Tale.</i>	147
<i>The Glisten. A Tale, by Mr. J. Noble.</i>	159
<i>A Match for the Devil. A Tale. by Mr. Brown.</i>	163
<i>A quiet Life and a good Name, by Dr. Swift.</i>	171
<i>The Royal Cuckold. A Tale, From La Fontaine, by Mr. Topham.</i>	173
<i>The Decision. A Tale.</i>	188
<i>A Soldier and a Scholar. A Tale, by Dr. Swift.</i>	194
<i>The School of Wit. A Tale, by a young Gentleman.</i>	204
<i>Daphnis and Chloe. A Pastoral, by Mr. DRYDEN.</i>	209
<i>The Best in Christendom. A Tale.</i>	213
<i>The</i>	

The CONTENTS.

<i>The Impossible Thing. A Tale, by Mr. Congreve.</i>	214
<i>The Parson's Daughter. A Tale.</i>	221
<i>The Leaky Vessel. A Tale.</i>	227
<i>The Credulous Husband. A Tale, by Mr. Cobb.</i>	234
<i>The Maid. A Tale.</i>	261
<i>The Bad Bargain on both Sides, A Tale.</i>	266
<i>The Equivocation, A Tale, by Mr. Gay.</i>	268
<i>The Journal of a modern Lady, by Dr. Swift.</i>	269
<i>The Crab-Tree, A Tale.</i>	280
<i>Work for a Cooper. A Tale, by Mr. Gay.</i>	282
<i>The Mad Dog. A Tale, by Mr. Gay.</i>	288
<i>The Game of Put. A Tale.</i>	293
<i>To a Young Gentleman in Love. A Tale, by Mr. PRIOR.</i>	296
<i>Chloe's Play-Thing. A Tale.</i>	299
<i>The Longitude found out. A Tale.</i>	303
<i>The Mastiff. A Tale.</i>	308
<i>A Case of Conscience. A Tale, by Mr. Henry Baker.</i>	315
<i>A New Simile for the Ladies, &c. by Dr. SHERIDAN.</i>	321
<i>An Answer to the New Simile, &c. by Dr. Swift.</i>	324

F I N I S,



